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PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

THE MAKING OF A REGIMENT

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TEMPORARILY broken in health, I had returned to the United States from Cuba early in 1898, and was at my old home in Kansas, enjoying the companionship of family and friends, and doing my best to obliterate the memory of lean days in the "bush" by a generous patronage of everything in the nature of real food. The *Maine* had already been blown up, and the country was full of the rumblings of the approaching war with Spain. To the last I doubted whether it would really come to a clash, having in mind several cases within my own recollection when we had apparently come to the verge of war, but in which the matters in dispute had been settled without recourse to arms. But the clamor of the yellow section of the press and the deliverances of politicians playing to the galleries so inflamed public sentiment that the hand of the administration was forced, and we were in for a sharp and short little war, with its sequel in the form of a more protracted and far bloodier struggle in the Philippine Islands.

Although my health had been quite restored by the time of the outbreak of hostilities, I had but very little hope or expectation of participating in the coming war, as I was without friends or acquaintances among those high in official life in Washington, and took it for granted that in filling the quota of my own State the governor thereof would utilize as far as possible the existing organizations of the national guard, of which I was not a member. The governor of Kansas, John W. Leedy, was one of those who had come into power as the result of recent victories of the Populist party. He was a man of many admirable and sterling qualities, but immovably stubborn, once he had made up his mind on any proposition. He had two pet aversions, the regular army and the national guard, rather unfortunate prejudices for one upon whom was to be thrown the responsibility of organizing several regiments for possible active service. On a visit to Topeka several weeks before the declaration of war, I had met Governor Leedy, and had had a very pleasant interview with him. He was much interested in my accounts of fighting between Spaniards and insurgents in Cuba and in descriptions of conditions on the war-wasted island. When the President issued to the governors of the various States his call for volunteers, Kansas was asked to furnish three regiments of infantry of about one thousand men each. Under a subsequent call there was organized a two-battalion colored regiment, and three hundred recruits were provided for each of the three existing regiments. Immediately upon the issue of the first call, Governor Leedy sent me a telegram requesting that I come to Topeka at once. Upon reporting, I was informed that he had determined to ignore the national guard organization of the State, building three new regiments from the ground up. Members of the national

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guard could enter these organizations as individuals. I was to be named as colonel of one of the three regiments. I protested against the expediency of a policy which I thought might keep out of the service a number of officers and men who had had at least the rudiments of military training, and further stated that while I had seen much campaigning and no little fighting, my service had been in a force in which drill or other training was a practically unknown quantity. I felt that the instruction of a regiment made up largely of absolutely raw material should be under the direction of one who knew at least something of infantry drill. But the governor told me bluntly that he had not sent for me to hear my views, as he had some of his own. If I did not take the regiment he would give it to Mr. So and So. I knew that I could not be a worse colonel than the man named, and accepted. With all due respect to my excellent friend, the former governor, I think he was taking some pretty big chances in his rather off-hand way of selecting officers. Mr. Edward C. Little, a well-known lawyer of the State, formerly United States consul-general to Egypt, and at the time private secretary to the governor, was chosen lieutenant-colonel. He had had no previous military experience. As the regiment, although one of three battalions, was to have but two majors, the lieutenant-colonel was to command a battalion, and, of course, the regiment, in case of the absence or disability of the colonel. The majors were Frank H. Whitman, a second lieutenant of the Second United States Infantry, who had graduated from the Military Academy two years previously, and Wilder S. Metcalf, colonel of one of the now disbanded national guard regiments. John A. Rafter was surgeon, with the rank of major, while Henry D. Smith and Charles S. Huffman were assistant-surgeons with the rank of captain. John G. Schliemann was chaplain. All of the above-named served through the campaign in the Philippines with the regiment. William H. De Ford and L. C. Smith were adjutant and quartermaster, respectively, with the rank of first lieutenant. Both resigned before the regiment left for the Philippines.

As a most engaging grin overspread his features, whispered, "Try the next sentry. He's easy."—Page 644.

The field and staff officers included in the above were sent separately to twelve different towns to recruit the various companies. There was no dearth of applicants for enlistment, the recruiting officers being fairly overwhelmed with them. If a town had a national guard company its members had precedence in enlistment, so far as they could meet the physical and other requirements, but had to come in as privates, regardless of whatever rank they may have held in their old companies. After them came applicants in general, and the companies were soon filled to the au-

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thorized strength. The regiment as it existed before the second call brought some three hundred recruits was about one thousand strong, and included in its roster about three hundred former national guardsmen and sixty former soldiers of the regular army, the balance being men without any military training whatever. Company officers were chosen by the indefensible system of having the men elect them. However, the results on the whole were more satisfactory than would have been anticipated. In a town where a national guard company existed the officers thereof were usually chosen for the corresponding grades in the new company, with the result that the captain in selecting non-commissioned officers largely chose those of his old organization, so far as these had enlisted. Three of the officers were veterans of the Civil War, and two were former enlisted men of the regular army, while a considerable number had seen service in the national guard. The remainder were without any previous military exerience, but some of them by virtue of hard work and natural aptitude became highly efficient. Taking the officers of the regiment through and through, some of them after a few months' service were as capable in the performance of their duties as the average regular officer of corresponding grades, others were of rather mediocre quality, and a very few not worth the powder it would take to blow them up. Three of them were killed in action, and ten others wounded. I never knew of one of them showing the slightest "yellow streak" under fire, though some of them brought occasional discredit on their uniform by personal misconduct. In due time I found out that the best way of getting rid of an officer who was attempting to establish a reputation as the regimental "cut up" was to prepare a carefully written set of charges covering such of his antics as had come to light, and at the same time his resignation from the service, the latter lacking only his signature. An invitation to call at my tent and read both papers usually resulted in making the latter document complete, and ready for transmission to the War Department. It should not be inferred, however, that all resignations were forced, as several officers left the regiment in that manner with perfectly clear records.

The rank and file of the regiment consisted in the main of an especially fine body of young men. Naturally, there were among them some with physical or moral defects, but a process of elimination by one

His blouse decorated by a bouquet that would not have shamed a débutante at her coming-out ball.—Page 650.

method or another had rid us of the most of these before we took our place on the fighting line, nine months later.

While the various companies were being raised, Governor Leedy had telegraphed an inquiry to the War Department as to whether the Kansas regiments would be supplied with uniforms before leaving the State or after reaching the concentration camps. The reply was to the effect that as soon as organized they would be sent to Fort Leavenworth for immediate equip-

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ment. Warm weather had already set in in Kansas, and winter clothing had been packed away in moth balls. It would have been most uncomfortable to wear it at that season, and it was not desired to have the men placed under the necessity of returning their civilian clothing to their homes by express. So, instructions were issued for all of the men not provided with national guard uniforms to leave their homes with clothing that they would be willing to throw away in a couple of weeks. The result was that about seven hundred men of my regiment reached Topeka clad in a fearful and wonderful aggregation of seersucker coats, linen dusters, and "ice cream" trousers, and for weeks they shivered in these garments on the fog-drenched and wind-swept sand lots of San Francisco. It was a shocking and cruel blunder, costly in the the lives and health of not a few of them. And the fault did not lie with any one in Kansas. It is not pleasant to write these things, but the Spanish War is now as much a part of history as is the Civil War and one is under no obligation to assist in covering up anything connected with it. The way the War Department had been conducted in recent years it would be impossible for such a thing to occur.

The companies of the regiment to be were sent to Topeka as soon as recruited, and, in common with those destined to form the other two regiments, went into camp on the State Fair grounds, State tentage and other equipment being used. Kansas had had nineteen regiments in the Civil War, and in numbering those raised for the Spanish War the same sequence was followed, my regiment becoming the Twentieth Kansas. The muster into the service of the United States, an impressive ceremony, took place on the thirteenth of May. The only officers and men provided with uniforms being those who had come from the national guard, I was still in "cits," and consequently on the day of muster-in played a part in a rather ludicrous incident. I was staying at a Topeka hotel, and on going out to the camp to participate in the ceremony, was halted at its boundary by a sentry in the national guard uniform, who informed me that visitors were not allowed within the limits of the camp. I replied somewhat icily that I was the colonel of the regiment. The sentry was a very tall man, and altitude has never been one of my charms; so the man bent his head until his mouth was within a couple of inches of one of my ears, and, as a most engaging grin overspread his features, whispered, "Try the next sentry. He's easy." And he was so stubborn and immovable that the officer of the guard had to be called before I could join my command. The man's face, when he saw what a break he had made, was a study. The recollection of incidents of this kind is one of the many things that make life worth living.

On a visit to Fort Leavenworth a short time before the declaration of war, I had met Colonel Hamilton S. Hawkins, United States Army, who a short time later was to render such gallant and distinguished service as a brigade commander at the battle of Santiago, and had told him something about conditions as they had existed in Cuba a few months before. Colonel Hawkins had written a letter to the War Department suggesting that it would be worth while to send for me in order to obtain such information as I might be able to give relative to the strength, etc., of the insurgents in that part of Cuba in which I had so recently served, and the distribution and approximate strength of the Spanish garrisons in the same region, as well as other data that might prove useful for our army, about to campaign in a country of which we really knew but very little. The result was that a day or two after the muster-in of the Twentieth Kansas, I received a telegraphic order to proceed at once to Tampa, and report upon my arrival to the commanding officer of the troops being concentrated there. Arriving at my destination, I reported to General Shafter, and was turned over by him to Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, intelligence officer attached to his head-quarters. This officer questioned me thoroughly on all points, and made copious notes, and after several days had succeeded in pumping me pretty dry. I doubt if any of the information obtained from me was ever of any value, except that as to general conditions, as I was not familiar with the country in the immediate vicinity of the city of Santiago, the scene of the only campaign. Had it been otherwise, I am of the opinion that the data as to roads, rivers, and the practicable crossing places thereof, as well as other information on local condi-

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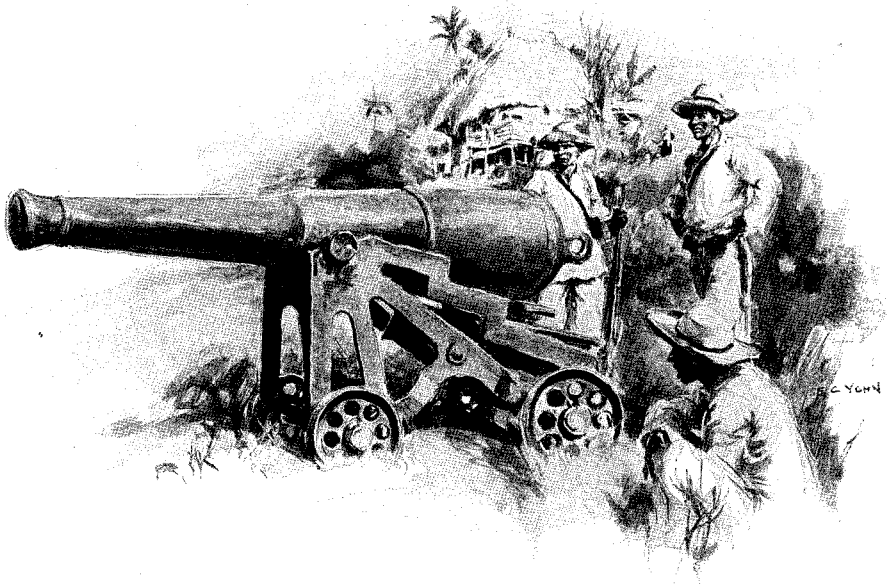

Old bronze, muzzle-loading siege gun used by Filipinos against Americans in their advance toward Caloocan.

tions, which I had given in such detail, would not have been utilized. General Shafter seemed to regard me with suspicion, while General Miles, who had in the meantime arrived, was very courteous, but neither officer seemed to care to talk with me as to conditions on the island, and I had too much self-respect to give unasked-for information. This was the attitude of the higher officers generally, a number of whom I met, but it was different with those of lower rank, bright and capable men, enthusiastic over the fact that they were going to their first war. I could scarcely answer their questions fast enough. Years afterward, when I was stationed in San Francisco, in command of the Department of California, and General Shafter, then on the retired list, was living in the city, I came to know him quite well, and we were good friends. But I never mustered up sufficient courage to ask why I had made such a poor impression on him at Tampa. He was a blunt man, and might have told me. In the meantime I had learned that my own regiment had been ordered to San Francisco, and as it was not then known that land forces would be sent to the Philippine Islands, I supposed that to be its finish, so far as any participation in the war was concerned. I, therefore, indulged myself in a hope that I might be sent to Cuba on detached service with the Fifth Army Corps, and be able to render some service on account of my knowledge of the country. But General Miles, who was then commander-in-chief of the army, took a different view of it, and very properly stated that as a colonel, my place was with my regiment, and directed me to join. I am, of course, now heartily glad that he did so. For the reasons stated above, I could have been of little or no use in the Santiago campaign.

Proceeding direct to San Francisco, I found my regiment in tents at Camp Merritt, in the western suburbs of the city. The department commander, General Wesley Merritt, had his head-quarters in the city, while General Elwell S. Otis was in command of what was known as the Independent Division of the Eighth Army Corps, the force of about ten thousand men, mostly volunteers from the Western States at Camp Merritt, and lived at the camp. The Twentieth Kansas had been assigned to the brigade commanded by General Charles King, the well-known soldier and writer, the other two regiments in the brigade being the First Tennessee and the Fifty-first Iowa. The Independent Division at Camp Merritt was really a "feeder" to the troops

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now being sent to the Philippines to take part in the land campaign against Manila, each regiment, as soon as its equipment and training made it serviceable, being sent out on one of the expeditions that from time to time left the port.

My first duty after joining was to pay my respects to the brigade, division, and department commanders in succession. As General Merritt was soon to leave for Manila, and as from the nature of things I was not brought in close contact with him, my acquaintanceship with that officer was limited to one or two brief interviews. We young officers, knowing of General Merritt's achievements in the Civil War, in which he had commanded a division before reaching the age of thirty, stood in considerable awe of him, though there was nothing in his manner to inspire fear, as he was very kindly and courteous to all of us who met him. General Otis was of a somewhat different type. While always civil, he was a very reserved man, and an indefatigable worker, who took upon himself the decision of all sorts of minor matters, ordinarily left by a general officer to the members of his staff. One would about as soon think of cracking a joke in his presence as of trying to pull his beard. It should not be inferred that he was of the pompous type, for he was anything but that, being a most simple and unaffected man, though without the saving grace of humor. We were most fortunate in our brigade commander, General King, who was, as he still is, a captain on the retired list of the regular army, having been compelled to leave active service some years before because of a very severe wound received in the Indian wars. He had returned to active service with the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. Though his retirement dated back to 1879, he had kept closely in touch with military matters, and was thoroughly up-to-date. General King's temperament was peculiarly suited to his task of commanding a brigade of raw volunteer troops, and directing their training. His keen eye took in every defect and noted every improvement. In the former case the needed correction or admonition was made in a way that left no sting, he never being either brutal or sarcastic. His readiness to encourage or to praise stirred all to put forth their best efforts.

The location of Camp Merritt was in some respects most unfortunate, especially for those who, like so many members of the Twentieth Kansas, had not yet been supplied with warm uniforms. Chilling fogs and cold winds make San Francisco's summer climate anything but comfortable except for those who have been properly prepared for it, and the camp was located at the extreme western limit of the city, within a mile or so of the beach, where the winds had full sweep. I have seen the fog so dense that one could with difficulty see from one flank to the other of a company in line. Everywhere was sand, sand, sand, deep and fine, blowing into tents, getting into the food, and making itself generally an unmitigated nuisance. Several car lines furnished easy access to the heart of the city, and the camp was naturally at all times overrun with swarms of visitors, not only from San Francisco, but from all over California, while vendors of fruit, candies, and pastries, who could not be kept off the public streets running through the camp, made officers responsible for the health of their men long for an open season as regards these particular pests. San Francisco was then, as it is now, a gay and beautiful city, there being nothing just like it in the whole country. The people are proverbially hospitable, and laid themselves out in those days to give the soldiers in their midst a good time. The most of the men of the Twentieth Kansas were from the farm or from small towns, and the life and gayety of the city seemed quite to overwhelm them, so much so, in fact, that there was from the start too much of an idea that they were out on a magnificent lark, instead of for the serious purpose of training for war. It would have been vastly better from the stand-point of the health and general well-being of the men, as well as from that of their training, if the camp had been somewhere along the coast line of the Southern Pacific, anywhere from ten to thirty miles south of San Francisco. There would have been found ideal conditions as to climate, while the appreciable distance from the attractions of a great city would have been especially desirable, as well as relieved us somewhat from the crowds of sight-seers. In that region there would have been available for extended order drills and field manœuvres, thousands of acres of diversified country,

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

When we were within seventy yards, the "Charge" was blown, and the yelling and excited men dashed forward on the run.—Page 656.

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instead of our being confined for such work to the limited area of the Presidio reservation, a mile or two from the camp, where there was great difficulty in deploying and exercising in battle tactics a force larger than one regiment, and where we always had to work over practically the same ground. With all its disadvantages, one thing, however, could be said for Camp Merritt, and that was that the water supply was ample and convenient, the mains of the city system running through the entire camp.

The three hundred recruits raised for the regiment under the second call had arrived at about the same time I did, and brought its strength up to nearly 1,400 officers and men, a force equal to many of the brigades that fought in the Civil War.

I found on arrival that considerable progress had been made in the elementary training of the regiment, principally in guard duty, the manual of arms, and company drills in close order. A few battalion, but no regimental drills, had been attempted. In this preliminary training of the regiment the services of Major Metcalf were invaluable; his energy, tact, and comprehensive knowledge of the drill regulations making him indispensable. For myself, the struggle was a hard one, as to me the drill regulations were Greek. From previous experience in war I knew mighty well that I could march and fight a regiment if the opportunity arose, but realized that we could not hope to be given a chance for field service until we could go through the complicated movements of regimental drill in close order and take part in reviews and parades without tying ourselves into a hard knot. Parades and reviews are non-essentials in war, but are in a measure valuable in the preliminary training of troops, while some of the simpler movements of regimental close order drill are often quite necessary before actual deployment in extended order for fighting.

It was not long after my arrival that those of the men of the regiment who had not uniforms were able to discard the fearful and wonderful assortment of old summer clothing that they had brought from Kansas, and appear in something that was at least warmer. At the breaking out of the Spanish war there had been in the country but a small quantity of the blue cloth from which all military uniforms were then made, the demand for it under normal conditions being very limited, so that large quantities of cloth of proper weight and texture, but not of the desired color, were obtained and dyed, and then made into uniforms. The spectacle the troops made after the dye began to fade, which it did in a few weeks, would have been laughable if it had not been so maddening to those most concerned. But the new clothing was warm, and answered a good purpose until it could be replaced by better.

In due time came the Fourth of July, and of course the whole Independent Division had to turn out for a parade through the streets. Owing to the prevailing uncertainty as to whether we were going to the Philippines or whether we were to remain for an indefinite time in San Francisco, none of the officers of the regiment required to be mounted had purchased horses, but hired from livery stables those needed at drills. I had, after a few hair-raising experiences, got one brute so that he would not turn a somersault or execute a waltz every time a band struck up or a body of troops came to "order arms," and expected to use him at this formation. But he had suddenly become lame, and the stable sent out to me on that never-to-be-forgotten morning a handsome black animal with arched neck and ugly eye. The regiment had formed prepared to march in column through the streets the several miles to the foot of Market Street, where the parade was to start. I mounted with some difficulty, and the band broke forth into a lively air as the regiment stepped out. That horse quivered in every limb for an instant, and then bolted. I might as well have tried to hold a cyclone. In front of the tent that was my home was a large fly, and under this the animal went, and I was ignominiously scraped off in the presence of some thirteen hundred grinning and delighted patriots. Right there I became an ardent admirer of the soft and bottomless sand that passed for ground at Camp Merritt, and considered myself lucky also that I had not been impaled on my sabre. In his struggles the horse tore down the tent fly and was with some difficulty got out from under it. All the way down to the starting-point of the parade he cavorted, danced, and threatened to bolt, but the real trouble

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began after the parade had formed and the thousands of men, filling the wide street from curb to curb, and with the blare of many bands swept up Market Street. The hoodlum men and big boys had unrestrained license. They were well supplied with fire-crackers, and the helpless officers on their horses were from their stand-point fair game. The police were useless, and might as well have been so many cigar-store Indians. The clubbing of these miscreants would have been a positive pleasure to any right-minded man. The whole thing was a disgrace to the city. My horse, probably the worst in the lot, became wild with terror after half a dozen "cannon" crackers had been exploded under him, and charged and reared from one side of the street to the other, often endangering the lives of people on the sidewalks. One big ruffian, having made a bad throw, lit another large cracker, and under the very nose of a policeman ran out into the street and tried to throw it under my horse. Right then and there murder came into my heart, and I made a hard and conscientious effort to kill him. Of course, I was carrying my sabre, and at the proper instant cut at him with all my strength. Only a quick jump backward saved him from death or a severe injury, as the point of the blade passed within six inches of his throat. I deeply regretted my failure, and would have been willing to take my chances with any American jury as to the outcome. I have seen too many good men go down to death to have had any more compunctions about killing a hoodlum of that type than over dispatching a savage dog. Before the parade had ended my left arm had become so exhausted from efforts to control the mad brute that I was riding that I was compelled to sheath my sabre in order to take the reins in my right hand. Finally the ordeal was over. I have been in but few battles in which I would not rather take my chances than to repeat the performance.

Time passed pleasantly enough for the next few weeks. The days were well filled up with drills and other duties, but our evenings were free, and the theatres and restaurants of the city gave ample opportunity for relaxation; besides many of us had had opportunities of meeting socially very agreeable people. There are no other people in the country just like the San Franciscans. They are in a class all by themselves, and can certainly do more things to make pleasant the stay of the stranger within their gates than the people of any other American community. Manila had not yet fallen, and expedition after expedition sailed from the port, taking the various regiments from Camp Merritt as their training and completeness of equipment justified. There was much chafing and disappointment in the Twentieth Kansas as the regiment was time and again left behind, but the large percentage of untrained men in it was a handicap not to be overcome in a few short weeks. General Merritt sailed for the Philippines, shortly to be followed by General Otis, the former being succeeded as department commander by General H. C. Merriam, while General Marcus P. Miller succeeded General Otis as commander of the Independent Division. I had been pretty much impressed by the somewhat austere demeanor of General Otis, and when I went to pay my respects to his successor, approached his tent with some misgivings, supposing that all division commanders were necessarily alike. When I entered, saluted rather stiffly, and announced the object of my visit, General Miller looked up, and, as a kindly smile overspread his features, said, "Well, well. So you are a colonel, are you? Sit right down on this box and tell me how anybody came to make a young chap like you a colonel?" He talked to me a long time in a fatherly sort of way, and told me to come and see him any time that I felt blue or discouraged. He was one of the kindest and most considerate of men, and a mighty good soldier, too.

One thing about the chill summer climate of San Francisco is that people soon become accustomed to it, and learn to enjoy it, and this with the fact that the regiment had been supplied with suitable clothing made life in camp much more agreeable. Under the watchful eye of General King the regiment made satisfactory progress in its training, and soon began to have regimental drills. When I gave a command I flattered myself that I had a voice that would reach from one end of the regiment to the other, but at first could not always tell whether the move had been properly executed or not. One day General King mentioned to me the fact that my regi-

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ment did not seem to be as spry as some others in turning out the guard to do the required honors to officers entitled to them, and requested that I give the matter attention. It should be explained for the benefit of readers not familiar with military matters, that turning out the guard for an officer consists in the sentry at the guard-house, or structure which does duty as such, calling out as the officer approaches, "Turn out the guard, general officer," or whatever other officer it may be for. The members of the guard at the guard-house, which means all not at the time on sentry duty, fall into ranks under arms, ready to be inspected. On returning to the regimental camp after this conversation with the brigade commander, it occurred to me to ascertain if the sentry then on duty at the guard tent, which was just inside the entrance to the camp, knew what to do and how to do it in that respect if the occasion should arise. In response to an inquiry as to what he would do if the brigade commander should approach his post, he said he would turn out the guard. This was quite satisfactory, but further questioning developed the fact that he was not sure whether he knew that officer by sight. I briefly described General King, and further said that he had two rows of gilt buttons on his blouse and always rode a big bald-faced sorrel, and then went into my tent, little dreaming of what was to follow. I had scarcely had time to remove my sabre when I heard the deep voice of this same sentry bawl out, "Turn out the guard, general officer." I stepped out of the tent to greet the new arrival and was inwardly congratulating myself on having primed this particular sentry in time, when to my horror I saw Captain James G. Blaine, jr., the adjutant-general of the brigade, mounted on General King's bald-faced sorrel. The guard was forming in commendable haste, and Captain Blaine seemed so overcome by the unexpected honors thrust upon him that he forgot to call out, "Never mind the guard," the only way to untangle the mess. After dismissing the guard, I strode over to the unfortunate sentry in righteous wrath, and said, "What in thunder did you do that for?" The man replied in tones of sorrow, "Well, I knew that must be the horse, but I forgot to look for the buttons."

The hospitable ladies of San Francisco were continually sending out to the various camps contributions of cakes, pies, and other articles of food not included in the ration. This was very commendable on their part, but I would have done almost anything to be able to put a stop to their benefactions without mortally offending them, as one of the essential things connected with the training of troops is to get them used to the army ration and have them satisfied with it. This ration is, and was then, ample and nutritious, but men were not going to eat it if all of their storage capacity was taken up with sponge cake. One officer tried to remedy the matter so far as his own company was concerned by himself eating its quota, but gave up when there seemed no end to the supplies of this nature. Flowers were often sent to us, and these did no harm except on one occasion. I was going the rounds of the camp to see if the sentries were on the alert, when to my horror I espied one of them, Private John M. Steele, calmly walking his post with his blouse decorated by a bouquet that would not have shamed a débutante at her coming out ball. At the same time I saw General King coming from the opposite direction, and at such a distance that we would certainly meet opposite the flower-decked sentry. Regulating my voice so that the sentry would hear me and the general would not, I called out frantically, "Steele, take that damned thing off. Take it off, I say," repeating this command with appropriate trimmings several times. The rattled Steele jumped about, apparently uncertain whether I wanted him to take off his blouse or his trousers, and finally wound up by coming to "present arms" to General King and myself alternately. The general passed on with a look more of sorrow than of anger, and in a few moments the floral decorations were scattered on the sidewalk.

In time most of the regiments at Camp Merritt had sailed for the Philippines, and our brigade was moved to a much more desirable camp site on the Presidio reservation. On August 5 General King himself sailed for Honolulu, to proceed later to the Philippines, and I, ranking by a few days the commanders of the other two regiments, succeeded to the command of the brigade, but at the same time retaining command of my own regiment. At the

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Presidio we had target practice and many battle exercises with blank ammunition, and the men began to get a mild foretaste of what a battle is like, as the advancing companies rushed forward, throwing themselves prone at every halt, their front thick with smoke, while the roar of the old Springfields drowned all commands, and could scarcely be pierced by the shrill notes of the bugles. Finally came the news that the Spanish War was over. It seemed that all our work had been for naught, and except that we entertained a vague hope that we might have a short tour of garrison duty in either Hawaii or the Philippines, it looked as if we might as well be mustered out. Under the circumstances it was no easy matter to keep up interest in the daily round of drills and instruction. But it was all to be for the best, for when the regiment finally saw service in a different war than the one for which it had been enrolled, the long, dreary months of training counted, and it knew its business. Another advantage derived from the long delay was that before sailing we had rid the regiment of a considerable number of men who were physically not up to the mark or who were in various ways unsuited to the service. The resignations of the regimental adjutant and regimental quartermaster, both of whom felt compelled to leave the service for personal reasons, left two important vacancies which were filled by the designation for those positions of Lieutenants Charles B. Walker and Walter P. Hull, both of whom proved highly efficient. One captain was mustered out, and a second lieutenant resigned. These vacancies, after the necessary promotions had been made to fill them, resulted in the promotion from the ranks of four of the most capable non-commissioned officers, while the resignation of another second lieutenant just before sailing brought up another man from the ranks. One of the first sergeants promoted was Clad Hamilton, now a well-known lawyer of Topeka and member of the State senate. Without previous military experience, he had enlisted as a private, made himself so proficient by study and hard work that in a few weeks he was first sergeant, and was finally mustered out of the regiment a captain. Edward J. Hardy, another of the first sergeants promoted at this time, developed into a dare-devil sort of scout, and also came home a captain. The promotion of the regimental sergeant-major, Frederick R. Dodge, made a vacancy in his position that was filled by the promotion to it of Corporal Cassius E. Warner, who was destined to be mustered out with the regiment as its adjutant. A man who can go out as a corporal and come home regimental adjutant can look back to his military career with no small satisfaction. During the fighting in the campaign up the railroad from Manila I always kept Warner, who was still sergeant-major, at my side, and used him as a highly intelligent orderly, one who could remember a message given him and transmit it correctly. We went through it all unscathed until Santo Tomas, when we were hit within two seconds of each other, and in exactly the same place. It was a queer, almost uncanny, coincidence.

October came, and found us still at the Presidio going through the daily grind of drills. Hope of going to the Philippines or anywhere else had practically been abandoned, and we were expecting the order to return to Kansas for muster out, when we were electrified by the order to sail for Manila on the transport *Indiana* on the 27th of the month. During our stay in San Francisco I had met Miss Eda Blankart of the near-by city of Oakland, and we were married on the 25th of the month. This was by all odds the smartest thing I ever did in my life.

At last came the great day, and the *Indiana*, bearing the head-quarters and the second and third battalions of the Twentieth Kansas, and cheered by a great throng, pulled away from the wharf and started on the eight thousand miles journey to Manila. Nobody supposed that we would ever see any fighting, as it was thought that our duties would consist in helping to sit on and hold down the "little brown brother" for a few months; so that the transport carried as passengers the wives of Major Whitman, Captain Buchan, Chaplain Schliemann, and Lieutenant Haussermann. Mrs. Funston was not ready to sail, and followed on the *Newport*, which left on November 8th, carrying among other troops the first battalion of the regiment. The voyage of the *Indiana* was without inicident, but was broken by a pleasant stay of four days in Honolulu. Kansas has a law, enacted during the Civil

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War, to the effect that members of military organizations raised by the State may participate in State elections, even though they be at the time outside its boundaries. Ballots had been received before sailing, and election day finding us at Honolulu, the Hawaiians had their first object-lesson in civil government under the American flag, the voting booths being erected on the wharf alongside the transport. A rather amusing incident was the attempt of one captain to compel his whole company to vote the Populist ticket.

As darkness was settling down on the night of November 30th we passed Corrigedor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay, and at midnight the engines of the *Indiana*, that had never ceased their throbbing since we had left Honolulu, three weeks before, were still, and we were anchored off the big city. Going ashore the next day, I paid my respects to General E. S. Otis, Commander of the Pacific Division and Eighth Army Corps, and was informed that my regiment would not disembark for some days, as there was doubt as to what command it would be assigned to. In about a week we were assigned to the First Brigade of the Second Division, and ordered to disembark. The head-quarters of the regiment and the second battalion were quartered in a large building in the Binondo district, and the other two battalions in other buildings in the Tondo district, the first battalion having in the meantime arrived on the *Newport*. Our brigade commander was General Harrison Gray Otis, the well-known editor and owner of the Los Angeles *Times*. He was not a regular officer, having come in for the Spanish War with volunteer rank. He had served through the Civil War in the same regiment with President McKinley, and had made an excellent record. He should not be confused with the corps commander, General E. S. Otis. I believe they were not related. Our division commander, Major-General Arthur MacArthur, had been in the regular army ever since the close of the Civil War, in which as an officer, while but little more than a boy, he had especially distinguished himself. He had commanded a regiment in that war when he was twenty years of age, and had been awarded the Medal of Honor for gallantry at the storming of Missionary Ridge. At this time he was a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army, his commission as a major-general being in the volunteer forces.

General MacArthur's division, consisting of the brigades of Hale and Otis, furnished the details for a strong line of outposts covering the city on the north and north-east. All of the regiments of this division were quartered in the buildings of the city, with the exception of the First Nebraska, which was in camp at Santa Mesa, on the extreme right of the division's line. The First Division, Eighth Corps, Major-General T. M. Anderson commanding, covered the south side of the city, its right resting on Manila Bay and its left on the Pasig River, directly opposite the right of the Second Division, which swept in a curve to the west and north-west for about five miles, its left resting on the marshes and sloughs that cut up the shore line immediately north of the city. The extreme left of this line was assigned to the Twentieth Kansas, the line to be guarded by it extending from the salt marshes on the left to the line of the Manila-Dagupan Railway on its right, where it connected with a battalion of the Third United States Artillery, eight hundred strong, serving as infantry, under the command of Major W. A. Kobbé. The regiment kept about seventy men on outpost duty day and night, these covering a front of about six hundred yards. Close in front of them were the sentries of the insurgent Filipinos, who faced the American line through its entire length. The Twentieth Kansas outpost line was intersected at right angles by a wagon road and the tramway connecting Manila with the suburb of Caloocan. The wagon road was lined on both sides with nipa houses, each surrounded by trees and garden, so that the view to the front was much obstructed. Appropriate orders had been issued to the effect that regimental commanders should at all times have their respective commands in readiness to move out at short notice in case of trouble to support the outposts of their regiments. We had not been many days in Manila when we realized that there was something a great deal more interesting than garrison duty ahead of us, it being the almost unanimous opinion of officers who had been on the ground for some time that unless we got out of the islands in a short time a clash with the numerous, truculent, and well-

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armed forces of the so-called Filipino Republic was inevitable. The only question seemed to be as to when it would start and how. The most stringent orders had been issued to the American troops to the effect that they should bear insults and threats in silence, and under no circumstances take things into their own hands. It was the evident intention to lay the onus of starting the trouble on our opponents, a plan which worked out all right, as the Filipinos began soon to take our forebearance for fear, and brought on themselves a swift and terrible retribution.

The various regimental commanders of the division were detailed in turn as division officer of the day, their duties being to inspect carefully the entire line of outposts, and report any lack of watchfulness on their part. These rides, which came to every one of us in six days, were most interesting, and I always looked forward to them with the greatest anticipation. One could not help being impressed with the formidable lines of intrenchments that sheltered the Filipinos at nearly all points opposite our line. Incidents showing their aggressive spirit and desire to start trouble were not lacking. One morning while I was officer of the day a Filipino soldier strolled over to one of the sentries on the outpost of the First Dakota, and asked the man for a cigarette. As the Filipino was unarmed, the American was somewhat off his guard, and, as he started to search his pockets for the desired smoke, was terribly cut across the face by a bolo which the ruffian suddenly drew from under his clothing. Though blinded by his own blood, the plucky soldier managed to settle the score then and there, fairly blowing the man's head off with a short-range shot with his big Springfield. I came along on my tour of inspection a short time later, and saw the man lying where he had fallen. He looked as if he had been struck by a shell. There was one thing to be said for those old Springfields that the volunteer troops were armed with, and that was that if a bullet from one of them hit a man he never mistook it for a mosquito bite. On one occasion a large force of Filipino soldiers engaged in drill advanced on the outpost of the First Montana. The sentries of the latter fell back on their supports, and the trouble came within an ace of starting right there, instead of several weeks later. These are but sample incidents. It was a condition that could not last long. Unarmed Filipino soldiers were allowed to come through our lines to visit the city, and occasionally Americans were allowed to go through their lines. It occurred to some of us that turn about was fair play, and as a number of the "enemy," as we already considered them, had passed through the outposts of the Twentieth Kansas, one day early in January, Lieutenant-Colonel Little, Major Metcalf, Captains Bishop and Boltwood and myself mounted our Filipino ponies and set out up the road toward Caloocan. Riding through our own line, we presented ourselves to the Filipino post a hundred yards beyond and requested that we be taken before the officer of the day. This functionary was found about half a mile up the road, and in reaching him we passed over the ground that we were to charge over on that never-to-be-forgotten 5th of February. We gave our swords and revolvers into the keeping of the Filipino officer and proceeded on our way a short distance beyond the town of Caloocan, passing within a stone's throw of the church that we were to take by assault on February 10th. The knowledge of the ground that we were so soon to fight over, obtained on this trip, as well as information as to the location and strength of the insurgent trenches, proved of no little value.

Major and Mrs. Whitman, Major Metcalf, and Mrs. Funston and myself had started up house-keeping in a very passable house in the Binondo district. Our orderlies slept in the same building, and the horses were in a stable in the court-yard. On the night of February 4th we had just retired, and I was not yet asleep when Major Metcalf pounded vigorously on the door and called out, "Come out here, Colonel. The ball has begun." I scarcely realized at first what he meant, but hastily slipped on a few clothes and came out into the hallway. Metcalf conducted me to a window, and asked, "Did you ever hear that racket before?" And sure enough, from a little north of east floating over the housetops of the great city, came the distant rattle of the Mausers. There was no mistaking it, and we realized, that a war had begun. As the preliminary rattle swelled into a great roar, there were excited voices in the streets, rapid closing of doors and

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windows, the sound of people running through the streets, and then the city became almost as quiet as death. In the meantime our orderlies had been awakened and were saddling our horses in frantic haste. We dressed hastily, said hurried good-bys, and in a few moments were galloping through the silent streets to the regimental head-quarters. The men of the various companies were already dressing and falling in. It was plain to be seen that their condition was one of suppressed excitement. But as they heard the ominous sound borne to their ears, I will warrant there was not one of them who grudged the dreary months of drill at San Francisco. It all seemed well worth while then. Getting onto the roof of the building I could make out that the fighting was entirely along what we knew as the "north line," that is, the front of the Second Division. The First Division did not become involved until daybreak. We were just ready to march out when the telegraph instrument in the building clicked out the order from the brigade commander to proceed at once with two battalions of the regiment to support our own outpost line, the other battalion to be for the time being left in the city as reserve. So we swung down the Calle Lemeri, the second and third battalions, in column of fours. As we made our way to the northward through the darkened streets we could hear firing directly on our own front, and knew that our own outpost must be contending against great odds. The commander of the outpost, Captain Adna G. Clarke, now a captain in the regular army, and the officer on duty with him, Lieutenant A. H. Krause, had taken prompt steps as soon as they had heard the firing break out on the front of the First Nebraska, miles to their right, and were alert and ready for business with the full strength of the outpost, some seventy men, when the Filipino fire, gradually extending to the westward, struck them. Sheltering their small detachment as well as the conditions would permit, they replied with vigor, directing their fire toward the flashes of the enemy's rifles. Of course, this sort of fire fight in the darkness is not very productive of casualties, and by the time the main portion of the regiment had arrived only one man had been hit. In the meantime the nearly a thousand of us were coming along at a fast walk. Already the spiteful bullets from the enemy's Mausers were enlivening the air overhead with their peculiar popping noise, or striking the roofs or sides of the nipa shacks. The men of the regiment were strangely silent as they trudged along listening to the sounds made by these messengers of death. It was a new world for all but a few of them. As we were coming up in rear of our own outpost, of course no advance guard was necessary, and a small group of us officers were riding just a few yards ahead of the column. Just as we reached the tramway car barns there was a tremendous boom half a mile or more to our front, and a couple of seconds later something struck the ground a few rods ahead of us, bounded into the air, passed overhead with a loud "swish," traversed the length of two companies, and then, with a sound like a young cyclone, demolished two or three nipa houses. It was a bit amusing the way the front half of the regiment all but prostrated itself as the big round shot passed overhead, though such action was the most natural thing in the world. During the night and the next day this gun fired thirty-eight shots at us, causing no casualties, though there were a number of narrow escapes. It was captured a few days later standing by the railroad round-house at Caloocan, and proved to be a bronze, muzzle-loading siege gun of the type of sixty years ago. Its projectiles were spherical cast-iron shell, not loaded, so that in effect they were solid shot. Only a bend in the street, which caused the shot to be a few feet to one side of the column when it struck the second time, saved the regiment from a terrible disaster, as had it plowed its way through the six rear companies of the two battalions in column it could scarcely have killed or disabled fewer than a hundred men. By all the rules of the game, being now under artillery fire, we should have formed line in order to minimize the effect of a projectile striking the regiment, but the maze of fences and houses, not to speak of a slough or *estero* a short distance ahead, which would have to be crossed at the bridge, made such action impossible. There was nothing to do but to double time and as quickly as possible get to the comparatively open country where we could deploy. The command was given and forward we went at a good, swinging trot.

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Another boom, and a second big shot came tumbling and bounding along, but was a few feet to the right of the street, and so did not give us so close a call as the first one. By the time the third one came we had cleared the nipa houses and crossed the bridge, and were deploying in the fields on either side of the road. All of this time the rattle of rifle fire was not diminishing, and now the bullets from the Mausers were not only passing overhead, but striking all about. The detail on outpost, that had now been fighting for an hour or more, was relieved by several companies, while the others were sheltered as well as possible, and held in reserve for the time being. For an hour or so the companies that we had deployed on the firing line did some firing, mostly in the form of occasional volleys, but as there was not much but the noise on our front as a target, it seemed rather unprofitable business, and the men were ordered to lie down as closely as they could behind the rice dikes and take it easy, getting what sleep they could. Of course enough men were kept on lookout to give warning of any attempt to rush us. There was scarcely any diminution in the fire of the enemy, it being so incessant that the darkness on our front seemed to emit an almost continuous roar. But it was badly directed, as the Filipinos were evidently crouching down in their trenches and using their Mausers as rapidly as they could, but simply splattering the whole country with bullets, the great majority of them going far over our heads. The big cannon, in an excellent gun-pit a thousand yards up the road, let fly from time to time, and the shot, like overgrown croquet balls, would come tumbling and bounding along, smashing down the bamboos, and occasionally wrecking a house behind us. The men soon got over whatever uneasiness they may have felt regarding these projectiles, and began to call out derisively, "low ball" or "high ball," according to the merit of each shot. We had a few men wounded during the night. It will be wondered why our casualties were not quite severe under so heavy a fire, badly directed though it was. But a line of men lying close to the ground behind rice dikes gives mighty little chance to bullets fired at random through the darkness half a mile away. The Filipinos would have done well to have saved the possibly a million cartridges that they fired at the Second Division on this night, for we were no more deeply into it than the other regiments along the front to our right.

The longed-for daylight came at last, and with it some lessening in the fire of the enemy. Two field-pieces of the Utah Artillery Battalion had arrived during the night, having been dragged by hand, none of the batteries having yet been supplied with horses, and as soon as they could do so to advantage, opened fire up the road, giving their principal attention to the big gun, the approximate position of which could be made out from the smoke which a few seconds after each discharge could be seen drifting over the tops of the bamboos. The exact location of the gun could not be made out. Major Richard H. Young, commanding the Utah Artillery, and I were standing talking a few feet to the rear of the two guns while they were in action when we heard again the boom of the bronze siege gun, and an instant later we saw a dark object coming down the road, just a few feet above the ground. The shot cut off a banana stalk not more than four feet from the right wheel of one of the guns, struck the ground a few rods down the road behind us, tore up a lot of earth, and the last we saw of it was rolling and bounding along, looking like a small iron kettle that had suddenly come to life. It would have been interesting to see what that field-piece would have looked like after the thing was over if this shot had passed a few feet nearer the centre of the road.

Company M of the Twentieth Kansas, under the direction of its commander, Captain William H. Bishop, was just to the right of the road, fairly well protected by a rather high dike, and was firing volleys slowly, when Private Charles Pratt, the first man of the regiment to die in action, sank down without a sound, shot through the brain. For some time his body lay there, a grewsome spectacle for those who had occasion to pass near the company and were not yet used to such sights.

General Otis, our brigade commander, visited the regiment several times during the forenoon, but spent most of his time farther to the right. We were hoping for an order to advance and bring the thing to a close, so far as it concerned ourselves, but fearing to disarrange the plans of our higher commanders, I thought there was nothing

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to do but bide our time and make the best of it. A short time after noon came the order to advance as far as the Lico road, which ran parallel with our front, about six hundred yards in advance. In the meantime the first battalion of the regiment had come out from the city, and two of its companies were placed on the firing line. The battalion was under the command of Captain Frederick E. Buchan, Lieutenant-Colonel Little having a couple of weeks previously been so unfortunate as to be severely wounded by the accidental discharge of his own revolver. At the order the line rose to its feet and, without firing, advanced rapidly, the movement not being detected by the enemy, owing to the heavy growth of trees and bamboo between the lines. But we had scarcely got into our new position within three or four hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, and begun to construct hasty entrenchments, when a terrific fire was opened on us. The two Utah guns were brought up and, without cover, in the middle of the road, fired several shots. But such a fire was concentrated on them at this short range that the men were ordered to leave them for the time and take cover. The five companies that constituted our firing line were working their Springfields for all they were worth, and their front was blanketed with a pall of white smoke that resembled a fierce prairie fire, for we had not yet received smokeless powder for these weapons. It was an impossible situation. The enemy in his excellent trenches was pouring into us a fire that we could not hope to overcome by merely firing back at him. There was no time to ask for instructions from the brigade commander. It was one of the times when subordinates must take the bits in their teeth. I stepped over to Captain Bishop and, more to hear what he would say than because I had any doubts on the subject, asked him if the men were equal to it. He replied, "You bet they are!" I turned to Chief Trumpeter Barshfield, at my side, and directed him to blow "Cease firing." Then the order was passed down the line to fix bayonets, and the ominous clatter could be heard along the whole front. Then to our feet, and forward on a fast walk, firing as we went. The advance was much interfered with by fences, but the men, now yelling like fiends and fairly smothering the yellow tops of the earthworks with their fire, pressed forward. Company F, Captain Charles I. Martin, got the worst of it, and had six men hit. I particularly recollect a sergeant in L company, an old regular, who was having the time of his life, addressing imprecations impartially to the enemy and the men of his section, and at the same time plying his rifle with vigor. When we were within seventy yards, the "Charge" was blown, and the yelling and excited men dashed forward on the run, and in a few seconds we were over the works. The enemy did not wait for the bayonet, but broke and ran as we made the final dash, many of them being shot down in their flight before they could reach cover. We found in the trench some thirty killed, while others were scattered here and there as they had been brought down in flight. There were also some badly wounded, but very few of those, as men fighting up to their necks in trenches do not expose their legs and the lower parts of their bodies. One of the imbecile and childish things that the insurgent leaders had done was to organize in the mountains of northern Luzon several companies of Igorrote spearmen. These poor, naked savages had been drilled in some sort of fashion, but were provided only with their spears and shields, and then, apparently under the impression that their very appearance would frighten the Americans into retreat, had been distributed here and there through the insurgent trenches. A few of them were in the works carried by us, and three or four lay dead. One poor fellow was on his back, his spear lying across his legs and his shield over his breast. A ragged hole showed where one of the heavy bullets had gone through the shield and then through his body. That spear is one of the few relics that I brought from the war, and that did not go up in the San Francisco fire. While the men were cheering over their first victory, and, I regret to say, getting the companies pretty well tangled up, fire was opened on us from what was known as Blockhouse No. One, about two hundred yards to our right front. This was a part of the old Spanish line of defences against the insurgents. The men were so mixed up that it was hopeless to get a company or platoon intact, so I gathered about a dozen of the officers and men nearest me, and we carried it with a rush, killing

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or capturing every man in it. "Assembly" was blown as soon as possible, and the companies formed. While this was going on, we witnessed to our right, about half a mile, an inspiring spectacle, the Third Artillery storming the Chinese cemetery. The well-trained regulars swept up the hill as if they were merely doing a "stunt" at manœuvres, but we could see that they were having a fight of it. I had at once sent to the brigade commander a verbal message to the effect that I had advanced beyond the Lico road, and giving the reasons for doing so. Shortly after the regiment had assembled orders were received to fall back to the road and bivouac along it for the night in a line facing the enemy. As we were marching back we narrowly escaped a disaster. The cruiser *Charleston*, in the bay opposite our left, had thrown during the day a number of shells at the enemy's works, and had now been relieved by the *Concord*. This vessel, not knowing that the enemy's works had been carried, the distance being great and the country close, opened fire. For awhile it looked bad for us, as one shell barely missed cutting through a company in column. We had to run for it, and put the regiment to double time. The men were cool, and there was no tendency to break ranks. In my opinion the commander of the *Concord* was in no way to blame, as we were not supposed to be so far in advance, and would not have been, except for the reasons stated.

We reached our position, formed line, and prepared to spend the night. Firewood and water were abundant, and the men were soon munching bacon and hardtack and drinking "soldier-coffee." They were a happy lot, having gone not without credit through their first engagement, and spent a good deal of the time, when they should have been sleeping, in exchanging experiences. They seemed to worry themselves but little over the serious business ahead, and were inclined to let each day take care of itself.

[The second of General Funston's Philippine papers, "Caloocan and its Trenches," will appear in the July Number.]

IN SOLITUDE

By Virna Sheard

He is not desolate whose ship is sailing
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great love with faithfulness unfailing
Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
The heart makes peace and liberty its own—
The wind that blows across the scented grasses
Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Gray Loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.

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AMERICA REVISITED

THE SENSATIONS OF AN EXILE

By William Morton Fullerton

THE plight of an American who has been an exile for twenty years has its special compensations. These compensations may be dearly bought; but in my own case, at all events, one of the most exceptional series of impressions that I have ever experienced, those which I have just gathered during two months spent in the United States, would have been impossible if my lot had not been cast for two decades, as a correspondent of the London *Times*, on the continent of Europe.

An Englishman returning to London after so long a period, from a sojourn in Montreal, New York, or Seattle; a Frenchman coming back to Paris, after the same length of time passed in Canada or in the United States, would not have found the familiar aspects of his home essentially altered. There is still in London "the same old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street" as when Matthew Arnold wrote the preface to his "Essays in Criticism." And the boulevards are still the axis round whose polished surface spins the bright Parisian world. The English ancestral domains, and the French royal parks, are still, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George and of the French Radicals, inhabited and frequented by men and women who are thinking and feeling in the same British or Gallic fashion in which they felt and thought a quarter of a century ago. In the United States, on the contrary, so numerous have been the changes within the period reaching from 1890 to 1910 that they have cumulatively resulted in differentiating the America of to-day from the America of the earlier date by a real and impressive alteration in quality and in kind. Not merely the surfaces of things have changed: the mental and the moral traits of the American people have seemed to alter. Let me hasten to add that this latter change appears to me to be an illusion. The American of to-day, who was "in being" in the America of twenty years ago, is only developing, with astounding rapidity, and in an unexpected variety of ways, the traditional American characteristics. But when the foreigner, fresh come to the New World, or the exile who returns to it after a long lapse of time, is suddenly confronted with the bewildering bulk of these transformations, both superficial and moral, he is bound to contemplate the spectacle with wonder.

I personally have just had the strange good fortune, since I had not myself beheld from day to day the transformations of New York, of coming to the great city as I might have visited for the first time Tokyo or Hanoi. That circuses were wont to pitch their tents in an unpaved open space known to-day as Herald Square is an historical fact which I learned with the same emotion as might be felt by an American who, on entering to-day the Quai d'Orsay station in Paris, should be told that only fifteen years ago that site was occupied by a blackened ruin enclosing within its charred walls a jungle of trees and plants, which had sprung up within twenty years as a result of the savagery of the Commune. Sensations of this kind have their freshness, and for the victim, at all events, their entertainment and instruction.

I

SEEN from the slippery ledges of the primeval rock at the northern end of Central Park, the Obelisk of Luxor behind the Metropolitan Museum dwindles to the dimensions of a mere line on an Egyptian sun-dial. The effect is of an amusing symbolism. The sister monolith, in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, looms in harmonious proportion, midway down the vista extending from the Church of the Madeleine to the front of the Palais Bourbon, beyond which hangs the golden dome of

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Napoleon's tomb; and even amid monuments like these it stands with undiminished value, affirming the grandeur of a vanished civilization.

The fate of the Luxor obelisk in a New York landscape is a significant fact of the new characteristic achievement of demiurgic city-building on the American continent. The obelisk is dwarfed out of recognition in the larger harmonies, the more grandiose perspectives, of New York architecture. But the interesting thing is this: the point to which it has sunk is its proper place. This is true whether it be viewed from the angle of the comparative social and economic complexities and promises of Egyptian and American civilization, or whether it be contemplated from the simpler point of view of the comparative æsthetic beauty of the monolith itself and of the gigantic monuments that figure in the New York sky-line. The existence of that sky-line has been denied, but it exists nevertheless, and if it be unrecognized, it is only because it is forever shifting. There are moments before sunrise and after sunset when the New York buildings, as one looks southward, or while one tells the city towers from the deck of a steamer sailing out of the Hudson into the East River, blend together in dun feudal, or Dantesquely violet, masses, until the shapes and lines take on the semblance of a vaster, undreamed-of Carcassonne, or of a Satanic conception hatched amid the fumes of opium in some hall of Eblis. At no time in the evolution of urban architecture have the monuments of a great city been susceptible of assuming transformations of so wide a range, or of so subtly varied an æsthetic potentiality. Vianden and Bassae by moonlight or in a mist are only enhanced Bassaes and Viandens still. The range of possible effects presented by the high machicolated surface of New York, according as it be observed under the thin hard atmosphere of the full American daylight, or when wrapped in the altering shades of evening, reaches from the limits of the colossal real, to those of the rarest dreams of fantasy. Long contact with the changing aspects of this sky-line grafts on the first sensation of awe a poetic mood of admiration. The spectator is prepared then to behold all these edifices, which, at certain moments and in certain lights, are veritable cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, dissolve as in a dream. And it is one of the regrets—and a part of the poignant melancholy—with which I have found myself gazing often southward, over the roofs of the town of but a generation ago, upon the New York of the twentieth century, that the impression of evanescence and of fantasy, which is so characteristic, corresponds to the absolute reality of the facts: New York is changing while you gaze. The steel frame is lifted almost with the speed with which a spider spins its web. The sky-line shifts, the vistas alter, or are blocked; and this or that group of buildings, to which the eye was wont to turn with the memory of rare sensations, is massed up in new agglomerations which produce no longer the old effect.

A philosopher in æsthetics, a realist like Aristotle, for instance, accustomed—pragmatically—to draw general conclusions from carefully accumulated facts, and chary of forcing facts to conform to the fine-spun logic of a metaphysical reverie, might have foretold, when the Tower Building rose in 1889 in lower Broadway—the first steel framework edifice in New York—that the monster was big with new forms of beauty. The "sky-scraper" is as natural and as inevitable a product of the human effort to adapt itself to the provisional environment, it is as logical a consequence of the interplay of the social, geographic, and economic conditions of civilization on Manhattan Island—and even now in other characteristic centres of American life—as was its early model at Lyons, where the houses, constructed on a tongue of land hemmed in between the Saône and the Rhone, reach heights for the most part unknown in Paris; as was the Roman amphitheatre, rising from the broad expanse of flat meadow-lands, or the Greco-Roman theatre, imbedded in a side-hill, with the convex of its tiers of seats backed against the afternoon sun. No other form of architectural expression was so beautifully suited at once to the topography of the spot and to the social purposes of the structure. And one of the happier consequences of the combination of the steel framework and of the elevator, is that New York to-day among the great cities is the only one where you can see the stars.

The insolence of its Shinar towers is a constant affront to the gods. But the ideal-

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ism of American life—for idealism is, to my mind, the most characteristic note of the American character—is expressed in these structures as completely as is the practical energy of this people, whose preoccupation with a certain class of fact, whose inevitable interest in the tangible or visible thing, has so often led the foreigner to describe them as "material." It is a spectacle as disconcerting as it is exhilarating to behold a whole nation rushing in where angels fear to tread. The ignoring of obstacles, the shattering of conventions, the faith in individual action, the callous neglect of all those inhibitions which arrest wild impulse, these are traits of character which no one but an Athenian of the fourth century, an Italian of the Renaissance—or a man of their temperament—would have understood. And I admit that this American people, who tend to do everything which it occurs to them to do, forget that not-doing is as much doing as doing. Refraining from doing, however, is, after all, as a principle of conduct, a risky rule, since the habit is thereby adopted, with a perilous ease, of doing less than one had really meant to do.

II

THE recent electoral period, which I was able to witness at my ease from the first of October to the end of November, must have brought to the surface, even for a less detached observer than accidentally I was free to be, cumulative illustration, and in fact definitive proof, of what I have just been saying as to the disconcerting blend of idealism and of practical sense in the American people.

I had been back to the United States but three times in twenty years, and before leaving in 1888 I had lived simply the idealistic life of religious and bookish New England. From a New England village I had passed to Andover Hill, and thence to the Harvard of a quarter of a century ago. Before Andover I knew the prehistoric simple life of the New England village, with its town-meeting, its Moody and Sankey revivals, its spelling-bees, its sleigh-rides. I knew a certain swimming-pool in the Quaboag, and I had camped of a summer at Lake George; but I was more at home on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and I could draw a better map of the Acropolis of Athens than of the shore-line from Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Washington seemed as remote to me as Paris or London. Then came, for the boys of my generation who went to school and college, seven years of the sheerest idealistic instruction, every influence in which tended to uproot us, as young Americans, from the society in which we were born. Rare were the special items, in the programme of our school and college work, which were adapted to prepare us for success in American life. Save for the periodic commotion caused by a presidential election, nothing happened during my entire American existence, up to the moment of my accidental settlement in Europe, which could throw any light on the changes which were taking place in American life. The generation of my elders had just terminated a four years' civil war, and they believed that they had settled for all time the destinies of the American people. I grew up in the sublime faith that the United States had already proved its *raison d'être*, and that nothing ever again could occur to arrest the triumphal advance of American democracy. Our superiority among the nations was so candidly and universally taken for granted, that we saw no danger lurking in the changes—the vast economic revolution—which were proceeding before our eyes, but which, indeed, we hardly noticed, so subtly did they begin, and so absorbed were we boys—*elsewhere*—by our studies.

I returned to the United States in October, 1910, and I found the changes that had occurred during my absence to be so prodigious in quantity, and so varied in kind, that I might have fancied myself to have been dropped from an aeroplane into a new world, if I had not instantly detected, amid the cacophonous unrest of American life, the surviving leaven of the old-time spirit, the one clear note which was familiar. The founders of American society were idealistic even unto mysticism, but they were practical and hard-headed even unto sharpness, "cuteness," and canniness. Dr. Henry van Dyke, in his excellent lectures on "The Spirit of America," affirms what my most recent observation confirms, that the blended strains of blood which made the American people in the beginning "are still the dominant factors in

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the American people of to-day." And the intellectual and spiritual heredity has been communicated to millions of immigrants from all parts of the world. Throughout the electoral period of October and November, 1910, the spectacle was one which resembled nothing which has ever taken place elsewhere on so vast a scale. For an American who had lived for twenty years in foreign countries, it was rich in revelation as to the existence, after all, of a national spirit, capable of ultimately completing the work of unification, which even the Civil War, supplemented by the vast material co-ordinating forces of our time—railways, electricity, the printing-press—have not yet sufficed to achieve.

A genuine passion for reform; a desire—oh, sometimes a very exorbitant and fanatical desire—to make social relations and civic ideals square with a crude notion of justice and fair play; a recognition of the fact that the old confidence in the inevitable success and the obvious superiority of the American democracy was stupid and childish, and must give way before a systematic endeavor to work out a social ideal on a rational basis; the rejection of the former insolent attitude of *laisser-aller*, of devil-we-care fatuousness, for the adoption of strenuous and methodical tactics aiming at the organization of a really democratic existence, in which the useful impetus of characteristic American individualism, or the sacrosanct principle of state rights, would be curbed only in so far as individualism and state autonomy injured the interests of the vast community at large—all these signs of an awakened national spirit, these preoccupations of practical reform which had moralized politics, and which were peculiar to no political party, but which were as much the key-note of the speeches of the Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey as they were the war-cry of the Nimrod of the Republican party, bespoke a transformation in American conditions which, I repeat, would have made me feel that I was an exile in a foreign land, if I had not recognized in the ubiquity of this resolution to put the American house in order only a newer and more potent phase of the earlier high-minded sense of obligation to subordinate life to a moral ideal. The period of what the Canadians of the west call "making good," is ended, and the American population is now developing a critical spirit as to the quality of the results of their civilization. It is taking to politics with a "strenuousness" that has an ethical fervor. The legitimacy or illegitimacy of the triumphs of a rampant individualism—the literally imperial achievements of the unmolested money-getters who have built the railways and founded the corporations of the United States; the problems of national economic conservation; the present position and the future of American women; the moral aspects of tariff bills or of banking legislation: such subjects as these are the recurrent themes in all of the great popular magazines and reviews which are read by hundreds of thousands of American citizens and gibbering candidates for American citizenship. This last fact is in itself extraordinarily impressive.

I shall not soon forget a talk I had one afternoon with an editor of one of the most successful of the American reviews. We had been lunching at one of the Fifth Avenue hotels, and we came out late into Central Park, where we lingered until sunset discussing problems of American life. In the calm of that beautiful garden, surrounded by palaces, while the beacon-lights of the great city leaped forth successively from its southern towers, this typical American editor spoke to me, in a spirit of what the world is now free to call Tolstoic idealism, of the high purpose that animated him and his fellows. He spoke of their sense of responsibility as the purveyors of right ideas to the vast avid American democracy. He was filled with an exultant pride at the thought that he was helping to mould the American man and the American woman. Then his voice fell, and he expressed to me his dismay. He was playing, blindly, he admitted, but, according to his lights, and up to the limit of its possibilities, a considerable rôle in the piece so superbly staged by the *Zeit-Geist* on American soil, a play of which no man knew the end, any more than the crowd of those who, in the streets of Rome, welcomed Cæsar back from the Cevennes, knew the end of the civilization of which they were the heirs, and in whose promise they believed.

The sense of a moral purpose expressed in my companion's talk—although from

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my European outlook I had looked upon him and his fellows mainly as American business-men, who were exploiting the public taste without other aim than money-getting—was a fact which classed itself immediately with the general impression left by the whole spectacle of American life. It was one with the cases of advertised philanthropy on the part of the plutocrats, one with the titles of the books published by the presidents of the colleges, one with the inspiration of the sermons in the churches, and one with the texture of the various planks in the political platforms. I gathered the impression that save for the cult of sport—and, after all, why had I to exclude this Hellenic passion from the category of moral impulses?—no activity is any longer conceivable in America except in relation to the whole problem of the national interest and of national improvement. Heedless individualism inspired by the merely selfish instinct of getting rich, or of being a success without thought of one's neighbor, is no longer American. The theory of "equal rights" has been tried and has been found wanting. The tradition of that persistent Jeffersonian principle is being hopelessly demolished by the lessons which Americans of the last generation have drawn from their political and economic experience. Everything that I saw, everything that I read, everything that I learned in America led me to believe that American society is already becoming what Mr. Croly, in his remarkable book, "The Promise of American Life," declares that it must become, short of utter failure. It is becoming a democracy of selected individuals, who are obliged constantly to justify their selection. It is no longer, as Matthew Arnold called it, the home of *das Gemeine*. Its members are becoming united in a sense of joint responsibility for the success of their political and social ideal.

III

A Bossuet, rhetorically falsifying history in conformity with an *a priori* principle of pre-established harmony, might be tempted grandiloquently to recall that the north and south axis of the planet is that of the three great commercial and ethnic highways of world-civilization: the Nile valley, the valley of the Rhone, and Manhattan Island, and to find a "providential" fitness in the fact that a self-conscious people, with a common political and social ideal, should be developed round each of these highways. But he would roll out anathema at one of the most characteristic aspects of American life, the universal interest in sport, the passion for play. Autumn in America to-day is, indeed, a season in which men and women of all ages, and not merely the youth who are donning the *toga virilis* and their beautiful partners, fleet the time strenuously as in a golden world. I was one of the wonderful crowd who assembled, in four different amphitheatres, round the foot-ball field, from Andover Hill by way of New Haven and Cambridge to West Point, to witness our young barbarians all at play. It was an imperial spectacle, and I had the sensations of a patrician. In my time at Harvard the great American public recked little of the fate of a university team when pitted against its rival. In America to-day the entire community participates in the tense curiosity with which the college graduates hasten, with the American women, to the tournament fields to see the youth—who are more like gladiators than like knights—do battle; and the newspapers of the continent, in the small as in the great towns, devote as much space to the games as they do to home politics, and infinitely more, to our shame be it said, than they do to foreign affairs. On the night after the collision between Harvard and Yale at New Haven, whence I had returned to New York by one of the thirty-seven special trains which had splendidly covered the distance on regulation time—a fact, in itself, of characteristic significance for a man accustomed to the mismanagement of certain European railways by the state—I found a letter from a friend who, addressing me from a small New England industrial centre, said: "You are at this very hour on the Field at New Haven watching the Foot-ball Game. I put it in capital letters for it seems to carry everything else before it. I went to the gas company's office to-day, and I found that all the clerks were sporting the colors of the two colleges. The crimson seemed to predominate, but many were wearing the blue. The shops are flying their flags. An inauguration of a president could not excite one-tenth of the enthusiasm."

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It is necessary to have been able to confirm the truth of this statement with one's own eyes, not to suppose it to be cheap exaggeration. That thirty thousand or forty thousand people, among those who are doing all the serious things in the society of their time, should scramble for the privilege of watching a foot-ball game, that the fifty thousand others who are excluded from the privilege, more or less by chance, should envy them their good fortune, and that hundreds of thousands of others should be waiting at nightfall at the ends of the telegraph wires and in front of the bulletins posted up by the newspapers, to learn the result of a battle lasting ninety minutes, this is a fact which Europe could not understand. It is a fact of a Pindaric quality, and one which throws a beautiful light on the growth of the hero-cult in the civilization of Greece. America has not yet a national poet like Pindar, capable of celebrating the glory of a Boston, or a Duluth, or a New York, or a Richmond, or a Chicago boy in verses to the glory of these several cities, but it already has the pretext and the incentive for a Pindar; and when such a writer is born he will say in English, as his predecessor said in Greek, "Best of physicians for a man's accomplished toil is festive joy."

At Lenox, where the rich families of New York have created vast domains around their country houses, exactly as the rich Roman and Gallo-Roman colonists of the Burgundian highlands, by natural capillary advance up the Rhone valley, built in a wilderness villas crammed with the art treasures of Greece or of the home-country; on Long Island, on the Connecticut slopes, in the *hinterland* of the Boston suburbs, or at Morristown, in New Jersey, where, in an atmosphere of admirable history, and in a region of beautiful hills and poetic waters, still other favorites of American fortune have organized a life warm with a rich comfort which only England's aristocracy had anticipated, the impression left upon the visitor is of another kind. It is distinctly that which Signor Ferrero, the historian of Rome, has chronicled in his notes on American society, and which he was bound to chronicle. The immense extension of the class which possesses the money to buy leisure, and enough money to buy leisure to be wise—even if all of them be not yet wise enough to buy that kind of leisure—is a new fact which illustrates once more how useful the economic key may be in order to penetrate the problems set by history. And these citizens who can now afford to play, are being imitated by the entire people, all of whom are "making money," or who are somehow enjoying the mysterious privilege of economic credit.

A quarter of a century ago most Americans doubted whether they had a right to play. None thought it "moral" to play long. This feeling was part and parcel of the emotion with which they clung to the validity of the then universally disseminated eleventh commandment: *Thou shalt not like.* Of that commandment not a shred remains. The Americans have issued forth from the dank Puritanism of their old-time places of worship and of study. They have come out into the open. They have striven to treat their moral rheumatism by a bath of sunlight. They are marching to the step of an imperial movement, and they are rapidly substituting for the old precepts a moral philosophy as realistic, as "pragmatic," as that which was born in the Greek *palæstra,* and which a little effort of mysticism might easily enhance—and no doubt will—with all the virtues of the famous *kalokagathos.* At present America has only reached the stage of calisthenics. With their emancipation from the book the Americans are—alas—recklessly shattering the language, inventing new idioms, sharpening certain words or destroying others; but they are, meanwhile, evolving in the open a physical type of man and woman which has already considerably altered the appearance of the race. The sons and daughters of my former comrades at Andover and Harvard have an average height from two to three inches taller than that of their fathers and mothers, and the faces and stature of the young women, as I beheld them assembled in thousands at the games, are those of a new physiological type, for which eugenics may have much to do, but which, as Mr. Gibson has so admirably seen, is being determined by moral rather than by physical causes.

"I haven't really created a distinctive type," Mr. Gibson said recently; "the nation made the type. What Zangwill calls 'The Melting-Pot of Races' has resulted in a certain character; why should it not also have turned out a certain type of face? If

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I have done anything, it has been to put on paper some fair examples of that type with very great, with minute, care. I saw the girl of that type in the streets, at the theatres, I saw her in the churches, I saw her everywhere and doing everything. I saw her idling on Fifth Avenue, and at work behind the counters of the stores. From hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, I formed my ideal. And there is really, I believe, a reason why the woman of America has reached a higher type of beauty, just as she has undoubtedly reached a higher mental plane, than any other woman in the world. In American pictures woman has been notable because the artist has approached and treated her with an innate respect—with gallantry, if you care to use the term; but with no more than she deserves. American men pay homage to their women, actual homage. That is true and to their credit, but, sadly enough, makes them distinctive. The idea of the old-time European artist, and of many new-time artists on the other side, is that women can be just two things—mere toys or mere machines. The Englishman and the American—more notably, of course, the American—see that they are the biggest and best part of life, and treat them with regard and wonder. It is this appreciation that has helped our art more than any other one thing has. The men who harness women up with dogs will not advance much in their art; the men who place them where they rightfully belong will really progress."

Dr. van Dyke, in the book already cited, denies the truth of the contention that any general and fundamental change has taken place in the human type in America. But that very trait of Americans, the expressions of which he analyzes so suggestively, their spirit of self-reliance—the characteristic which Professor Münsterberg calls the "spirit of self-direction"—has, according to my own observation, given to the male and female American face a *look* which distinguishes it from the expression of the British, French, or German face, and which climatic or other external causes would not have sufficed to induce. The British, Dutch, or Irish animal, *homo*, transplanted to America, might, perhaps, have become what Quatrefages declared he was becoming, a species of man resembling the North American Indian, if it had not been for the play of moral and economic factors which have saved him from that degeneracy. A new male and female beauty is being developed in America, and as I gazed on the types of men and women whom I saw at the University games, I was being prepared to agree with the artist whom I have quoted.

IV

It is just because these handsomer and healthier Americans of the present generation whom I saw at the games are the descendants of men and women who had a peculiar endowment of energy, and a special training that was productive of real will-power; it is, in a word, just because they have been able to preserve their "*forms of thought*," that they have been able to expand with such abounding elasticity, and such a steady, and often insolent, optimism, within the vast limits of their continent, and that, furthermore, now that those limits have been reached, they have been able to develop the sanely sceptical attitude as regards the quality of their achievements, and the unflinching resolve to justify their belief in themselves, which are bound to strike any observer as characteristic of American society to-day. The horizon of a religious mind is not confined within the meridians traced on the surface of the earth. For many generations the Americans were profoundly religious, and their perspectives reached outward into spaces the reality of which was as characteristic as their remoteness. The Americans of to-day are less religious, notwithstanding the evidence afforded by the statistics of church-membership. But the habit that they have acquired of taking the idealistic, mystical, religious, far-view of human actions, their utter failure to comprehend the narrow *terre-à-terre* point of view, remains with them as a "form" of thought, which has been singularly and happily adjusted to the purely geographical conditions of their national expansion. And that particular "form" of thought is still the ample frame within which the American consciousness works and has its being. *An energy and a will to organize American society on a national basis is now being manifested in a spirit hostile to some of the most sacred political and social traditions of the people of the independent States.* This is the impressive implication of the whole wondrous spectacle of modern America.

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THE GARDENS *of* APOLLO

By LOUISE GIGNOUX

Drawings & Decorations by F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE gardens of Louis XIV, the Gallic Apollo, will always hold an imperishable charm, a complexity of appeal, quite apart from the history that may there be studied with unusual facilities by the scholar, and the works of art that the true amateur must cherish. Not that these are by any means small factors in the very quality of which I speak, but they are only a part, some of the subtle essences that go to the making of the ultimate perfume which to-day, in the gardens of the Bourbons, ravishes the soul.

It is true, that many of the ancient glories of the gardens are as dead as the glories of Nineveh. No longer does the grotto of Thetis exist, the grotto of a thousand echoes, where a multitude of mirrors repeated in broken flashes the loveliness of women and falling waters, giving an effect of beauty powdered into diamond brilliants and held in the hand. The incomparable labyrinth of Le Nôtre is destroyed, and much has fallen into a decay that is a reproach to France. Perspectives have been lost by the improper planting of trees, and many a green grass carpet is missing to give the required approach and prestige to a sculptured group, whose fine marble, bitten with the acids of the air, is left to crumble.

Upon all that has gone one may dwell in contemplative regret and in anger at the hand of the iconoclast, yet to the lover of deeper values there remains all that the heart most desires; possibly the very ravages of time and the violence of men give

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an added precious touch treasured by the dreamer of dreams, even as one looks at an old and lovely face over which life's griefs and errors have passed, and finds its appeal deep and gripping to the heart.

The story whose ending is so tragic-sweet begins as with a breath from the very youth of the world, flavored with the tang of knightly journeyings and the sound of the huntsman's horn in the depths of the forest; all that colorful old-world life in a land full of sunshine and flowers is flung like some gorgeous decoration across the years that hold the evolution of Versailles. There we first see the beautiful boy who is to become king of France riding through the valley of April blossoms with his huntsmen and his dogs, to spend the night of a long day's sport at his father's miniature château near Versailles. The lad's master imagination, stimulated by the day's beauty, conceived then and there the idea of a domain convertible at his will into a setting for every phase of senses and soul.

Thirteen years later came Louise de la Vallière, in the zenith of her youth and love, to look upon this dream in which she was destined awhile to walk. The château was still that of Louis XIII, but the gardens were the world's new wonder, to be baptised with a shower of fêtes unparalleled, that young Louis might show honor to the adored one. It was the garden's true apotheosis, inspired by young ardor and young love, a glory of gods and ancient tales and the delicate ministrations of the fine arts.

Then the palace of Alcina the Enchantress arose to the music of Lulli and vanished in blazing whirlwinds, and the gods of Greece and the heroes of Ariosto passed by in jewelled bands of light and color against the heavy velvet patterns of the verdure. Then Molière first presented his immortal "Tartuffe," and beneath the druidical oaks, all dripping with mistletoe, masqueraded as Pan, god of unheeded warning. And through night airs heavy with mystery poured fiery multi-colored rains from earth to heaven, blossoming into fabulous flowers on the burnished waters of lagoons, while the hunting-horns evoked from secret allées, sweet with box and locust, fantastic flying forms which resolved deliciously into a ballet.

But one and all, gods and heroes, they served to proclaim the coming of a divinity; they were the heralds of Apollo reincarnated, Apollo whose gigantic chariot moved through the midst of every fête, overwhelming, blinding to the eyes, the very symbol and image of Louis, the Sun-King. Never more was this symbol to leave Versailles; in every part of palace and gardens, even to the blue and gold railing of the courtyard, Apollo and his emblems dominate, appearing in every form, casting a glory that shall live forever.

The reincarnation of Louis the Magnificent into the pagan divinity of the sun was to be more than the dream of a Nero or the delusion of a Caligula. For he truly gave to his people the glories of art and the splendors of the sun, he filled his realm with beautiful form and sound and color; the gods of the old world came to serve his pleasure, not only in living pageant through his gardens, but in fine sculptured forms, on the canvases of his painters and in design and bas-relief upon the chiselled marble space of palace and terrace.

The Greek spirit of the early Renaissance, transforming the Gothic art, had brought into it a coolness and lightness of spacing and balance, a joy unshaken by laughter, and a sadness never distorted by tears. Here again came the reserved Hellenic influence, but in a new, warm, and ornate expression, sifted through this Gallic temperament like light through rich stained-glass windows.

The Italian gardens of Boboli, the Villa Borghese, Aldobrandini, and some of the gardens of France had created and developed a taste for the special form of beauty exemplified in the genius of André Le Nôtre, that simple and gentle gardener who was Apollo's right hand; but at Versailles he had to deal with a peculiarly architectural problem on a gigantic scale, the creating of a sort of transition, as it were, between the most artificial and formal palace in the world and the free rusticity of nature. With marble and bronze, with verdure and sunlight and shadow, he demonstrated his sense of elegant amplitude and balanced detail; yet, master as he was of all these, water was the most strikingly plastic medium of his art. His treatment of it as a decorative device is faultless, amazing in its daring and invention. He converts wa-

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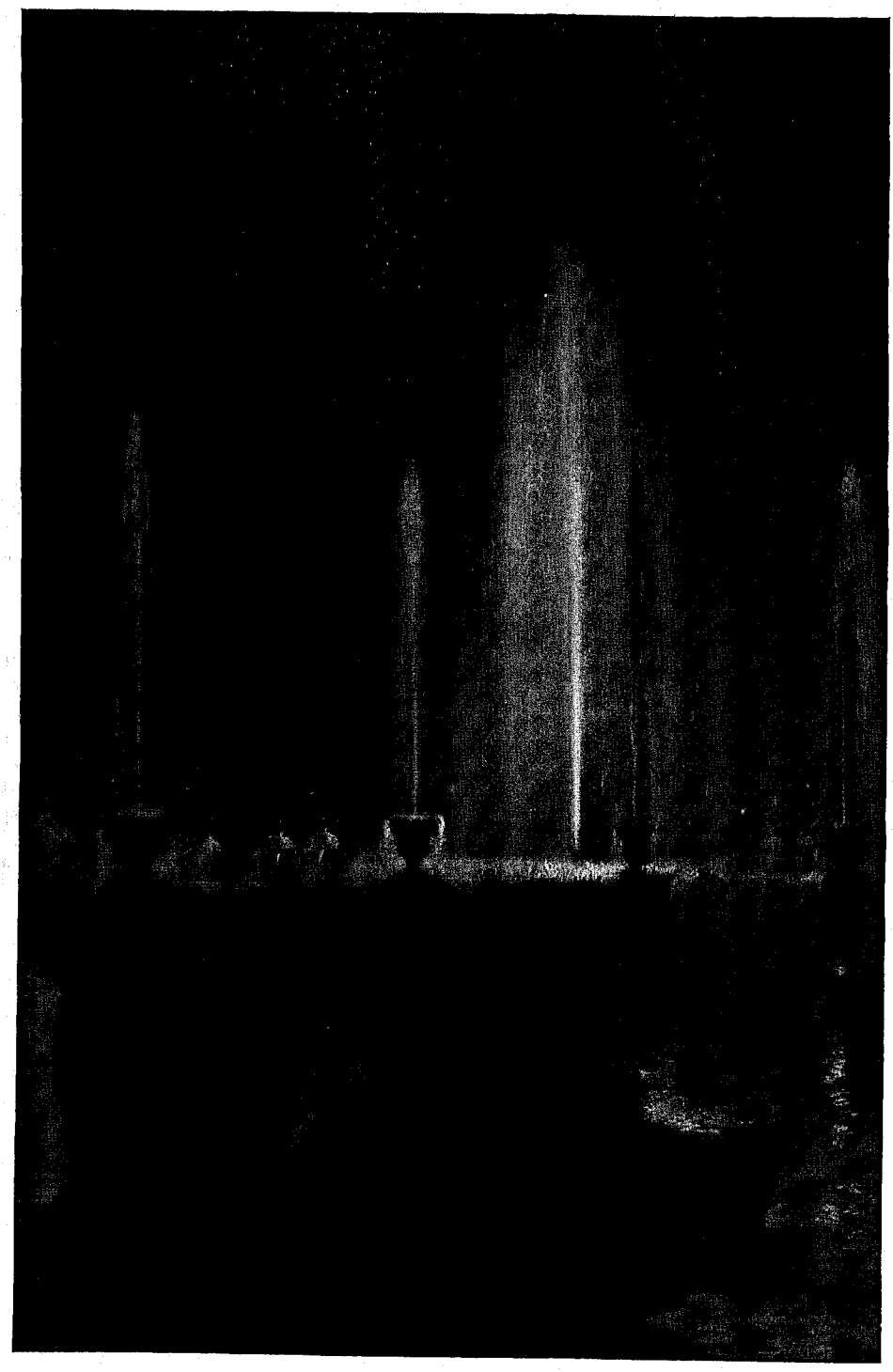

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Through night airs heavy with mystery poured fiery multi-colored rains from earth to heaven.—Page 666.

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ters, rising, falling, and placid, into every architectural and pictorial form, taking into consideration every effect on the eye and on the imagination; surprising, enchanting, or lulling the mind into quiet ecstasies.

An entirely false and incomplete idea of the French architecture of the eighteenth century will be had if the rôle played by water is forgotten, and surely its emotional effect upon the people must have been marked. Leaping waters seen afar through dark vistas, water rushing down flights of rose marble steps or dripping over rustic cascades, while Lulli's musicians played quadrilles and passe-pieds for the dance of the king and his court on the grassy floor of an open-air ball-room; waters forming swaying archways of crystal under which one might walk, or stretching in strips of molten gold off into perspectives that vanished like whispers on the air, the perspectives that Watteau so enchantingly opens to the eyes of those who care for what he has to give—how must all this have cast a spell over the souls of the men and women in the wizard's garden! To-day we feel it seize and grip the imagination when the fountains are set free, and in the sunlight, or moonlight, or the fireworks of a fête, the waters take a myriad shapes and meanings; or in quieter mood, in the silent darkness of some bosquet, beneath the statue of a smiling god, we sit and listen to the water dropping, dropping into a deep metal basin, reverberating, monotonous, like the heart of some bronze bell beating in a dream.

These gardens of Apollo are quite inseparable from their people; they left there in ways diverse and subtle the impress of their thoughts and actions during the whole period that saw their apogee and their decline, their glamour and their errors. The peculiarity of their attitude never fails to fascinate and to appall because of a point of view quite fictitious in value, but which they came by apparently through the natural introspection of cultivated minds, coupled with a lack of that kind of sincere activity which men deem serious and of consequence. The men and women of the fading aristocracy of France had come, through the many destructive forces at work upon them, to lose their sense of life's true but arbitrary values, arbitrary and necessary even as the conventions of an art. The unreality of their life stifled their purpose and undermined their earnestness; the act became as nothing "provided the gesture was beautiful"; Death stood over them day and night until they could face him with a bravery seeming almost an indifference, and life became a dream-pageant passing by to a funeral march of court quadrilles.

We see it all in their faces, those lords and ladies who look at us from the canvases of Watteau, La Tour, Van Loo, Mignard, or Le Brun—all faultlessly attired, all delicately fatigued and eternally saddened.

A sense of futility—of life's ephemeral quality—of the short day of pleasure and the heart's slow crepuscule, gave them their smile so cynically sweet, so pathetically lovely, the smile of Pierrot beneath the stars, the Greek masks of comedy and tragedy blended in one, the weeping brow and the laughing lip, the heart that bled and the hand that shimmered white in ecstatic apostrophe to the moon.

It is difficult to deal with them ethically, they seem to bear so slight a relation to the claims of the soul; they are to us as figures of some illusory pattern, quite abstract, like music heard far away in the night. Symons's verse comes to one's memory:

> "For us the roses are scarce sweet
> And scarcely swift the flying feet
> Where masque to masque the moments call:
> All has been ours that we desired,
> And now we are a little tired,
> Of the eternal carnival."

Personal grief and political bitterness, the inevitable anxieties of the heart in a society so complicated and so corrupt, and finally the terror that crept slowly in as each day one more desperate white face peered ominously through the gilded gates, all this suffering is memorable and is written in many a memoir, document, and letter. Yet to us who look back these shadows have, in a certain oblique view of it all, the curious effect of throwing into high relief the fantastic rituals of the worship of beauty in a new and captivating form.

So perfectly fitted were these palaces and gardens to the moods of men that to-day, by an inverse process, their various characteristics do actually evoke the ancient attitude, the far-off fancy. All those external influences that helped to mould and

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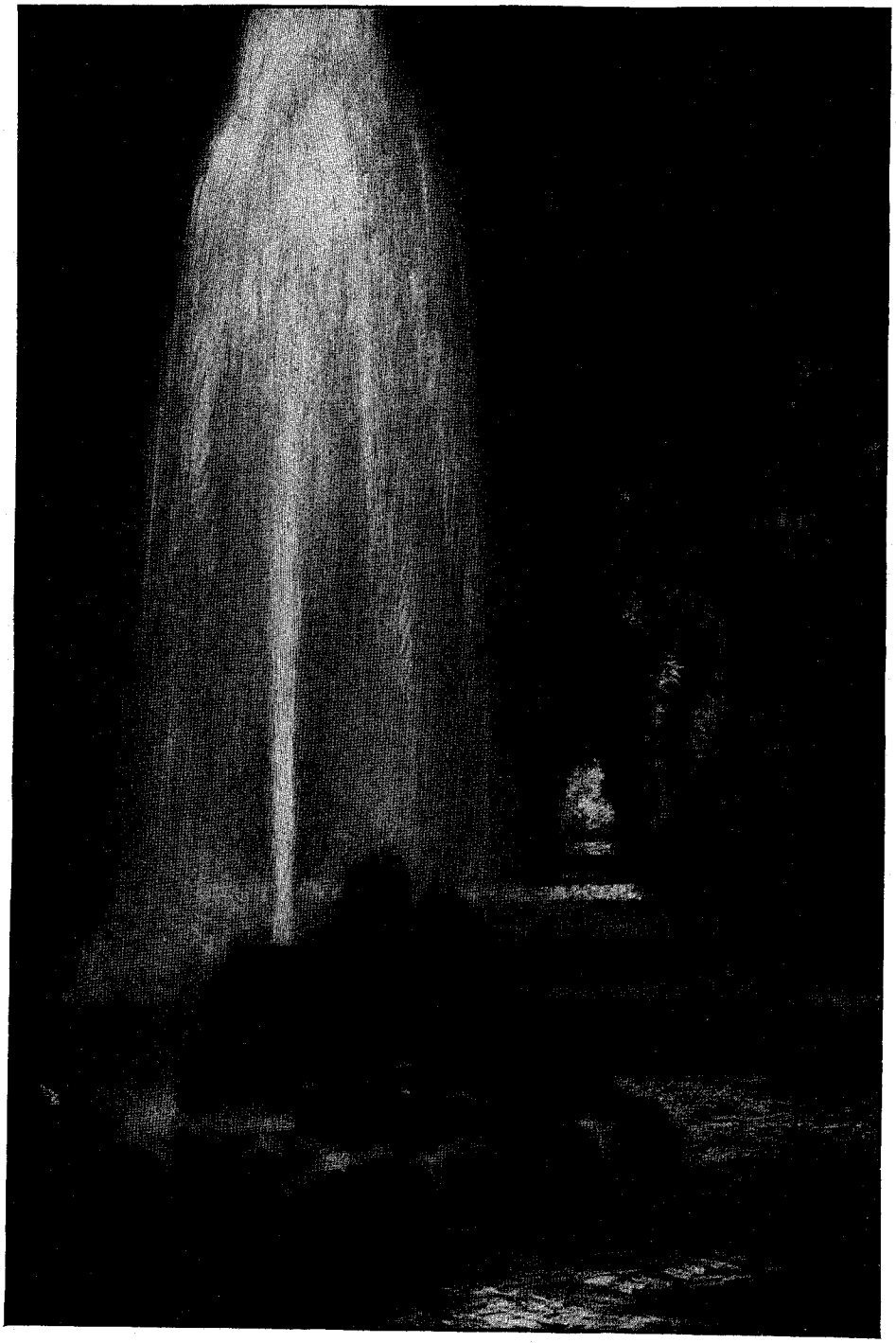

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Leaping waters seen afar through dark vistas.—Page 668.

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fashion the exotic personages of Versailles come again and again to impress us with peculiar definiteness.

Without their frames and setting these remarkable men and women lose half their value, and appear monstrous or frivolous to a degree that is in truth a real misunderstanding.

Their great-little domain with its isolated code of manners and morals, its customs and traditions, must be lived in awhile until one is familiar with it, even as one studies some very remote habitation of men. And, if we do this we begin to understand; we feel the sense of utter and cruel absolutism that filled the minds of the princes in this apotheosis of magnificence, and the bitterness of such serpentine natures as Maurepas, d'Argenson, or Maupeou, chafing in the midst of a galling perfection where the vicious desires of their hearts might yet be fulfilled if the wisdom of the serpent did not fail them.

Again, sweet and sure, in the garden of the Petit Trianon before the Temple of Love, or in the dark bosquets sheltering some classic moon-white form, comes floating back to us the essence of such childlike exquisite nature as is typified by the Queen Marie Antoinette, who, like so many others about her of similar sensitiveness, was a logical product of this milieu of beauty working upon the mind of the high-bred and delicately cultivated. She is one of those whom the great garden reincarnates as its own sweet child, and no appeal can be purer or more delicious. And one and all, these spirits, who are summoned so inevitably to repeople the garden that was and ever will be theirs, bring their own stories of eighteenth century romance and tragedy, set to the music of viols and hunting-horns and the drip of water. Pitifully, like the shades appearing to Ulysses, they speak to us across the Revolution's river of blood.

It was characteristic of the century that two women, the Marquise de Pompadour and the Comtesse du Barry, should appear as the emissaries of destiny, sent to bring about the fall of the kings and the rise of the people, and that a king's garden should be their setting.

It is summer time, and the day is a-glitter; the ivory palace lies like a delicate carven toy on a green jade table. The mirrors of the long lagoons are burnished and the tree-tops meet over the allées in points of pale green flame. Beneath them, along the dark strips of velvet verdure comes a woman who is the final seal to the beauty of the day and the garden, like the jewel on a lovely hand, the flower on a perfect breast.

See the fine lines of that face whose masterfulness nature could not hide with a woman's delicate modelling; see how utterly her flowered gown and all her rare attire is a part of herself and her setting; here is the spirit in flesh of all that artistic sense for detail in its relation to bold effects which France had felt and fostered through the ages. Masterfulness and taste—there is the Marquise de Pompadour.

In these ancient gardens we do not think of her as diplomat, student, and politician, nor do her shortcomings and errors offend. Her appeal is as the supreme artist and patron of artists whose memory floods with light the Versailles of France's fascinating decadence, the woman who created Sèvres and Bellevue and the little blue and silver playhouse of Versailles, who fostered the talent of Boucher and cut it to the very measure of her tastes, so that from his brush came at her bidding a rosy world of mischievous nudities and riotous summer gardens, and all those light clouds and wreaths and ribbons that seemed unfurled and flung from the young hand of a Persephone.

From Watteau to Boucher was a long step. The ideal of art was still factitious, deliciously artificial, fitted to the people, but its true royal essence was departing. Watteau's personality had been distinctly classical, essentially fitting him to be painter-decorator at the Court of the new Apollo; but now prettiness, coquetry, a light and alluring gallantry had crept in. Under the trees in a land of far-off fantasy the lovely people of Boucher live in an eternal idleness; their passions are as decorative as they are fugitive, and the cadence of their attitudes makes a music heard, as it were, by the sense of sight. The seduction and fall of the kings of France was reflected in this decadence of ideal in art, and under the régime of Du Barry the end was reached.

When the princes heard in the distance the mutterings of an awakening people

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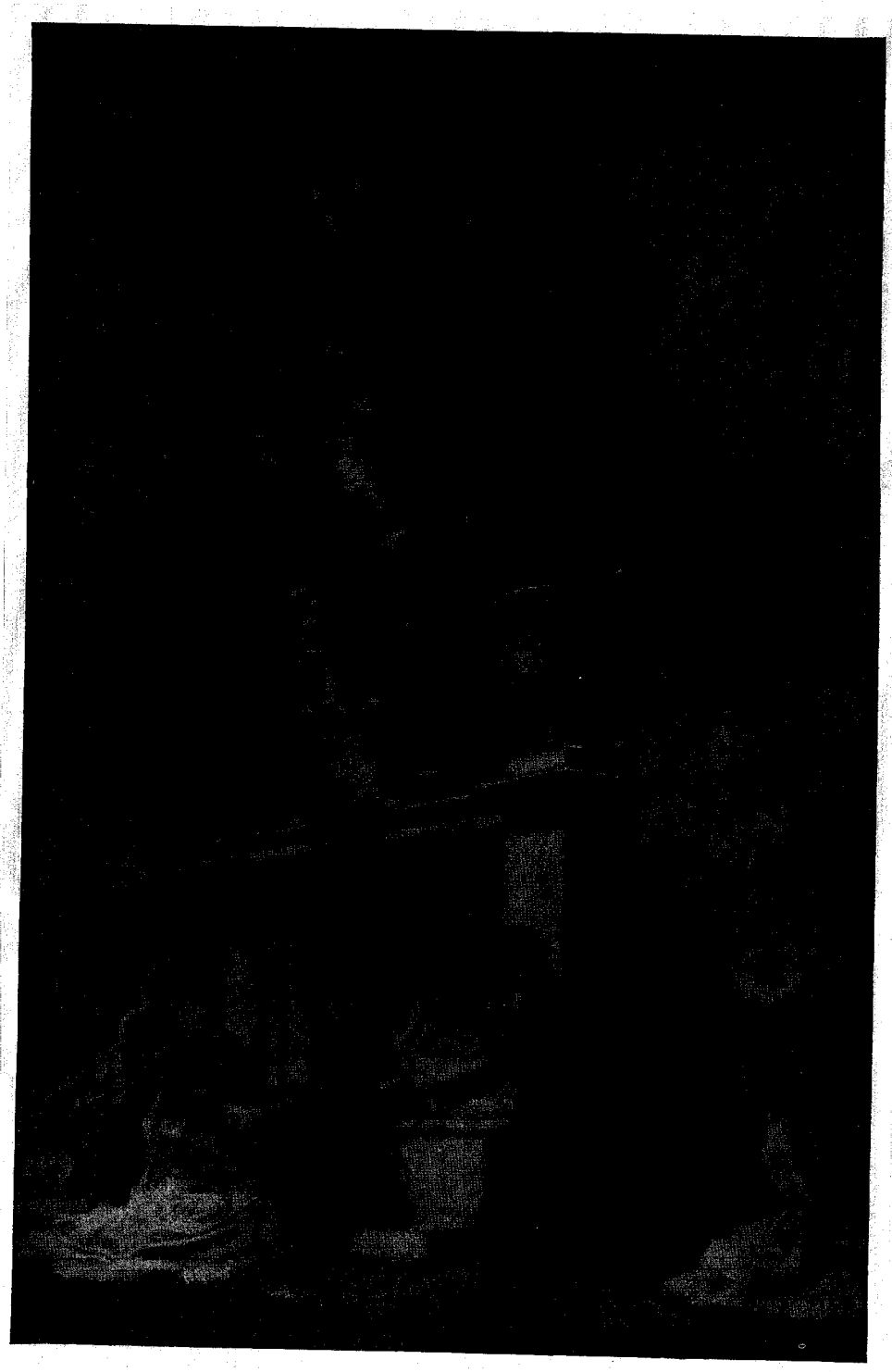

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Dark bosquets sheltering some classic moon-white form.—Page 670.

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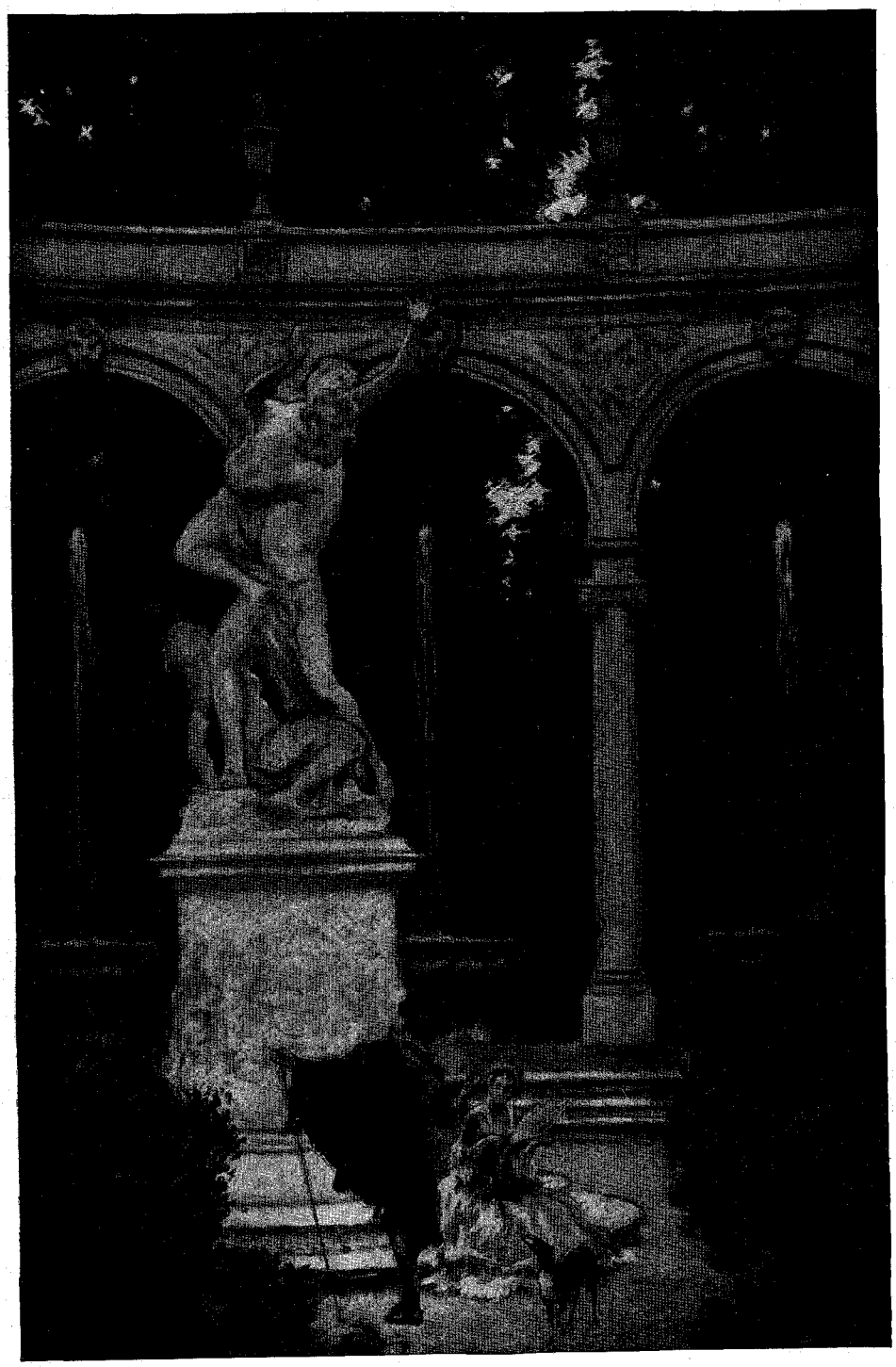

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The Colonnade.

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they very characteristically gave a carnival that they might forget it, and made a pretty woman its queen. The pageants of carnival never had a figure more fitted to embody its merriment and justify its excesses. Mme. du Barry breathes its very spirit, its coarseness, its multi-colored radiance, gay extravagances, and vulgar license.

What is this sparkling little cortege that leaves Versailles on a pale blue morning of early summer, with a stamping and neighing of horses, a jingling of silver trappings, and powdered lackeys flashing past in rainbow liveries? In a miniature six-horse phaeton upon whose gold panels are painted all the devices of love and youth—roses and doves and pierced hearts and flaming torches—sits the very prettiest piece of flesh and blood that came out of the eighteenth century.

She looks more like a lovely child than a woman, with those curling locks so silkily fine and fair that they seem like a mist tipped with the light of some gentle dawn. And beneath, a forehead, still touched with the transparency of delicate child flesh, made more dazzling by the sharp line of a dark eyebrow and the red of a laughing little mouth turned up at the corners. No paint, no powder, no elaborate or artificial coiffure was there here. She scorned it in her young perfection and her open disdain of the conventions of the day.

This is the Comtesse du Barry on her way to Compiègne where the king holds high festival, and Paris looks on with a laugh, a shrug, a curse, and a ribald song or two. It was indeed carnival time, a carnival of witty greed and pretty cruelties, magnificent lust, and a despair that laughed—and waited. The confetti were louis d'or. Later they turned to bullets and the Dionysian festival ended like the classic slaughter in the Bacchanals of Euripides.

The palace, the gardens, all the lovely creations of Louis XIV were to suffer in the general débacle until we marvel today that anything remains. The mutilations by Louis XV, whose sick soul was eased only through change, the replacing of charming bosquets by fragments of English gardens, the seizures of fine decorative sculptures by the Revolutionary Convention, all this depredation left its scars on the fair face of the garden. The plough would have passed over it all had not the citizens of Versailles, adorers of the beautiful even in starvation's despair, softened for once the heart of the Convention. The spoliations unroll themselves in a panorama of violence and folly, a story of intense dramatic and political coloring, in which every statistic is filled with tumult.

A new fall of man had come, and the garden belonged no more to those who had loved it; yet through banishment, carnage, and ultimate destruction these people of the great garden came into their own. It was death, to be sure—but they made of it a new and delicate art, a lesson in gentle manners and in the finer sympathies. Their decorative century offered them a finale in such fiery antithesis, in so complete an apposition to all that went before, that they could not fail, even amidst the ferocities of annihilation, to perceive the pictorial balance of it all. In the few short days still left them they unmasked with an exquisite grace and lived passionately, lived in most instances with a new nobility.

Then slowly over their garden came the silence that we find to-day, and that ever will be there, though the drums of the Republic go beating through the gateways at sundown, and strange voices speak in many tongues in the dim allées; for there are certain spots on earth that belong exclusively to the immortal dead, where no other voices but theirs can ever ring true or truly animate, and no new beings ever really people the solitudes.

Into such places of remote feeling and storied past, of which Versailles seems the most definite example, we are permitted to withdraw awhile as into a certain twilight of beauty, from the unavoidable insistence of the commonplace. Active joyousness will not come to us there, but a more subdued thrill, an illumined sadness.

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Monseigneurs Plays.

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MONSEIGNEUR PLAYS

By Theodosia Garrison

MONSEIGNEUR plays his new gavotte—
Within her gilded chair the Queen
Listens, her rustling maids between;
A very tulip-garden stirred
To hear the fluting of a bird;
Faint sunlight through the casement falls
On cupids painted on the walls
At play with doves. Precisely set
Awaits the slender-legged spinet
Expectant of its happy lot,
The while the player stays to twist
The cobweb ruffles from his wrist.
A pause, and then—(ah, murmur not)
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

Monseigneur plays his new gavotte—
Hark, 'tis the faintest dawn of Spring,
So still the dew-drops' whispering
Is loud among the violets;
Here in this garden of Pierrette's
Where Pierrot waits, ah, hasten, Sweet,
And hear; on dainty, tripping feet
She comes—the little, glad coquette.
"Ah, thou, Pierrot?" "Ah, thou, Pierrette?"
A kiss, nay there a bird wakes, then
A silence—and they kiss again,
"Ah, Mesdames, have you quite forgot—"
(So laughs his music)—"Love's first kiss?
Let *this* note lead you, then, and *this*
Back to that fragrant garden-spot."
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

Monseigneur plays his new gavotte—
Ah, hear, in that last note they go,
The little lovers laughing so;
Kissing their finger-tips they dance
From out this gilded room of France,
Adieu! Monseigneur rises now
Ready for compliment and bow,
Playing about his mouth the while
Its cynical, accustomed smile,
Protests and, hand on heart, avers
The patience of his listeners.
"A masterpiece! Ah, surely not."
A gray-eyed maid of honor slips
A long-stemmed rose across her lips
And drops it; does he guess her thought?
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XXI

WITH the closing in of the autumn and the coming of the first winter cold, the denizens of Kennedy Square gave themselves over to the season's entertainments. Mrs. Cheston, as was her usual custom, issued invitations for a ball—this one in honor of the officers who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican War. Major Clayton, Bowdoin, the Murdochs, Stirlings, and Howards—all persons of the highest quality—inaugurated a series of chess tournaments, the several players and those who came to look on, to be thereafter comforted with such toothsome solids as wild turkey, terrapin, and olio, and such delectable liquids as were stored in the cellars of their hosts. Old Judge Pancoast, yielding to the general demand, gave an oyster roast—his enormous kitchen being the place of all others for such a function. On this occasion two long wooden tables were scoured to an unprecedented whiteness—the young girls in white aprons and the young men in white jackets serving as waiters—and laid with wooden plates, and two big wooden bowls—one for the hot, sizzling shells just off their bed of hickory coals banked on the kitchen hearth, and the other for the empty ones—the fun continuing until the wee small hours of the morning.

The Honorable Prim and his charming daughter, not to be outdone by their neighbors, cleared the front drawing-room of its heavy furniture, covered every inch of the tufted carpet with linen crash, and with old black Jones as fiddler and M. Robinette—a French exile—as instructor in the cutting of pigeon wings and the proper turning out of ankles and toes, opened the first of a series of morning soirées for the young folk of the neighborhood, to which were invited not only their mothers but their black mammies, as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Horn, not having any blithesome daughter, nor any full grown son—Oliver being but a child of six—and Richard and his charming wife having long since given up their dancing slippers—were good enough to announce—(and it was astonishing what an excitement it raised)—that "On the Monday night following Mr. Horn would read aloud to such of his friends as would do him the honor of being present, the latest Christmas story by Mr. Charles Dickens, entitled 'The Cricket on the Hearth.'" For this occasion Mr. Kennedy had loaned him his own copy, one of the earliest bound volumes, bearing an inscription in the great master's own handwriting, in which he thanked the distinguished author of "Swallow Barn" for the many kindnesses he had shown him during his visit to America, and begged his indulgence for his third attempt to express between covers the sentiment and feeling of the Christmas season.

Not that this was an unusual form of entertainment, nor one that excited special comment. Almost every neighborhood had its morning (and often its evening) "Readings," presided over by some one who read well and without fatigue—some sweet old maid, perhaps, who knew how to grow old gracefully. At these times a table would be rolled into the library by the deferential servant of the house, on which he would place the dear lady's spectacles and a book, its ivory marker showing where the last reading had ended—it might be Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," or Irving's "Granada," or Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," or perhaps, Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

At eleven o'clock the girls would begin to arrive, each one bringing her needle-work of some kind—worsted, or embroidery, or knitting—something she could manage without discomfort to herself or anybody about her, and when the last ones were in their seats the same noiseless darky would tiptoe in and take his place behind the old maid's chair. Then he would slip a stool under her absurdly small slippers and tiptoe out again, shutting the door behind him

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as quietly as if he found the dear lady asleep —and so the reading would begin.

A reading by Richard, however, was always an event, and an invitation to be present was never declined whether received by letter or by word of mouth.

St. George had been looking forward eagerly to the night, and when the shadows began to fall in his now almost bare bedroom, he sent for Todd to help him dress.

"Have you got a shirt for me, Todd?"

"Got seben of 'em. Dey wants a li'l trimmin' roun' de aidges, but I reckon we kin make 'em do—Aunt Jemima sont 'em home dis mawnin'. She's been a-workin' on 'em, she says. Looks to me like a goat had a mouffu! outer dis yere sleeve but I dassent tell 'er so. Lot o' dem butters wanderin' roun' dat Marsh market lookin' for sumpin to eat; lemme gib dem boots anudder tech."

Todd skipped downstairs with the boots and St. George continued dressing; selecting his best and most becoming scarf; pinning down the lapels of his buff waistcoat; repairing for the time being (with the scissors—since Aunt Jemima would restarch it) the points of his high collar; the whole toilet complete, a little later, when with Todd's assistance, he worked his arms between the slits in the silk lining of the sleeves of his blue cloth, brass-buttoned coat, and pulled it into place across his chest.

And he was still a well-dressed man in spite of the frayed edge of his collar and shirt ruffles and the shiny spots in his trousers and coat where the nap was worn smooth.

Moreover, no man of his age wore his clothes so well, no matter what their condition; nor did any other man of his acquaintance make so debonair an appearance.

Pawson was of that opinion to-night when St. George his toilet complete, joined him at the bottom of the stairs. Indeed he thought he had never seen his client look better—a discovery which sent a spasm of satisfaction through his long body, for he had a piece of important news to tell him, and had been trying all day to make up his mind how best to break it.

"You look younger, Mr. Temple," he began—"and if you will allow me to say so, handsomer, every day. Your trip to the Eastern Shore last spring did you no end of good," and the young attorney crooked his long neck and elevated his eyebrows and the corners of his mouth in the effort to give to his sinuous body a semblance of mirth.

"Thank you, Pawson," bowed St. George, graciously—"You are really most kind, but that is because you are stone blind. My shirt is full of holes and it is quite likely I shall have to stand all the evening for fear of splitting the knees of my breeches. Come—out with it"—he laughed—"there is something you have to tell me, or you would not be waiting for me here at this hour in the cold hall."

Pawson smiled faintly, then his eyebrows lost their identity in some well-defined wrinkles in his forehead.

"I have, sir—a most unpleasant thing to tell you—a very unpleasant thing. When I tried this morning for a few days grace on that last overdue payment, the agent informed me, to my great surprise, that Mr. John Gorsuch had bought the mortgage and would thereafter collect the interest in person. I am not sure, of course, but I am afraid Colonel Rutter is behind the purchase. If he is we must be prepared to face the worst should he still feel toward you as he did when you and he"—and he jerked his thumb meaningly in the direction of the dining-room—"had it out—in there."

St. George compressed his lips: "And so after all Rutter holds the big end of the whip, does he?" he exclaimed with some heat. "He will find the skin on my back not a very valuable asset, but he is welcome to it. He has about everything else."

"But I'd rather pay it somehow, if we could," rejoined Pawson in a furtive way—as if he had something up his sleeve he dare not spring upon him.

"Yes—of course you would—" retorted St. George, with a cynical laugh, slipping on his gloves. "Pay it?—of course pay it. Pay everything and everybody! What do you think I'd bring at auction? Pawson. I'm white, you know, and so I can't be sold on the block—but the doctors might offer you a trifle for cutting-up purposes. Bah! Hand me my cloak, Todd."

A deprecatory smile flitted across the long, thin face of the attorney. He saw that St. George was in no mood for serious things, and yet something must be done; certainly before the arrival of Gorsuch himself, who was known to be an exact man of

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business and who would have his rights no matter who suffered.

"I had a little plan, sir—but you might not fall in with it. It would, perhaps, be only temporary, but it is all I can think of. I had an applicant this morning—in fact it came within an hour after I had heard the news. It seemed almost providential, sir."

St. George was facing the door, ready to leave the house, his shoulders still bent forward so that Todd could adjust his heavy cloak the better, when for the first time the anxious tone in Pawson's voice caught his attention. As the words fell from the attorney's lips he straightened, and Todd stepped back, the garment still in his hands.

"An applicant for what?" he inquired in a graver tone. He was not surprised—nothing surprised him in these days—he was only curious.

"For the rooms you occupy. I can get enough for them, sir, not only to clear up the back interest, but to keep the mortgage alive and——"

St. George's face paled as the full meaning of Pawson's proposal dawned in his mind. That was the last thing he had expected.

"Turn me into the street, eh?" There was a note of pained surprise in his voice.

"I don't want you to put it that way, sir." His heart really bled for him—it was all he could do to control himself.

"How the devil else can I put it?" he echoed with some anger.

"Well, I thought you might want to do a little shooting, sir."

Shooting! What with? One of Gadgem's guns? Hire it of him, eh, and steal the powder and shot," he cried savagely.

"Yes—if you saw fit, sir. Gadgem I am sure would be most willing and you can always get plenty of ammunition. Anyway you might pass a few months with your kinsfolk on the Eastern Shore, whether you hunted or not; it did you so much good before. The winter here is always wearing, sloppy, and wet. I've heard you say so repeatedly." He had not taken his eyes from his face; he knew this was St. George's final stage and he knew too that he would never again enter the home he loved; but this last he could not tell him outright. He would rather have cut his right hand off than tell him at all: Being even the humblest instrument in the exiling of a man like St. George Wilmot Temple was in itself a torture.

"And when do you want me to quit?" he said calmly. "I suppose I can evacuate like an officer and a gentleman and carry my side-arms with me"—here his smile broadened as the humor of the thing stole over him—"my father's cane, that I can neither sell nor pawn, and a case of razors which are past sharpening."

"Well, sir, it ought to be done," continued Pawson in his most serious tone, ignoring the sacrifice—(there was nothing funny in the situation to the attorney)—"well—I should say—right away. Tomorrow, perhaps. This news of Gorsuch has come very sudden, you know. If I can show him that the new tenant has moved in already he might wait until his first month's rent was paid. You see that——"

"Oh, yes, Pawson, I see—see it all clear as day," interrupted St. George—"have been seeing it for some months past, although neither you nor Gadgem seem to have been aware of that fact." This came with so grave a tone that Pawson raised his eyes inquiringly. "And who is this man," Temple went on, "who wants to step into my shoes? They are half-soled, you can see," and he held up one boot. "Be sure you tell him; he might want to dance or hunt in them—and his toes would be out the first thing he knew."

"He is Mr. Gorsuch's attorney, sir, a Mr. Fogbin," he answered ignoring all reference to the boots and still concerned over the gravity of the situation. "He did some work once for Colonel Rutter, and that's how Gorsuch got hold of him. That's why I suspect the colonel. This would make the interest sure, you see—rather a sly game, is it not, sir?"

St. George pondered for a moment, and his eye fell on his servant.

"And what will I do with Todd?"

The darky's eyes had been rolling round in his head as the talk continued, Pawson, knowing how leaky he was, having told him nothing of the impending calamity for fear he would break it to his master in the wrong way.

"I should say take him with you," came the positive answer.

"You didn't think I would be separated from him, did you?" cried St. George, in-

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dignantly: the first note of anger he had yet shown.

"I didn't think anything about it, sir," and he looked at Todd apologetically.

"Well, after this please remember, Mr. Pawson, that where I go Todd goes," snapped back St. George his eyes flashing.

The darky leaned forward as if to seize St. George's hand; his eyes filled, and his lips began to tremble. He would rather have died than have left his master.

St. George walked to the door, threw it open, and stood for an instant his eyes fixed on the bare trees in the park. Soon he turned and faced the two again:

"Todd!"

"Yes, Marse George—" The ragged edges of hot tears were still on the darky's eyelids.

"To-day is Monday, is it not?—and to-morrow is boat day?"

"Yes, Marse George," came the trembling answer.

"All right, Pawson, I'll go. Let Talbot Rutter have the rest—he's welcome to it. Now for my cloak, Todd—so—and my neck-kerchief and cane. Thank you very much, Pawson. You have been very kind about it all, and I know quite well what it has cost you to tell me this. You can't help—neither can I—neither, for that matter, can Gorsuch—nor is it his fault. It is Rutter's, and he will one day get his reckoning. Good-night—don't sit up too late. I am going to Mr. Horn's to spend the evening. Walk along with me through the Park, Todd, so I can talk to you. And Todd—" he continued when they had entered the path and were bending their steps to the Horn house: "I want you to gather together to-morrow what are left of my clothes and pack them in one of those hair trunks upstairs—and your own things in another. Never mind about waiting for the wash—I'm going down to Aunt Jemima's myself in the morning and will fix it so she can send the rest to me later on. I owe her a small balance and must see her once more before I leave. Now go home and get to bed—you have been losing too much sleep of late."

Todd with a new set of springs under his heels turned back and St. George kept on his way to hear Richard read. And yet he was not cast down. Long before the darky's obedient figure had disappeared down the long path, his natural buoyancy had again asserted itself—or perhaps the philosophy which always sustains a true gentleman in his hour of need. He fully realized what this last cowardly blow meant: slowly, but surely, one after another, his several belongings had vanished; then his priceless family heirlooms; his dogs—and now the home of his ancestors. He was even denied further shelter within its walls. But there were no regrets; his conscience still sustained him; he would live it all over again. In his effort to keep to his standards he had tried to stop a freshet with a shovelful of clay; that was all. It was a foolhardy attempt, no doubt, but he would have been heartily ashamed of himself if he had not made it. Wesley, of course, was not a very exciting place in which to spend the winter, but it was better than being under obligations to Talbot Rutter; and then he could doubtless earn enough at the law to pay his board—at least he would try.

He had reached the end of the walk now and had already caught—as Malachi swung back the front door—the glow of the overhead lantern in the hall of the Horn mansion lighting up the varied costumes of the guests; the girls in their pink and white nubias, the gallants in long cloaks with scarlet linings, the older men in mufflers and the mothers and grandmothers in silk hoods;—there was no question of Richard's popularity.

"Clar to goodness, Marse George, you is a sight for sore eyes," cried Malachi, unhooking the clasp of the velvet collar and helping him off with his cloak, "I ain't never seen ye looking spryer! Yes, sah—Marse Richard's inside and he'll be mighty glad ye come. Yes—jedge—jes's soon as I—Dat's it, mistis—I'll take dat shawl— No, sah, Marse Richard ain't begun yit. Dis way, ladies," and so it had gone on since the opening rat-a-tat-tat on the old brass knocker had announced the arrival of the first guest.

Nor was there any question that everybody who could by any possibility have availed themselves of Richard's invitation, had put in an appearance. Most of the men from the club, known to these pages, were present, together with their wives and children—those who were old enough to sit up late; and Nathan Gill, without his flute this time, but with ears wide open—he

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was beginning to get gray, was Nathan, although he wouldn't admit it; and Miss Virginia Clendenning in high waist and voluminous skirts, fluffy side curls, and a new gold chain for her eye-glasses—gold too, of course—not to mention the Murdochs, Stirlings, Gatchells, Captain Warfield and his daughter, Bowdoin, Purviance. They were all there; everybody, in fact, who could squeeze inside the drawing-room; while those who couldn't filled the hall and even the stairs—wherever Richard's voice could be heard.

St. George edged into the room, swept his glance over the throng, and made his way through the laughing, swaying groups, greeting every one right and left, old and young—a kiss here on the upturned cheek of some pretty girl whom he had carried in his arms when a baby; a caressing pat of approbation on some young gallant's shoulder; a bend of the head in respectful homage to those he knew but slightly—the Baroness de Trobiand, Mrs. Cheston's friend, being one of them; a hearty hand held out to the men who had been away for the summer—interrupted now and then by some such sally from a young bride as "Oh, you mean Uncle George! No—I'm not going to love you any more! You promised you would come to my party and you didn't, and my cotillon was all spoiled!"—or a—"Why, Temple, you dear man!—I'm so glad to see you! Don't forget my dinner on Thursday. The Secretary is coming and I want you to sit between him and Lord Atherton," a sort of triumphal procession, really—until he reached the end of the room and stood at Kate's side.

"Well, sweetheart!" he cried gayly, smoothing her soft hand as his fingers closed over it. "Ah, Mr. Willits!" This came with some surprise—"so you too must come under the spell of Mr. Horn's voice," and he proceeded to look the young man over—especially the plum-colored coat which fitted his shoulders to perfection; his linen of the whitest and finest—each ruffle in flutes; the waistcoat embroidered in silk; the pumps of the proper shape and the stockings all that could be desired. Yes! a very well-dressed man, thought St. George, then he hesitated True!—the silk scarf was a shade out of key with the prevailing color of his make-up, particularly his hair—but then, that was to be expected of a man who had a slight flaw in—and with a satisfied smile banished the thought from his mind.

Then he read Kate's face. No! She had evidently not noticed it. In fact there were very many things she was overlooking in these last days of his wooing, he thought to himself.

"You should sit down somewhere, my child," he continued as if nothing had interrupted him—"get as near to Richard as you can so you can watch his face—that's the best part of it. And I should advise you too, Mr. Willits, to miss none of his words—it will be something you will remember all your life."

Kate looked up in his face with a satisfied smile. She was more than glad that her Uncle George was so gracious to her escort, especially to-night when he was to meet a good many people for the first time.

"I'll take the stool, then, dear Uncle George," she answered with a merry laugh. "Go get it, please, Mr. Willits—the one under the sofa." Then with a toss of her head and a coquettish smile at St. George: "What a gadabout you are; do you know I've been three times to see you, and not a soul in your house and the front door wide open, and everything done up in curl-papers as if you were going to move away for good and all and never coming back? And do you know that you haven't been near me once? What do you mean by breaking my heart that way? Thank you, Mr. Willits, put the stool right here, so I can look up into Mr. Horn's eyes as Uncle George wants me to. I've known the time"—and she arched her eyebrows at St. George, "when you would be delighted to have me look my prettiest at you, but now before I am half-way across the park you slip out of the basement door and— No!—no—no apologies—you are just tired of me, sir!"

St. George laughed gayly in return, his palms flattened against each other and held out in supplication—but he made no defence. He was occupied with her beauty. He thought he had never seen her so bewitching or in such good spirits. From his six feet and an inch of vantage his eyes followed her sloping shoulders and tapering arms, and rested on her laughing, happy face—rose-colored in the soft light of the candles—a film of lace looped at her elbows, her wonderful hair caught in a coil at the back: not the prevailing fashion but one

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most becoming to her. What had not this admixture of Scotch and Virginia blood—this intermingling of robust independence with the gentle, yielding feminine qualities of the Southern-born woman—done for this girl?

Richard clapped his hands to attract attention, and advancing a step in front of the big easy chair which Malachi had just pulled out for him, raised his fingers to command silence.

All eyes were instantly turned his way. Alert and magnetic, dignified and charming, he stood in the full glow of the overhead chandelier, its light falling upon his snuff-brown coat with its brass buttons, pale yellow waistcoat, and the fluff of white silk about his throat—his grave, thoughtful face turned toward Kate as his nearest guest, his glance sweeping the room as if to be sure that everybody was at ease; Malachi immediately behind him awaiting his orders to further adjust the chair and reading lamp.

In the interim of the hush Kate, at Richard's feet, had settled herself on the low stool that Willits had brought, the young man standing beside her, the two making a picture that attracted general attention.

"I have a rare story," Richard began—"to read to you to-night, my good friends, one you will never forget; one, indeed, which I am sure the world at large will never forget. I shall read it as best I can, begging your indulgence especially in rendering the dialect parts, which, if badly done, often mar both the pathos and humor of the text." Here he settled himself in his chair and picked up the small volume, Malachi, now that his service was over, tiptoeing out to his place in the hall so as to be ready for belated arrivals.

The room grew silent. Even Mrs. Chesston, who rarely ceased talking when she had anything to say—and she generally did have something to say—folded her hands in her lap and settled herself in her arm-chair, her whole attention fastened on the reader. St. George, who had been talking to her, moved his chair so he could watch Kate's face as well.

Again Richard raised his voice:

"The time is of the present, and the scene is laid in one of those small towns outside London. I shall read the whole story, omitting no word of the text, for only then will you fully grasp the beauty of the author's style."

He began in low clear tones, reciting the contest between the hum of the kettle and the chirp of the cricket; the music of his voice lending added charm to the dual song. Then there followed in constantly increasing intensity, the happy home life of bewitching Dot Perrybingle—whom everybody now loves, and her matter-of-fact husband, John, the Carrier, with sleepy Tilly Slowboy and the Baby to fill out the picture; the gradual unfolding of the events that led up to the cruel marriage about to take place between old Tackleton the mean toy merchant, and sweet May Fielding, in love with the sailor boy, Edward, lost at sea; the finding of the mysterious deaf old man by John, the Carrier, and the bringing him home in his cart to Dot, who kept him all night because his friends had not called for him; the rapid growth of a love affair between Dot and this old man, who turned out to be a handsome young fellow; the heart-rending discovery by John through the spying of Tackleton, that Dot was untrue to him, she meeting the man clandestinely and adjusting the disguise for him, laughing all the while at the ruse she was helping him to play; the grief of John—(how our hearts have bled for him) when he realizes the truth, he sitting all night alone by the fire trying to make up his mind whether he would creep upstairs and murder the villain who had stolen the heart of his little Dot, or forgive her because he was so much older than she and it was, therefore, natural for her to love a younger man; and finally the expected wedding at the church, where Tackleton—(how we have all cursed him!)—hoped to meet the beautiful May Fielding, his bride, her mother forcing her into the marriage—and who, broken-hearted over the death of her sailor boy, had at last succumbed to the older woman's wishes, and consented to join him at the church.

For an hour Richard's well modulated, full-toned voice rolled on, the circle drawing closer and closer with their ears and hearts, as the characters, one after another, became real and alive under the reader's magical rendering. Dot Perrybingle's cheery, laughing accents; Tackleton's sharp, rasping tones; John, the Carri-

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er's, simple, straightforward utterances and the soft, timid cadence, of old Caleb, the toy maker—(drowned Edward's father)—and his blind daughter Bertha, were recognized as soon as the reader voiced their speech. So clearly defined were the different characters, and so thrilling was the story of their several joys and sorrows, that Kate, unconscious of her surroundings, had slipped from her low stool, and with the weight of her body resting on her knees, sat searching Richard's face, the better to catch every word that fell from his lips.

To heighten the effect of what was the most dramatic part of the story—the return of the wedding party to the Carrier's house where Dot, Caleb, and his blind daughter awaited them—Richard paused for a moment as if to rest his voice—the room the while deathly still, the loosening of a pent-up breath now and then showing how tense was the emotion. Then he went on:

"Are those wheels upon the road, Bertha?" cried Dot. "You've a quick ear, Bertha— And now you hear them stopping at the garden gate! And now you hear a step outside the door—the same step, Bertha, is it not— And now——"

Dot uttered a wild cry of uncontrollable delight; and running up to Caleb put her hand upon his eyes, as a young man rushed into the room, and flinging away his hat into the air, came sweeping down upon them.

"Is it over?" cried Dot.

"Yes!"

"Happily over?"

"Yes!"

"Do you recollect the voice, dear Caleb? Did you ever hear the like of it before?" cried Dot.

"If my boy Edward in the Golden South Americas was alive"—cried Caleb, trembling.

"He is alive!" shrieked Dot, removing her hands from his eyes, and clapping them in ecstasy; "look at him! See where he stands before you, healthy and strong! Your own dear son! Your own dear, living, loving brother, Bertha!"

All honor to the little creature for her transports! All honor to her tears and laughter, when the three were locked in one another's arms! All honor to the heartiness with which she met the sunburnt, sailor-fellow, with his dark, streaming hair, half-way, and never turned her rosy little mouth aside, but suffered him to kiss it freely, and to press her to his bounding heart!

"Now tell him (John) all, Edward," sobbed Dot, "and don't spare me, for nothing shall make me spare myself in his eyes ever again."

"I was the man," said Edward.

"And you could steal disguised into the home of your old friend," rejoined the carrier . . .

"But I had a passion for her."

"You!"

"I had," rejoined the other, "and she returned it— I heard twenty miles away that she was false to me— I had no mind to reproach her but to see for myself."

Once more Richard's voice faltered, and again it rang clear, this time in Dot's tones:

"But when she knew that Edward was alive, John, and had come back—and when she—that's me, John—told him all—and how his sweetheart had believed him to be dead, and how she had been over-persuaded by her mother into a marriage—and when she—that's me again, John—told him they were not married, though close upon it—and when he went nearly mad for joy to hear it—then she—that's me again—said she would go and sound his sweetheart—and she did—and they were married an hour ago!—John, an hour ago! And here's the bride! And Gruff and Tackleton may die a bachelor! And I'm a happy little woman, May, God bless you!"

Little woman, how she sobbed! John Peerybingle would have caught her in his arms. But no; she wouldn't let him.

"Don't love me yet, please John! Not for a long time yet! No—keep there, please John! When I laugh at you, as I sometimes do, John, and call you clumsy, and a dear old goose, and names of that sort, it's because I love you, John, so well. And when I speak of people being middle-aged, and steady, John, and pretend that we are a humdrum couple, going on in a jog-trot sort of way, it's only because I'm such a silly little thing, John, that I like, sometimes, to act a kind of play with Baby, and all that, and make believe."

She saw that he was coming; and stopped him again. But she was very nearly too late.

"No, don't love me for another minute or two, if you please, John! When I first came home here I was half afraid I mightn't learn to love you every bit as well as I hoped and prayed I might—being so very young, John. But, dear John, every day and hour I love you more and more. And if I could have loved you better than I do, the noble words I heard you say this morning would have made me. But I can't. All the affection that I had (it was a great deal, John) I gave you, as you well deserve, long, long ago, and I have no more left to give. Now, my dear husband, take me to your heart again! That's my home, John; and never, never think of sending me to any other."

Richard stopped, and picking up a glass from the table moistened his lips. The silence continued. Down more than one face the tears were trickling. Kate had crept imperceptibly nearer until her hands could have touched Richard's knees. When Willits bent over her with a whispered comment she neither answered nor turned her head. It was only when Richard's voice finally ceased with the loud chirp of the cricket at the close of the beloved story, and St. George had helped her to her feet, that

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she seemed to awake to a sense of where she was. Even then she looked about her in a dazed way, as if she feared some one had been reading her heart—hanging back till the others had showered their congratulations on the reader. Then leaning forward, her hands in Richard's to steady herself, she kissed him softly on the cheek.

When the eggnog was being served and the room had broken up into knots and groups, all discussing the beauty of the reading, she suddenly left Willits, who had followed her every move as if he had a prior right to her person, and going up to St. George led him to one of the sofas in Richard's study.

He saw that for some reason she was greatly agitated, for her lips were quivering and undried tears were still trembling on her eyelids, and he wondered at this new mood, so different from the one with which she had greeted him. She did not release his hand as they took their seats. Her fingers closed only the tighter, as if she feared he would slip from her grasp.

"It was all so beautiful and so terrible, Uncle George," she moaned—"and all so true—we make such awful mistakes, and then it is too late. And nobody understands—nobody—nobody!" For a moment she paused, and in a constrained voice, as if the mere utterance pained her, asked abruptly—"Is there nothing yet from Harry?"

St. George looked at her in astonishment, wondering whether he had caught the words aright. It had been months since Harry's name had crossed her lips.

"No, nothing," he answered simply, trying to read her mind—"not for some months. Not since he left the ship."

"And do you think he is in any danger?" She had dropped his hand, and with her fingers resting on the sleeve of his coat sat looking into his eyes as if to read their meaning.

"I don't know," he replied in a non-committal tone. "He meant then to go to the mountains, so he wrote his mother. This may account for our not hearing. Why do you ask?—have you had any news of him yourself?" he added studying her face for some solution of her strange attitude.

She sank back on the cushions a pained expression crossing her face. "No, he never writes to me." Then, as if some new train of thought had forced its way into her mind she exclaimed suddenly: "What mountains?"

"Some range back of Rio, if I remember rightly. He said he——"

"Rio! But there is yellow fever at Rio!" she cried, sitting erect in her seat. "Father lost half of one of his crews at Rio. He heard so to-day. It would be dreadful for—for—his mother—if anything should happen to him."

Again St. George scrutinized her face, trying to read deep down in her heart. Had she, after all, some love left for this boy lover—and her future husband within hearing distance! No! This was not his Kate. It was the spell of the story that still held her. Richard's voice had upset her, as it had done half the room.

"Yes, it is dreadful for everybody—" he added. And then, in a perfunctory manner, as being perhaps the best way to avoid something he felt would dishonor her even to formulate in her mind: "And the suspense will be worse now—for me at any rate, for I too am going away where letters reach me but seldom."

Her hand closed convulsively over his:

"You going away! *You!*—" she cried in a half frightened tone. "Oh, please don't, Uncle George! Oh!—I don't want you away from me! Why must you go? Oh, no! Not now—not now!"

Her distress was so marked and her voice so pleading that he was about to tell her the whole story, even to that of the shifts he had been put to to get food for himself and Todd—when he caught sight of Willits making his way through the throng to where they sat. His lips closed tight. This man would always be a barrier between him and the girl he had loved ever since her babyhood.

"Well, my dear Kate," he answered calmly, his eyes still on Willits who had been detained by some guest—"you see I *must* go. Mr. Pawson wants me out of the way while he fixes up some of my accounts, and so he suggested that I go back to Wesley for a few months. And now one thing more, my dear Kate, before Mr. Willits claims you"— here his voice sank to a whisper—"promise me that if Harry writes to you you will send him a kind, friendly letter in return. It can do you no harm now, nor would Harry misunderstand it—

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your wedding is so near. A letter would greatly cheer him in his loneliness."

"But he won't write!" she exclaimed with some bitterness—she had not yet noticed Willits's approach—"he'll never write or speak to me again."

"But you will if he does?" pleaded St. George.

"But he won't I tell you—never—*never!*"

"But if he should, my child?"

He raised his head. Willits stood gazing down at them, searching her own and St. George's eyes, as if to read the meaning of the conference: he knew that Mr. Temple did not favor his suit.

Kate looked up and her face flushed.

"Yes—in one minute, Mr. Willits—" and without another word to St. George she rose from her seat and with her arm in Willits's left the room.

XXII

One winter evening, some weeks after St. George's departure, Pawson sat before a smouldering fire in Temple's front room, reading by the light of a low lamp. He had rearranged the furniture—what was left of it—both in this and the adjoining room, in the expectation that Fogbin (Gorsuch's attorney) would move in, but so far he had not appeared, nor had he received any word from either Gorsuch or Colonel Rutter; nor had any one either written or called upon him in regard to the overdue payment—neither had any legal papers been served.

This prolonged and ominous silence disturbed him; so much so that he had made it a point to be as much in his office as possible should his enemy spring any unexpected trap.

It was, therefore, with some misgivings that he answered a quick, impatient rap on his front door at the unusual hour of ten o'clock. If it were Fogbin he had everything ready for his comfort; if it were any one else he would meet him as best he could—no legal papers at any rate could be served at that hour.

He swung back the door and a full-bearded, tightly-knit, well-built man in rough clothes stepped in. In the dim light of the overhead lamp he caught the flash of a pair of determined eyes set in a strong, forceful face.

"I want Mr. Temple," said the man, who had now removed his cap and stood looking about him, as if making an inventory of the scanty furniture.

"He is not here," replied Pawson, searching the intruder's face for some clue to his identity and purpose in calling at so late an hour.

"Are you sure?" There was doubt as well as marked surprise in the man's tone. He evidently did not believe a word of the statement.

"Very sure," rejoined the attorney in a more positive tone, his eyes still on the stranger. "He left town some weeks ago."

The intruder turned sharply, and with a brisk inquisitive movement strode past him and pushed open the dining-room door. There he stood for a moment, his eyes roaming over the meagre appointments of the interior—the sideboard, bare of everything but a pitcher and some tumblers—the old mahogany table littered with law books and papers—the mantel, stripped of its clock and candelabra. Then he stepped inside, and without explanation of any kind, crossed the room, opened the door of St. George's bed-room, and swept a comprehensive glance around the despoiled interior. Once he stopped and peered into the gloom as if expecting to find the object of his search concealed in its shadows.

"What has happened here?" he asked in a voice which plainly showed his disappointment.

"Do you mean what has become of the rest of the furniture?" asked the attorney in reply, gaining time to decide upon his course.

"Yes, who is responsible for this business?" he demanded angrily. "Has it been done during his absence?"

Pawson hesitated. That the intruder was one of Gorsuch's men, and that he had been sent in advance on an errand of investigation, was no longer to be doubted. He, however, did not want to add any fuel to his increasing heat, so he answered simply:

"Mr. Temple got caught in the Patapsco failure and it went pretty hard with him and so what he didn't actually need he sold."

The man gave a start, his features hardening—but whether of surprise or dissatisfaction Pawson could not tell.

"And when it was all gone he went away

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—is that what you mean?" he asked in a softened tone.

"Yes—that seems to be the size of it. I suppose you come about—some—" Again he hesitated, not knowing exactly where the man stood—"about some money due you—am I right?"

"No, I came to see Mr. Temple, and I must see him, and at once. How long will he be gone?"

"All winter—perhaps longer." The attorney had begun to breathe again. The situation might not be as serious as he had supposed. If he wanted to see Mr. Temple himself and no one else would do there was still chance of delay in the wiping out of the property.

Again the man's eyes roamed over the room, the bareness of which seemed still to impress him. Then he asked simply—"Where will a letter reach him?"

"I can't say exactly. I thought he had gone to Virginia—but he doesn't answer any of my communications."

A look of suspicion crept into the intruder's eyes.

"You're not trying to deceive me, are you? It is very important that I should see Mr. Temple and at once." Then his manner altered. "You've forgotten me, Mr. Pawson, but I have not forgotten you—my name is Rutter. I lived here with Mr. Temple before I went to sea three years ago. I am just home—I left the ship an hour ago. I'll sit down if you don't mind—I've still got my sea-legs on and am a little wobbly."

Pawson twisted his thin body and bent his neck, studying closer the speaker's face. There was not a trace of young Harry's in the features.

"Well, you don't look like him," he replied incredulously—"he was slender—not half your size, and——"

"Yes—I don't blame you. I am a good deal heavier; maybe a beard makes some change in a man's face too—but you don't really doubt me, do you? Have you forgotten the bills that man Gadgem brought in?—the five hundred dollars due Slater, and the horse Hampson sold me—the one I shot?" and one of his old musical laughs rose to his lips.

Pawson sprang forward and seized the intruder's hand. He would recognize that laugh among a thousand:

"Yes—I know you now! It's all come back to me," he cried joyously. "But you gave me a terrible start, Mr. Rutter. I thought you had come to clear up what was left. Oh!—but I *am* glad you are back. Your uncle—you always called him so I remember—your uncle has had an awful hard time of it—had to sell most of his things—terrible—terrible! And then too, he has grieved so over you—asking me sometimes, two or three times a day for letters from you—asking me questions and worrying over your not coming and not answering. Oh—this is fine. Now maybe we can save the situation. You don't mind my shaking your hand again, do you? It's so good to know there is somebody who can help. I have been all alone so far except Gadgem—who has been a treasure. You remember him. Why didn't you let Mr. Temple know you were coming?"

"I couldn't. I have been up in the mountains of Brazil, and coming home went ashore—got wrecked. These clothes I bought from a sailor," and he opened his rough jacket the wider.

"Yes—that's exactly what I heard him say—that's what he thought—that is, that you were where you couldn't write—although I never heard him say anything about shipwreck. I heard him tell Mr. Willits and Miss Seymour that same thing the morning he left—that you couldn't write. They came to see him off."

Harry slid his chair nearer the fireplace and propped one foot on the fender as if to dry it, although the night was fair. The mention of Kate's and her suitor's names had sent the blood to his head and he was using the subterfuge in the effort to regain control of himself before Pawson should read all his secrets.

Shifting his body again he rested his head on his hand, the light of the lamp bringing into clearer relief his fresh, healthy skin, finely modelled nose, and wide brow; the brown hair, although clipped close to his head, still holding its glossy sheen. For some seconds he did not speak: the low song of the fire seemed to absorb him. Now and then Pawson, who was watching him intently, heard him strangle a rebellious sigh, as if some old memory were troubling him. Then he dropped his hand and with a quick movement faced his companion:

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"I have been away a long time, Mr. Pawson," he said in a thoughtful tone. "For three months—four now—I have had no letters from anybody. It was my fault partly, but let that go. I want you to answer some questions, and I want you to tell me the truth—all the truth. I haven't any use for any other kind of man—do you understand? Is my mother alive?"

"Yes."

"And Alec?"

Pawson nodded.

"Is my uncle ruined?—so badly ruined that he is suffering? Tell me." There was a peculiar pathos in his tone—so much so that Pawson, who had been standing, dragged up a chair beside him that his answers might, if possible, be the more intimate and sympathetic.

"I'm afraid he is. The only hope is the postponement in some way of the foreclosure of the mortgage on this house until times get better. It wouldn't bring its face value to-day."

Harry caught his breath: "My God! —you don't tell me so! Poor Uncle George —so fine and splendid—so good to everybody, and he has come to this! And about this mortgage—who owns it?"

"Mr. Gorsuch, I understand, owns it now; he bought it of the Tyson estate."

"You mean John Gorsuch—my father's man of business?"

"Yes."

"And was there nothing left?—no money coming in from anywhere?"

Pawson shook his head: "We collected all that some time ago—it came from some old ground rents."

"And how has he lived since?" He wanted to hear it all; he could help better if he knew how far down the ladder to begin.

"From hand to mouth, really—" and then there followed his own and Gadgem's efforts to keep the wolf from the door; the sale of the guns, saddles, and furniture; the wrench over the Castullux cup and what a godsend it was that Kirk got such a good price for it—down to the parting with the last article that either or both of them could sell or pawn, including his four splendid setters.

As the sad story fell from the attorney's sympathetic lips Harry would now and then cover his face with his hands in the effort to hide his tears. He knew that the ruin was now complete. He knew too that he had been the cause of it. Then his thoughts reverted to the old régime and its comforts: those which his uncle had shared with him so generously.

"And what has become of my uncle's servants?" he asked, "his cook, Aunt Jemima, and his body-servant, Todd?"

"I don't know what has become of the cook—but he took Todd with him."

Harry heaved a sigh of relief. If Todd was with him life would still be made bearable for his uncle. Perhaps, after all, a winter with Tom Coston was the wisest thing he could have done.

One other question now trembled on his lips. It was one he felt he had no right to ask—not of Pawson—but it was his only opportunity and he must know the truth if he was to carry out some other plans he had in view when he dropped everything and came home without warning. At last he asked casually:

"Do you know whether my father returned to Uncle George the money he paid out for me?" Not that it was important—more as if he wanted to be posted on current events.

"He tried, but Mr. Temple wouldn't take it. I had the matter in hand, and know. This was some three years ago—he has never offered it since—not to my knowledge."

Harry's face lightened. Some trace of honor was left in the Rutter blood: This was still an asset for his uncle if he and his father should ever become reconciled!

"And can you tell me how they all are—out at Moorlands?—have you seen my father lately?"

"Not your father, but I met your old servant Alec, a few days ago; the same old darky who used to come to see you."

"Alec!—dear old Alec! Tell me about him. And my mother—was she all right? What did Alec say, and how did the old man look?"

"He said they were all well, except Colonel Rutter—whose eyes troubled him. He didn't mention your mother, but Alec seemed pretty much the same—maybe a little older."

Harry's mind began to wander. He was again at Moorlands, the old negro follow-

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ing him about, his dear mother sitting by his bed or kissing him good-night.

"You don't know what he was doing in town, do you?—Was my mother with him?"

"No, he was alone. He had brought some things in for Mr. Seymour—some game, or something, if I remember right. There's to be a wedding there soon, so I hear. Yes—now I think of it—it was game—some partridges, perhaps, your father had sent in. The old man asked about you—he always does. And now Mr. Rutter, tell me about yourself—have you done well?" He didn't think he had, judging from his general appearance, but he wanted to be sure in case St. George asked him.

Harry settled in his chair his broad shoulders filling the back and answered slowly: "Yes, and no. I have made a little money—not much—but some—not enough to pay Uncle George everything I owe him—not yet; another time I shall do better. I was down with fever for a while and that cost me a good deal of what I had saved. But I *had* to come back—I met a man who told me Uncle George was ruined; that he had left this house and that somebody had put a sign on it. I thought at first that this must refer to you and your old arrangement in the basement, until I questioned him closer. I knew how careless he had always been about his money transactions, and was afraid some one had taken advantage of him. That's why I was so upset when I came in a while ago: I thought they had stolen his furniture as well. The ship *Mohican*—one of the old Barkeley line, was sailing the day I reached the coast and I got aboard and worked my passage home—I learned to do that on my way out—I learned to wear a beard too—not very becoming is it?—but shaving is not easy aboard ship or in the mines," and another low laugh escaped his lips.

Pawson made no reply. He had been studying his guest the closer while he was talking, his mind more on the man than on what he was saying. The old Harry, which the dim light of the hall and room had hidden, was slowly coming back to him—the quick turn of the head; the way his lips quivered when he laughed; the exquisitely modelled nose and brow, and the way the hair grew on the temples. The tones of his voice too, had the old musical ring. It was the same madcap, daredevil boy mellowed and strengthened by contact with the outside world. He studied his hands, their backs bronzed and roughened by contact with the weather, and waited eagerly until some gesture opened the delicately turned fingers exposing the white palms, and felt relieved and glad when he saw that they showed no rough usage. Then his eyes roamed over his body, the well-turned thighs, slender waist, and broad strong shoulders and arms—and then his eyes—so clear and his skin so smooth and fresh—a clean soul in a clean body! What a joy would be Temple's when he got his arms around this young fellow once more!

The wanderer reached for his cap and rose from his chair. For an instant he stood gazing into the smouldering coals as if he hated to leave their warmth. Then his face clouded and his shoulders went back with a sudden brace. He had all the information he wanted—all he had come in search of, although it was not exactly what he wished or what he had expected—his uncle ruined and an exile—his father half blind, and Kate's wedding expected any week. That was enough at least for one day.

He stepped forward and grasped Pawson's hand: his strong alert body in contrast to the thin long legged young attorney:

"I must thank you, Mr. Pawson, for your frankness, and I must also apologize for my apparent rudeness when I first entered your door; but, as I told you, I was so astounded and angry at what I saw that I hardly knew what I was doing—and now one thing more before I take my leave: If Mr. Temple does not want his present retreat known—and I gather from the mysterious way in which you have spoken that he does not—let me tell you that I do not want mine known either. Please do not say to any one that you have seen me, or answer any questions—not for a time, at least. Good-night!"

With the closing of the front door behind him the alert quick moving young fellow came to a standstill on the top step and looked across the park. Beyond the trees lay Kate; all the weary miles out and back had this picture been fixed in his mind. It was now past eleven o'clock and

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she doubtless was asleep; he would know by the lights. But even the sight of the roof that sheltered her would, in itself, be a comfort. It had been many long years since he had breathed the same air with her; slept under the same stars; walked where her feet had trodden. For some seconds he stood undecided. Should he return to the Sailors' House where he had left his few belongings and banish all thoughts of her from his mind now that his worst fears had been confirmed?—or should he yield to the strain on his heart-strings? If she were asleep the whole house would be dark; if she were at some neighbor's and Mammy Henny was sitting up for her, the windows in the bed-room would be dark and the hall lamp still burning—he had watched it so often before, and knew the signs.

Drawing the collar of his rough pea-jacket close about his throat and crowding his cap to his ears, he descended the steps and with one of his quick decided movements plunged into the park, now silent and deserted.

As he neared the Seymour house he became conscious, from the glow of lights gleaming between the leafless branches of the trees, that something out of the common was going on inside. The house was a blaze from the basement to the roof, with every window-shade illumined. Outside the steps, and as far out as the curb, lounged groups of attendants, while in the side street, sheltered by the ghostly trees, there could be made out the wheels and hoods of carryalls, and the glint of harness. Now and then the door would open and a bevy of muffled figures—the men in cloaks, the girls in nubias wound about their heads and shoulders—would pass out:—the Seymours were evidently giving a ball, or was it—and the blood left his face—and little chills ran loose through his hair—was it Kate's wedding night? Pawson had said that a marriage would soon take place, and in the immediate future. It was either this, or an important function of some kind, and on a much more lavish scale than had been old Prim's custom in the days when he knew him. Then the contents of Alec's basket rose in his mind. That was why his father had sent the pheasants! Perhaps both he and his mother were inside!

Sick at heart he turned on his heel, and with quickened pace retraced his steps. He would not be a spy, and he could not be an eavesdropper. As the thought forced itself on his mind, the fear that he might meet some one whom he would know, or who would know him, overtook him. So great was his anxiety that it was only when he had left the park far behind him on his way back to the Sailors' House, that he regained his composure. He was prepared to face the truth, and all of it—whatever it held in store for him; but he must first confront his father and learn just how he stood with him; then he would see his mother and Alec, and then he would find St. George: Kate must come last.

The news that his father had offered to pay his debts—although he did not intend that that should relieve him in any way of his own responsibility—kindled fresh hopes in his heart and buoyed him up. Now that his father had tried repeatedly to repair the wrong he had done both himself and his uncle it might only be necessary for him to throw himself on his knees before him and be taken back into his heart and arms. To see him then was his first duty and this he would begin to carry out in the morning. As to his meeting with his mother and Alec, should he fail with his father, that must be undertaken with more care. He would not place himself in the position of sneaking home and using the joy his return would bring them as a means to soften his father's heart. Yes! He would find his father first, and his mother and Alec next. If his father received him the others would follow. If he was repulsed, then he must seek out some other way.

Next he must go to St. George. He knew exactly where his uncle was, although he had not said so to Pawson. He was not at Coston's nor anywhere in the vicinity of Wesley, but at Craddock on the Bay—a small country house some miles distant where he and his dogs had often spent days and weeks during the ducking season. St. George had settled down there to rest and get away from his troubles; that was why he had not answered Pawson's letters.

Striding along with his quick, springing step, he swung through the deserted and unguarded Marsh Market, picked his way between the piles of produce and market carts, and plunging down a narrow street

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leading to the wharf, halted before a door over which swung a lantern burning a green light. Here he entered.

Although it was now near midnight, there were still eight or ten seafaring men in the room—several of them members of his own crew aboard the *Mohican*. Two were playing checkers, the others crowded about a square table where a game of cards was in progress; wavy lines of tobacco smoke floated beneath the dingy ceiling; at one end was a small bar where a man in a woollen shirt was filling some short, thick tumblers from an earthen jug. It was the ordinary sailors' retreat where the men put up before, between, and after their voyages.

One of them at the card table looked up from his game as Harry entered, and called out:

"Man been lookin' for you—comin' back, he says. My trick! Hearts, wasn't it?" (this to his companions).

"Do I know him?" asked Harry with a slight start, pausing on his way to his bedroom upstairs, where he had left his bag of clothes two hours before. Could he have been recognized and shadowed?

"No—don't think so; he's a street vendor—got some China silks to sell—carried his pack on his back and looks as if he'd took up a extry 'ole in his belt. Hungry, I wouldn't wonder. Wanted to h'ist 'em fur a glass o' grog an' a night's lodgin,' but Cap wouldn't let him—said you'd be back and might help him. Wasn't that it, Cap?"—this to the landlord, who nodded in reply.

"How could *I* help him?" said Harry, selecting a tallow dip from a row on a shelf, but in a tone that implied his own doubt in the query, as well as his relief, now that the man was really a stranger.

"Well, this is your port, so I 'ear; some o' them highflyers up 'round the park might lend a hand, maybe, if you'd tip 'em a wink, or some o' their women folks might take a shine to 'em."

"Looked hungry, did you say?" Harry asked, lighting the dip at an oil lamp that swung near the bar.

"Yes—holler's a drum—see straight through him; tired too—beat out. You'd think so if you see him. My play—Clubs."

Harry turned to the landlord: "If this man comes in again give him food and lodging"—and he handed him a bank bill. "If he is here in the morning let me see him. I'm going to bed now. Good-night, men!"

XXIII

SHOULD I lapse into the easy flowing style of the chroniclers of the period of which I write—(and how often has the scribe wished he could!)—this chapter would open with the announcement that on this particularly bleak, wintry afternoon a gentleman in the equestrian costume of the day, and mounted upon a well-groomed, high-spirited white horse, might have been seen galloping rapidly up a country lane leading to an old-fashioned manor house whose—etc., etc.

Such, however, would not cover the facts—not all of them. While the afternoon was certainly wintry, being February, it could not be considered as particularly bleak; and while the rider was unquestionably a gentleman, he was by no manner of means attired in velveteen coat and russet leather boots with silver spurs, his saddle-bags strapped on behind—but in a rough and badly worn sailor's suit—cap, jacket, and coarse shoes; his free hand grasping a bundle carried loose on his pommel.

The earlier style and treatment would, of course, with some little cutting and pasting, do for such unimportant local color as country lanes and manor houses, but it would go all to pieces when he reached the horse. Not by any stretch of the imagination of the immortal Mr. G. P. R. James, or any of his school, could this animal be pictured as either white or high-spirited. He might, it is true, have been born white and would in all probability have stayed white, but for the many omissions and commissions of his earlier livery stable training—traces of which could still be found in his scraped sides and gnawed mane and tail; he might also have had in his earlier days a certain commendable spirit had not the ups and downs of road life—and they were pretty steep outside Kennedy Square—taken it out of him.

It is only when we come to the combination of horse and rider that we can with any safety lapse into the flow of the old chroniclers. That the particular steed of which I write had been ridden hard, was

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evident from the streaks of sweat that patterned his flanks and shoulders. That the man astride of his back knew the limit of his capacity and endurance as few men had known it before, was as evident to the animal itself as it was to every passer-by who met the two on the road. Whatever Harry had forgotten in his many experiences since he last threw his leg over Spitfire—horsemanship was not one of them. He still rode like a Cherokee and still sat his mount like a prince. He had had an anxious and busy morning. With the first streak of dawn he had written a long letter to his Uncle George, in which he told him of his arrival; of his heart-felt sorrow at what Pawson had imparted and of his leaving immediately, first for Wesley and then Craddock, as soon as he found out how the land lay at Moorlands: this epistle he was careful to enclose in another envelope which he directed to Justice Coston, with instructions to forward it with "the least possible delay" to Mr. Temple, who was doubtless at Craddock, "and who was imperatively needed at home in connection with some matters which required his immediate personal attention"—and which enclosure, it is just as well to state, was placed by the Honorable justice himself inside the mantel clock that being the safest place for such missives until the right owner should appear.

This duly mailed, he had returned to the Sailors' House; knocked at the door of the upstairs room in which, through his generosity, the street vendor lay sleeping, and after waking him up and becoming assured that the man was in real distress, had bought at twice their value, the China silks which had caused the disheartened pedler so many weary hours of tramping. These without more ado he tucked under his arm and carried away. For, according to a plan he had thought out before he fell asleep the night before, the silks were the very things to help him solve one of his greatest difficulties. He would try, as the sailor-pedler had done, to sell them in the neighborhood of Moorlands—(a common practice in those days)—and in this way might gather up the information of which he was in search. Pawson had not known him—perhaps the others would not: he might even offer the silks to his father without being detected.

With this plan clearly defined in his mind, he had walked into a livery stable near the market, but a short distance from his lodgings, and after looking the stock over had picked out this unprepossessing beast as best able to take him to Moorlands and back between sunrise and dark.

As he rode on, leaving the scattered buildings of the town far behind, mounting the hills and then striking the turnpike—every rod of which he could have found in the dark—his thoughts skimmed like swallows each mile over which he passed. Here was where he had stopped with Kate when her stirrup broke; near the branches of that oak, close to the ditch marking the triangle of cross-roads, he had saved his own and Spitfire's neck by a clear jump that had been the talk of the neighborhood for days. On the crest of this hill—the one he was then ascending—his father always tightened up the brakes on his four-in-hand, and on the slope beyond invariably braced himself in his seat, swung his whip, and the flattened team swept like a whirlwind leaving a cloud of dust in its wake that blurred the road for minutes thereafter.

When noon came he dismounted at a farmer's house beside the road—he would not trust the public houses—fed and watered his horse, rubbed him down himself, and after an hour or more of rest pushed on toward the fork in the road to Moorlands. Beyond this was a cross path that led to the out-barns and farm stables—a path bordered by thick bushes and which skirted a fence in the rear of the manor house itself. Here he intended to tie his horse and there he would mount him again should his mission fail.

The dull winter sky had already heralded the dusk—it was near four o'clock in the afternoon—when he passed some hay-ricks where a group of negroes were at work. One or two raised their heads and then, as if reassured, resumed their tasks. This encouraged him to push on the nearer—he had evidently been mistaken for one of the many tradespeople seeking his father's overseer, either to sell tools or buy produce.

Tying the horse close to the fence—so close that it could not be seen from the house—he threw the bundle of silks over his shoulder and struck out for the small office in the rear. Here the business of the estate was transacted, and here was almost

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always to be found either the overseer or one of his assistants—both of them white. These men were often changed, and his chance, therefore, of meeting a stranger was all the more likely.

As he approached the low sill of the door which was level with the ground, and which now stood wide open, he caught the glow of a fire and could make out the figure of a man seated at the desk bending over a mass of papers. At the sound of his footsteps the man pushed back a green shade which had protected his eyes from the glare of the lamp, and peered out at him.

It was his father!

The discovery was so unexpected and had come with such suddenness—it was rarely in the old days that the colonel was to be found here in the afternoon, he was either riding or receiving visitors—that Harry's first thought was to shrink back out of sight, or, if discovered, to make some excuse for his intrusion and retire. Then his mind changed and he stepped boldly in. This was what he had come for and this was what he would face.

"I have some China silks to sell," he said in his natural tone of voice, turning his head so that while his goods were in sight his face would be in shadow.

"Silks! I don't want any silks! Who allowed you to pass in here? Alec!" Here he rose from his chair and moved to the door. "Alec! Where the devil is Alec! He's always where I don't want him!"

"I saw no one to ask, sir," Harry replied mechanically. His father's appearance had sent a chill through him; he would hardly have known him had he met him on the street. Not only did he look ten years older, but the injury to his sight caused him to glance sideways at any one he addressed, completely destroying the old fearless look in his eyes.

"You never waited to ask! You walk into my private office unannounced and"—here he turned the lamp to see the better—"you're a sailor, aren't you!" he added fiercely—a closer view of the intruder only heightening his wrath.

"Yes, sir—I'm a sailor," replied Harry simply, still searching his father's features, his voice dying out in his throat as he summed up the changes that the years had wrought in the colonel's once handsome, determined face:—thinner, more shrunken, his mustache and the short temple-whiskers almost white.

For an instant his father crumpled a wisp of paper he was holding between his fingers and thumb; then he demanded sharply, but with a tone of curiosity—as if willing the intruder should tarry a moment while he gathered the information:

"How long have you been a sailor?"

"I am just in from my last voyage." He still kept in the shadow although he saw his father had so far failed to recognize him. The silks had been laid on a chair beside him.

"That's not what I asked you. How long have you been a sailor?" He was scanning his face now as best he could, shifting the green shade that he might see the better.

"I went to sea three years ago."

"Three years, eh? Where did you go?"

The tone of curiosity had increased. Perhaps the next question would lead up to some basis on which he could either declare himself or lay the foundation of a declaration to be made the next day—after he had seen his mother and Alec.

"To South America. Para was my first port," he answered simply, wondering why he wanted to know.

"That's not far from Rio?" He was looking sideways at him but there was no wavering in his gaze.

"No, not far—Rio was our next stopping place—we had a hard voyage and put in to——"

"Do you know a young man by the name of Rutter—slim man with dark hair and eyes?" interrupted his father in an angry tone.

Harry started forward, his heart in his mouth, his hands upraised, his fingers opening. It was all he could do to restrain himself. "Don't you know me, father?" was trembling on his lips. Then something in the tone of the colonel's voice choked his utterance. Not now, he thought, mastering his emotion—a moment more and I will tell him.

"I have heard of him, sir," he answered when he found his voice, straining his ears to catch the next word.

"Heard of him, have you? So has everybody else—a worthless scoundrel who broke his mother's heart; a man who disgraced his family—a gentleman turned brig-

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and—a renegade who has gone back on his blood! Tell him so if you see him! Tell him I said so; I'm his father, and know! No—I don't want your silks—don't want anything that has to do with sailor men. I am busy—please go away. Don't stop to bundle them up—do that outside," and he turned his back and readjusted the shade over his eyes.

Harry's heart sank, and a cold faintness stole through his frame. He was not angry nor indignant. He was completely stunned.

Without a word in reply he gathered up the silks from the chair, tucked them under his arm, and replacing his cap stepped outside into the fast approaching twilight. Whatever the morrow might bring forth, nothing more could be done to-day. To have thrown himself at his father's feet would only have resulted in his being driven from the grounds by the overseer, with the servants looking on—a humiliation he could not stand.

As he stood rolling the fabrics into a smaller compass, a gray-haired negro, in the livery of a house servant, passed hurriedly and entered the door of the office. Instantly his father's voice rang out:

"Where the devil have you been, Alec? How many times must I tell you to look after me oftener. Don't you know I'm half blind and— No—I don't want any more wood—I want these tramps kept off my grounds. Send Mr. Grant to me at once, and don't you lose sight of that man until you have seen him to the main road. He says he is a sailor—and I've had enough of sailors, and so has everybody else about here."

The negro bowed and backed out of the room. No answer of any kind was best when the colonel was in one of his "tantrums."

"I reckon I hab to ask ye, sah, to quit de place—de colonel don't 'low nobody to—" he said politely.

Harry turned his face aside and started for the fence. His first thought was to drop his bundle and throw his arms around Alec's neck; then he realized that this would be worse than his declaring himself to his father—he could then be accused of attempting deception by the trick of a disguise. So he hurried on to where his horse was tied—his back to Alec, the bundle shifted to his left shoulder that he might hide his face the better until he was out of sight of the office—the old man stumbling on, calling after him:

"No, dat ain't de way. Yer gotter go down de main road; here, man—don't I tell yer dat ain't de way."

Harry had now gained the fence and had already begun to loosen the reins when Alec, out of breath and highly indignant, over the refusal to carry out his warning, reached his side.

"You better come right back f'om whar ye started," the old negro puffed; "ye can't go dat way or dey'll set de dogs on ye." Here his eyes rested on the reins and forelock. "What! you got a horse an' you——"

Harry turned and laid his hand on the old servant's shoulder. He could hardly control his voice:

"Don't you know me, Alec? I'm Harry!"

The old man bent down, peered into Harry's eyes, and with a quick lunge forward grabbed him by both shoulders.

"You my Marse Harry!—you!" His breath was gone now, his whole body in a tremble, his eyes bulging from his head.

"Yes, Alec, Harry! It's only the beard. Look at me! I didn't want my father to see us—that's why I kept on."

The old servant threw up his hands and caught his young master round the neck. For some seconds he could not speak.

"And de colonel druv ye out!" he gasped. "Oh, my Gawd! my Gawd! And ye ain't daid, and ye come back home ag'in." He was sobbing now, his head on Harry's shoulder, Harry's arms about him—patting his bent back—it had been many months since he had had his hands on anything he loved. "But yer gotter go back—he ain't 'sponsible dese days. He didn't know ye! Come 'long, Marse Harry, come back wid ol' Alec; please come, Marse Harry. Oh, Gawd! ye gotter come!"

"No, I'll go home to-night—another day I'll——"

"Ye ain't got no home but dis, I tell ye! Go tell him who ye is—lemme run tell him. I won't be a minute. Oh! Marse Harry, I can't let ye go! I been dat mizzable widout ye. I ain't neber got over lovin' ye!"

Here a voice from near the office broke out. In the dusk the two could just make out the form of the colonel, who was evi-

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dently calling to some of his people. He was bareheaded and without his shade.

"I've sent Alec to see him safe off the grounds. You go yourself, Mr. Grant, and follow him into the highroad; remember that after this I hold you responsible for these prowlers."

The two had paused while the colonel was speaking, Harry gathering the reins in his hand ready to vault into the saddle, and Alec holding on to his coat sleeves hoping still to detain him.

"I haven't a minute more—quick, Alec, tell me how my mother is?"

"She's middlin' po'ly, same's ever; got great rings under her eyes and her heart's dat heaby makes a body cry ter look at 'er. But she ain't sick, jes' griebin' herse'f to death. Ain't yer gwine ter stop and see 'er? Maybe I kin git ye in de back way."

"Not now—not here—bring her to Uncle George's house to-morrow about noon, and I will be there. Tell her how I look, but don't tell her what my father has done. And now tell me about Miss Kate—how long since you saw her? Is she married?"

Again the colonel's voice was heard; this time much nearer—within hailing distance. He and the overseer were evidently approaching the fence—some of the negroes had doubtless apprised them of the course of Harry's exit.

Alec turned quickly to face his master, and Harry, realizing that his last moment had come, swung himself into the saddle. If Alec made any reply to his question it was lost in the clatter of hoofs as both horse and rider swept down the by-path. In another moment he had gained the main road, the rider never breaking rein until he had reached the farm-house where he had fed and watered his horse some hours before.

Thirty-odd miles out and back was not a long ride for a horse in those days over a good turnpike with plenty of time for resting, when most of the travelling was done in this way, but it was enough for this particular beast. His moods directed his gait. Once in a while Harry gave him his head, the reins lying loose, the horse picking his way in a walk. When he thought of the bitterness of his father's words and how undeserved they were, and how the house of cards his hopes had built had come tumbling down about his ears at the first point of contact, he would dig his heels into the horse's flanks and send him at full gallop through the night along the pale ribbon of a road barely discernible in the ghostly dark. When Alec's sobs again smote his ear, or the white face of his mother confronted him, the animal would gradually slacken his pace and drop into a walk. Dominated by these emotions certain fixed resolutions took possession of him. He would see his mother now, no matter at what cost—even if he defied his father—and then he would find his uncle. Whether he would board the next vessel leaving port and return to his work in the mountains, or whether he would bring his uncle back from Craddock and the two, with his own vigorous youth and new experience of the world, fight it out together as they had once done before, depended on what St. George advised. Now that Kate's marriage was practically decided upon, one sorrow—and his greatest—was settled forever. The others that were in store for him, whatever they might be, he would meet as they came.

With his mind still intent on these plans he rode at last into the open door of the small courtyard of the livery stable, and drew rein under a swinging lantern. It was past ten at night, and the place was deserted, except by a young negro who advanced to take his horse. Tossing the bridle aside he slipped to the ground.

"He's wet," Harry said, "but he's all right. Let him cool off gradually, and don't give him any water until he gets dry. I'll come in to-morrow and pay your people what I owe them."

The negro curry-combed his fingers down the horse's flanks as if to assure himself of his condition, and in the movement brought his face under the glare of the overhead light.

Harry grabbed him by the shoulder and swung him round.

"Todd—you rascal! what are you doing here? Why are you not down on the Eastern Shore?" His astonishment was so intense that for an instant he could not realize he had the right man.

The negro drew back. He was no runaway slave, and he didn't intend to be taken for one—certainly not by a man as rough and suspicious looking as the one before him.

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"How you know my name, man?" He was nervous and scared half out of his wits. More than one negro had been shanghaied in that way and smuggled off to sea.

"Know you! I'd know you among a thousand. Have you, too, deserted your master?" He still held him firmly by the collar of his coat, his voice rising in intensity. "Why have you left him? Answer me."

For an instant the negro hesitated, leaned forward, and then with a burst of joy cried out:

"You ain't!— Fo' Gawd it is! Dat beard on ye, Marse Harry, done fool me—but you is him fo' sho. Gor-a-mighty! ain't I glad ye ain't daid. Marse George say on'y yisterday dat ye was either daid or sick dat ye didn't write and——"

"Said yesterday! Why, is he at home?"

"*Home!* Lemme throw a blanket over dis hoss and tie him tell we come back. Oh, we had a heap o' mis'ry since ye went away —a heap o' trouble. Nothin' but trouble! You come 'long wid me—t'ain't far; des around de corner. I'll show ye sompin' make ye creep all over. And it ain't gettin' no better—gettin' wuss. Dis way, Marse Harry—you been 'cross de big water, ain't ye? Dat's what I heared. Aunt Jemima been mighty good, but we can't go on dis way much longer."

Still talking, forging ahead in the darkness through the narrow street choked with horseless drays, Todd swung into a dingy yard, mounted a flight of rickety wooden steps, and halted at an unpainted door. Turning the knob softly he beckoned silently to Harry, and the two stepped into a small room lighted by a low lamp placed on the hearth, its rays falling on a cot bed, and a few chairs. Beside a cheap pine table sat Aunt Jemima, rocking noiselessly. The old woman raised her hand in warning, and put her fingers to her lips.

On the bed, with the coverlet drawn close under his chin, lay his Uncle George!

(To be continued.)

THE MAID

By Theodore Roberts

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid, and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France and the king who rides for shame;
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name.

. . . . . .

Dust to dust it is written! Wind-scattered are lance and bow!
Dust, the Cross of St. George; dust, the banner of snow!
The bones of the king are crumbled and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knights' valor; forgotten the captains' skill:
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill:
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago . . .
Shadows, the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row;
But, aflame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with the banner of Snow!

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"Just a minute Auntie! I must finish this note to dad."

HER HOSPITABLE HEART

By Julia Ross Low

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

SALLIE was even longer than usual in putting on her wraps.

"The cab is waiting," I urged, as she still lingered at her desk.

"Just a minute, auntie! I must finish this note to dad."

"To your father! Isn't he going to the dinner?"

"Yes—but this is to greet him when he gets back to his hotel. He is so lonely. How I wish that I could have all my family within kissing distance! There's a note for you, too, dearest and best."

I knew this without her telling me. I had not been Sallie's auntie all her life without coming within the radius of her loving ministration.

"And now—dear!"

"Just a minute more, auntie. I have to write some little notes to Phil. I am going to pin them all over his dinner-coat. Think of his coming into the dark flat and finding me gone! He will feel forlorn enough. And there are a great many things to tell him."

"Such as——"

Sallie looked up with a mischievous smile.

"O, that he is the dearest man in the world—and that I love him more than ever—and that everything is laid out for him to wear—and not to forget his muffler—and

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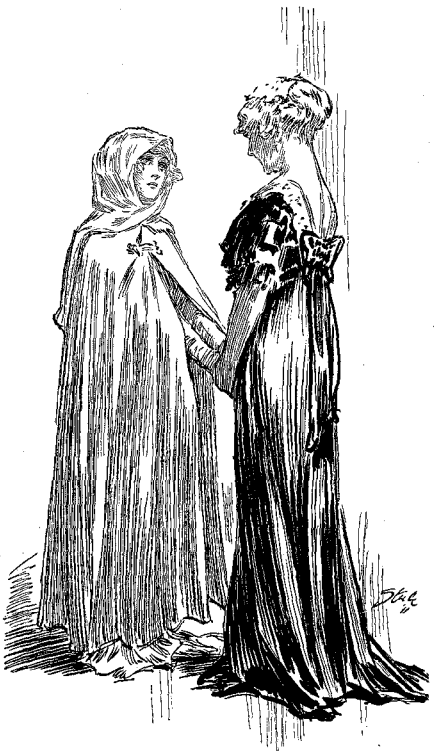

"Dear Aunt Virginia, is your cold better?"

that there is a cup of broth in the ice-box for him—and to be *sure* to take it; for you know, auntie, Phil can't get to Aunt Virginia's before dinner is half over."

"And we shall get no dinner at all unless we hurry."

Sallie and I were on our way to a family dinner at sister Virginia Lee's, but in spite of my remonstrances and our mad haste at the last, we reached the old house facing Gramercy Park barely in time to save ourselves from disgrace.

The family were awaiting us in the large middle-Victorian drawing-room.

Perry announced our arrival in his usual nonchalant fashion.

"Here they are, Aunt Virginia. I told you not to worry. Hello, Aunt Cornelia! Hello, Sallie! Where's Phil?"

My brothers-in-law, General Dorrance and Howard Lee, rose from their chairs at once to receive us. Perry remained lolling on a sofa, just looking up from his magazine to give us a friendly nod.

"Phil has to be late," said Sallie, embracing her aunt. "But we are not to wait for him. He told me to say that he would be in time for the turkey. Dear Aunt Virginia, is your cold better?"

"My *belief* in a cold has quite disappeared under the ministrations of dear Mrs. Stubbs," sister Virginia responded with dignity, at the same time giving a violent sneeze.

Even Sallie smiled.

"Is Mrs. Stubbs the fat old frump, who used to be a magnetic healer?" asked the irreverent Perry.

"Mrs. Stubbs has a highly spiritual nature," responded his aunt indignantly, "a really beautiful soul. Her burden of flesh is merely a temporary handicap. It ill becomes you, Perry Dorrance—you, who are putting on flesh at a really alarming rate—to make a jest of a woman like Mrs. Calista Stubbs."

Sallie threw herself into the breach.

"How sweet of you, Uncle Howard, to send me those chocolates! It was a stormy day—and I had one of DeMorgan's books—you know they last forever—and I read and ate and had the *loveliest* time. O, daddie, dear——"

And Sallie threw both arms around her father, a gray-haired soldierly-looking man, who gave his daughter a cool cheek, upon which she imprinted a number of ardent

Perry remained lolling on a sofa.

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kisses. "You certainly are the *dearest* daddie—and the *handsomest!* I thought of you and thought of you all through that long storm. You were so good to telephone to me twice a day!"

The general coughed in a deprecatory way.

Perry's wife left the piano, where she was playing snatches from "Madame Butterfly," and the two girls fell into each other's arms. "O, Nerissa, how lovely you look!" said Sallie, standing a little way off in order to see her sister-in-law better. "You are a picture in that gown. How is little Jean?"

"Jean is in fine condition, you base little flatterer, and sent all kinds of sweet messages to dear Aunt Sallie."

"There was never a child to compare with Jean," said Sallie with conviction. "Don't you agree with me, daddie?"

The general bowed gravely.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Cornelia," cried Perry from his sofa, "won't you and Sallie give uncle and dad a chance to sit down? They'll stand as long as you do, if it takes all night. Sister—let me assure you that we are all enjoying the best of health and are as beautiful as ever. Thank goodness! Dinner at last! It is at least fifty-nine seconds late, Aunt Virginia. Please never let it happen again."

Whereupon we all went to the dining-room higgledy-piggledy as was our cheerful custom.

It was one of the frequent family dinners that sister Virginia loved to give. Around her hospitable board we all met and disagreed without restraint. If there were six different ways of looking at a question, you could count on our taking those six different points of view. But however we might disagree among ourselves we stood shoulder to shoulder in all emergencies, and "all for each and each for all" might well have been engraved upon our coat-of-arms.

"Did you remember to come in a cab, daddie?" said Sallie after we were seated. "You know you promised me to be especially careful in such weather. It is dreadfully slippery. Aunt Cornelia bought an evening paper and there was a whole column in it about people who had fallen down and broken their legs or something."

"That sounds like Aunt Cornelia's favorite *Meteor*," said Perry.

"I don't know why you call it *mine*, or my *favorite*," I replied hotly.

"Because you read it," persisted Perry. "No one else in the family does. If you want the news why not give the preference to a paper in which fact predominates over fiction?"

"O, daddie, dear! you certainly are the *dearest* daddie."

"If it lieth in you, Perry, please be fair," I retorted. "You know very well how much *The Meteor* did to reduce the price of gas."

"That would seem a good thing to do," said Virginia, reflectively. "I got enough rebate on my old gas bills to buy a nice little toque at Antoinette's. And you say that we owe all that to *The Meteor*, Cornelia? I shall always look at those red head-lines with quite a changed feeling from now on," she added piously.

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"Why don't you call at the office and show them your bonnet, Virginia?" said her husband.

As Virginia ignored him in true wifely fashion, the family proceeded to make a united onslaught upon Nerissa, who had recently joined a class in occult philosophy.

"How is your Svengali, Nerissa?" asked her uncle dryly, as he looked in vain for a missing fish-fork.

"O, I know you haven't any sympathy with it," said Nerissa, flushing. "But if you knew the perfectly wonderful things he does you would change your mind."

"Tell us some of them," said her uncle cheerfully, the fork having been supplied.

Perry laughed. "It is an occupation for the idle rich," he said. "I hate to have my wife interested in such a fool thing, but what can you do? All her friends are in it."

Nerissa was playing snatches from "Madame Butterfly."—Page 697.

"Mrs. Beekman has materialized the loveliest rug," said Nerissa, enthusiastically.

"Materialized a rug!" said Virginia. "And how pray is that done?"

"O, you go into a room all by yourself and simply concentrate on a rug. You think of nothing else—just its size, and its shape and its color—and the first thing you know you get one just like it."

"How?" said the general.

"O, I don't know," said Nerissa. "It just comes. You can get anything by concentration."

"Can't you materialize $100,000 for me?" I asked.

"Why, of course, auntie. But you must concentrate too. You must think of piles of money—enough to make up the amount you want—and do it day after day. It will come, if you have patience."

Virginia had a rapt expression. "Materialized a rug!" she repeated. "I should like to meet your Mr. Svengali, Nerissa."

"His name isn't Svengali," said Nerissa shortly.

"Well, whatever his name is, I should like to meet him. I wonder if he would care to attend one of our club teas. He might explain his method to our ladies. Mrs. Stubbs would be able to ask him most intelligent questions."

A storm of protests arose. Virginia tried to hold her own amidst the excited voices and emerged from the fray with drooping feathers and weakened lung capacity, but with unabated spirit.

During the discussion, Sallie's eyes wandered from one to the other of the combatants with a distressed expression, and when we had quieted sufficiently to permit her being heard, she said: "You know it sounds dreadfully as if you were all quarrelling. I know you call it *arguing*, but how is the *butler* to distinguish?"

We all laughed. "Sallie," said her Uncle Howard, "we are having the time of our lives. But if it troubles you, we will talk about something else."

We were accustomed to Sallie's "butting in," as Perry called it, and her efforts were always for peace.

She in the meantime had grown quieter and quieter, and by and by, under cover of the general's and Howard's united and excited onslaught upon Perry for advocating more rigid protection, she whispered to me, "Where do you suppose Phil is?"

"My dear, it isn't turkey-time yet, but if you are worried, why don't you telephone?"

So Sallie disappeared, apparently without attracting attention. The fish course came and was removed, but Sallie did not return. So when the turkey really arrived, I followed her.

She was leaning against the wall near the telephone, all the color gone from her lips and cheeks, and with little drops of cold

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perspiration standing on her forehead and around her mouth.

"Auntie," she whispered, as I took her chilly little hand, "I'm sure that something has happened to Phil. He left the office at four and was going directly home to dress. He should have been here long ago. I have telephoned Mr. Bliss and Mr. Grant and Mr. Wadhams, and none of them know anything except that he left at four o'clock. Then I rang up the Essex, and the hall-boy said that Phil had not been home, and had not telephoned. What shall I do?"

At this juncture Perry came out to see what was the matter.

"Now, Sallie," he commanded, "for once don't act like a goose. Think how many times you have had us all dead and buried, and how we all turned up finally as right as trivets. Dad!" he called to his father. "Here is Sallie worrying herself sick because Phil has not come. Tell her what you think of her."

So the general appeared, and soon all the family was grouped around the telephone talking and remonstrating.

"My dear," said the general, "if we had the faintest idea that anything had happened to Phil, wouldn't we all be worrying? It is a miserable night, and no doubt the cars are delayed. If he doesn't come within a reasonable time, Perry and I will go and hunt him up."

"Perhaps he has fallen and broken his leg," faltered Sallie.

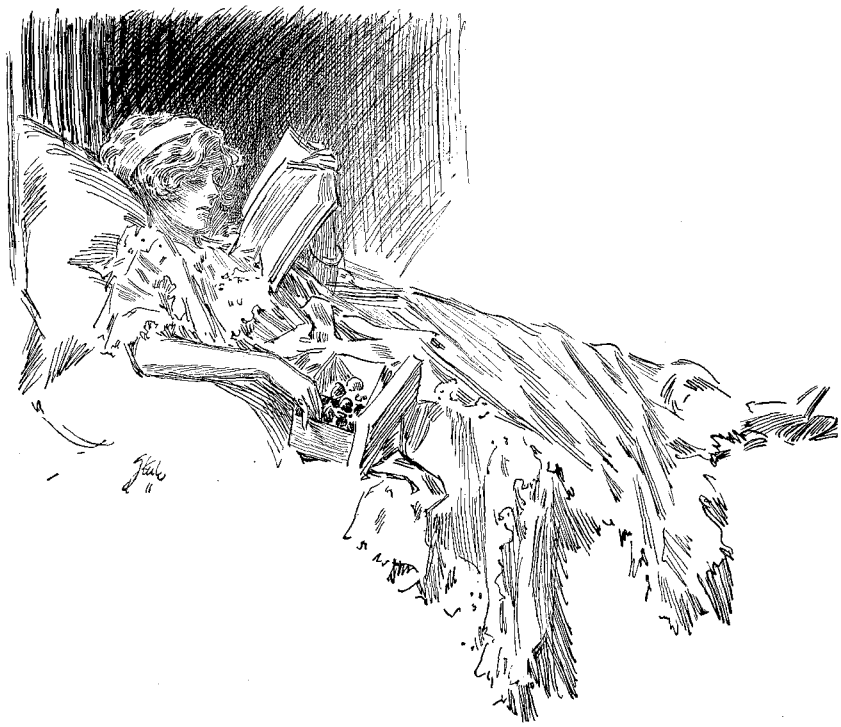
"That comes from letting Sallie see your old paper, auntie," said Perry savagely. "I hope this will teach you to let it alone. Little sister, Phil is quite big enough to take care of himself."

"I should think so," chimed in Nerissa. "Centre-rush of his college foot-ball team!"

"I suppose a large man might be *drowned*, or *murdered*, or taken *ill*," said Sallie faintly. "I think brave men are always in the most danger. Phil stops at nothing. He runs the most dreadful risks."

"Not since he married," said Perry grimly.

"If anything had happened, we should have heard of it long ago," I ventured. "You know that list of addresses you make us all carry around."



"I had one of DeMorgan's books—and I read and ate and had the *loveliest* time."—Page 696.

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"Did you remember to come in a cab, daddie?" said Sallie after we were seated.—Page 697.

"And a very good thing," said the general.

"The turkey and vegetables are getting cold," wailed Virginia.

Again and again in the course of her short life, Sallie, in her anxious imaginings, had gazed at death in hot pursuit of those, around whom her affections had wrapped so closely, that separation could not be effected except at the expense of deep, bleeding, incurable wounds. Again and again she had suffered everything but realization. I think that when the worst really comes, she can experience no greater pain than she has already felt through her forebodings.

A great, unaffected, and unconcealed apprehension has an uncanny influence upon the most sanguine minds. Sallie's alarm communicated itself to us in spite of ourselves. Perhaps this time her anxiety might prove well-founded. We looked at each other and realized what is meant by the contagion of fear. With secret apprehension we tried to laugh away Sallie's fears, and to strengthen our own weakening confidence. But—little by little our voices became less assured and our smiles less spontaneous.

Just when nerve tension had reached the breaking-point, the bell rang, and we all rushed to the door. There stood Philip Wilcox in his usual radiant health and much amazed at his somewhat hysterical reception. It only took him a moment to grasp the situation, and he went at once to Sallie.

"Have you been worrying, dear? It's too bad. I telephoned the hall-boy that I had to go uptown on business, and couldn't get home to change into evening clothes. And so he forgot all about it—the young rascal! I'll give him a good calling-down to-morrow."

"O, nobody was worried except Sallie," said Perry lightly. "And as you know to your sorrow, she is a chronic borrower of trouble."

"Well, I hope I haven't missed the turkey," said Phil. "I am as hungry as if I had been digging in the road. Come on, every one!—Aunt Virginia, forgive me and accept my arm. Why, Sallie, darling—what's the matter?"

Sallie had fainted.

When the blonde young giant carried her to the carriage a few moments later, I looked into his face and knew that Sallie

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Dorrance had made no mistake when she entrusted her tender, loving heart to his keeping.

"Sallie would drive me to drink," said Perry in his positive way, when we had reassembled in the dining-room. "If Phil weren't the most patient man in the world he wouldn't stand for it."

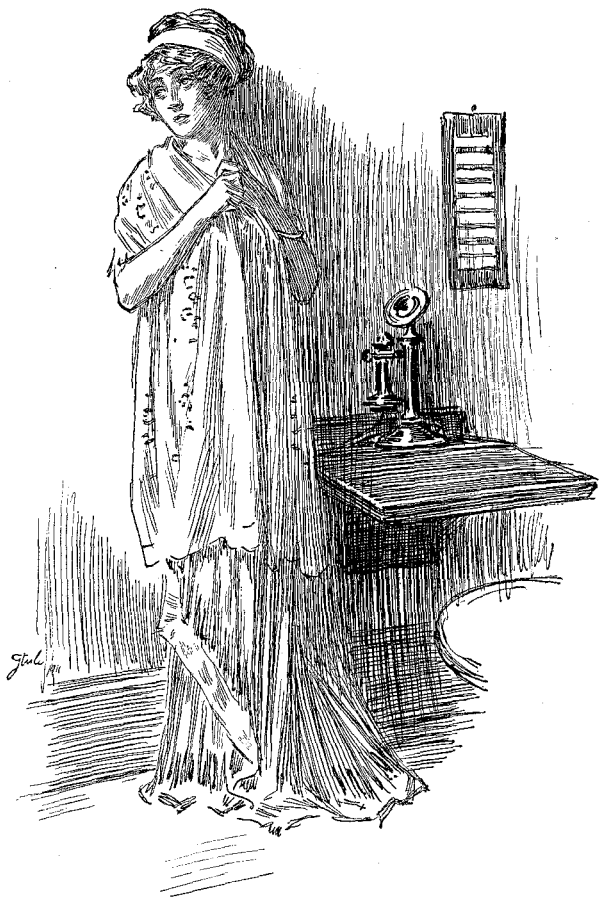
"You know perfectly well, Perry," I said reprovingly, "that Phil and Sallie are admirably matched temperamentally. They are very, very happy."

"I don't know how happy Phil is about October first," laughed Nerissa. "Sallie won't let him wear low shoes after that date."

"Now there is where I blame Sallie," complained Aunt Virginia. "She fusses so unnecessarily about Phil. Last week I sent for her to spend a day with me—I was in a frightfully low state of nerves and needed cheering—and she wouldn't come, because Phil had a sore throat, and she must stay at home and nurse that great, big, healthy fellow."

The general sighed sympathetically. "I have to ring her up every morning," he said, "and tell her just how I am, and she has made me promise to wear rubbers and to carry an umbrella, and to take a cab when it is slippery. I must say that I sympathize with Perry."

"Richard," I broke in, "I don't think it will injure you to indulge Sallie's little fancies. Think what she has been to you ever since she was a tiny child—to us all, in fact. She has always worshipped you, Perry, and helped to bring you up, although you are five years her senior. As for you, Richard, has she ever resented your high-handed methods?"



She was leaning against the wall near the telephone.—Page 698.

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"I think, Cornelia," said the general, coloring, "that you are becoming unpleasantly personal—but if you mean that Sallie is *meek*, I must beg leave to differ with you."

There stood Philip Wilcox in his usual radiant health.—Page 700.

"If she has ever turned upon her tormentors, I for one am glad of it."

"Now confess, Aunt Cornelia," laughed Nerissa. "You dearly love a fight, and I suspect that you are trying to get up one now. Now Sallie hates quarrelling. It terrifies her. She takes all our differences seriously. I can see her anxious face when Perry gets off some of his jokes, or when you hit too hard with your little hammer. Did you ever see anything like the reams of paper that she fills, in her attempts to explain away our possible misunderstandings?—things to which none of us would ever have given a second thought?"

"Yes, it is true," I replied. "Her love for us all knows no bounds. As for you and me, Richard—you, with your autocratic ways—and me with my dreadful frankness and independence—why, if it hadn't been for Sallie, we couldn't have stayed an hour under the same roof without quarrelling. Could I count the letters that she has written to me after one of our family reunions, explaining how your attitude toward me was one of concealed admiration—you simply lacked the ability to express yourself—doubtless you have received similar letters from her on my account."

The general's eyes twinkled reminiscently.

"You seem to think that no one loves Sallie except you, auntie," said Perry, impatiently.

"I think nothing of the kind, but I understand her better than the rest of you do. It is because I am so unlike her."

"In spite of our hurting and teasing her, how she admires us all!" said Perry, more thoughtfully. "How handsome—brilliant—perfect we all are in her eyes. Didn't you ever get a love-letter from her telling you what a great person you are?"

A general laugh relieved the tension.

"When the baby comes," said Virginia, "I imagine we shall all find ourselves out in the cold."

"Do not fancy it for one minute," I replied. "Sallie's heart is elastic, and there will be room in it for us all."

"Yes," said Perry, "it will be something else for her to worry over. What an awful life their family doctor will lead! Nights, days, and Sundays will be spent prescribing for that infant."

I arose from my chair and laid down my napkin. "I think that it would be well for us to go to our separate homes before we come to blows. Good-night, Sister Virginia. The dinner was very good, only the soup was too heavy. Richard, as it is raining, I should like to take you to your hotel in my cab. You should guard against dampness. It would be dreadful at your age if you should get rheumatism fixed upon you."

An ironical laugh went up from the assembled family.

"Well, auntie, if Sallie has tact she surely does not inherit it from you," was Perry's parting shot, as he closed the cab door. The general did *not* accompany me. He is absurdly sensitive about his age.

About three months later the early dawn of a stormy March day saw the "family" gathered together under very different con-

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ditions. All night long we had been waiting in the little hospital parlor for the hourly bulletins from the room where Sallie was gazing down into the valley of the shadow of death, and every hour the news became distinctly more unfavorable.

In saying the "family," I mean all but Virginia, whose health and horses alike forbade her facing the inclement weather, and the weather was bad enough. The wind came in gusts and blew the rain in sheets against the window. The sky was one unbroken mass of gray.

We were a haggard-looking lot, when the first glimmer of daylight showed us each other's faces. We had taken turns in lying down on the hard little sofa, but I think no one had slept.

What a long, long night! We spoke very little. There was a clock on the mantelpiece that struck "cathedral chimes" every quarter of an hour. It was the most mournful sound I ever heard. Even now the sound of those "chimes" brings back to me the pain of the terrible and interminable hours when we were waiting for those messages that meant so much. How I hated that parlor! Its ugliness—its shabbiness—its discomfort!

"The bed-rooms are pleasant, if the parlor isn't," I remarked. No one seemed to pay any attention. Phil turned off the electric light and left the room. I could hear him pacing up and down the hall.

The general stood at the window gazing with unseeing eyes upon the tempest without.

Nerissa sat in one of the hideous armchairs, all the color gone from her lovely face and with deep violet circles under her eyes. She looked exhausted and from time to time wiped away her tears with the crumpled ball of a handkerchief that was quite wet through. I always loved Nerissa.

Perry sat near her, still holding the evening paper and still gazing steadily at the first page. He must have known it by heart. It had been his companion all night.

As for me—well, no matter about me.

Suddenly we heard an exclamation from the general. "Sister Virginia Lee—*and* Howard! In this storm! At this hour! And their own horses!"

I shuddered at the thought of those pampered pets out in the rain.

"Phil is helping her out—and he has no hat and no umbrella!" continued the general.

Perry dropped his paper with an exclamation restrained by the thought of the sick-room upstairs. The same thought passed through all our minds. If Sallie were gone, there would be no one to worry about Phil. He could wear rubbers or not—and low shoes all winter if he chose.

Howard came in first, shook hands with me and then went into an obscure corner and began to memorize a hospital report.

I must give Virginia credit for forgetting herself for once in her life. She said not one word about the risk that she had run in venturing out in such dreadful weather, but kissed us each solemnly—not omitting the general, who bore the infliction heroically.

"Phil says there is little hope, Cornelia," she whispered to me in a voice so unlike her own that I scanned her face narrowly and saw there traces of such real and unaffected

The blonde young giant carried her to the carriage a few moments later.—Page 700.

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anguish that since then my attitude toward Virginia has been less critical and more tender.

"For my part," I said as emphatically as I could in an undertone, "I don't care a picayune what the doctor says. Sallie is going to get well. Why shouldn't she? Isn't the whole world peopled in this way? Doctors always talk discouragingly in a difficult case. It protects them if the worst happens, and they get lots of credit if the patient recovers."

"Death generally takes the best and fairest," sniffled Virginia.

Now I hate sniffling and I hate platitudes, but when I saw how miserable Virginia looked, I arose and ordered a fire made in the grate. It seemed to make every one feel more hopeful when they saw the cheerful blaze, and some of the gloom disappeared as the glow and warmth increased.

Phil had returned to the hall and resumed his monotonous walk.

The general placed a chair for Virginia in front of the fire. "I wish some one would speak," she said as she seated herself.

There was no response.

The nurse appeared as she did every hour and motioned to Perry. He was only gone a moment. "She reports that there is no change," he said hoarsely. Poor fellow! I looked at his eyes. They were brimming with tears. His eyes are like Sallie's, only not so soft.

The horrible "cathedral chimes" struck nine. O, those agonizing hours! I stopped and considered. Suppose the doctor were right! Suppose Sallie left us! What would my own life be worth without her! Life without Sallie! It was inconceivable.

It was Nerissa who spoke next. "When I married Perry," she said in a choked voice, "and came here—a stranger—lonely—not knowing—You were all good to me—but Sallie said—" Nerissa stopped to control herself. "Sallie said, with her dear arms around me—'Nerissa, I love you. You are my sister—my real sister.' And it has always been so. And when little Jean was born, Sallie stood by me through all my anxiety and worry and fears, and her love put strength into me. And now I can do nothing for her—nothing—nothing!"

"Has Dr. Brown called in advice?" asked Virginia, tremulously.

I nodded. "Dr. Sloan and Dr. Carlyle have been with him since midnight."

Perry gave a strange, dry sob. If ever controlled agony was depicted on a human face, I saw it at that moment on his.

Phil's haggard face looked in at the door. I went to him. "Help me to bear it—like a man," he whispered hoarsely. I put my hand in his and together we paced up and down—up and down.

The cathedral chimes went on striking the inexorable hours, and each stroke beat upon our wretched hearts. Outside the storm was unabated. The streets were almost empty.

A footstep on the stairs!

This time it was the doctor, not the trim, white-gowned nurse. How changed he was! I never before saw him with a detail of his toilet neglected. Now he stood facing us—no collar—unshaven—pallid. What had he to say?

We stood before him—a ghastly group—agonized expectation on every face.

Twice he essayed to speak, twice his voice failed him. Then—"Mrs. Wilcox is reviving," he said. "It is a little girl."

I felt Phil's hand relax from its fierce grip. "Quick!" I cried, and Perry and the doctor placed him on the sofa.

"He has eaten nothing for almost twenty-four hours," said the general.

I take back all that I have said against doctors. Dr. Brown was again full of professional activity, with his own weariness forgotten. "Pulse almost imperceptible," he said, and gave a hypodermic of strychnia to strengthen the flagging heart. After a few moments a maid entered with hot coffee and toast, Phil sat up, and the doctor joined us at our quiet meal. We all revived, and then the doctor returned to his vigil.

But he left behind him a changed family.

"This rain is much needed upcountry," said the general. "The brooks were quite low when I came down from New Hampshire day before yesterday.

"It is a shame the way we are allowed to waste our forest," he continued, with his back to the fire. "The President should give the matter his personal attention. It is such conditions that have converted me to a belief in centralization."

Usually this statement would have raised a storm of protests. To-day we listened meekly.

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The cathedral chimes sounded again, but this time it was like a call to prayer.

The general bowed his head. "Let us thank God for His mercy," he said brokenly, and from all our hearts went up a silent thanksgiving, none the less fervent because silent.

Again the unemotional nurse. "Dr. Brown says that Mrs. Wilcox may see her husband for a moment, and you may all go up to Room 45 and look at the baby. And Mrs. Wilcox wishes me to remind Mr. Perry Dorrance not to forget his cough medicine."

There was a sound of mingled sobs and laughter. General Dorrance turned toward us, his face trembling with emotion.

"Sallie is going to get well!" he said, and every listening heart said Amen!

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

By Henry van Dyke and E. Sainte-Marie Perrin

I

A MASTER IN FRENCH POETRY FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

DURING a recent year of academic duty in France I found a little leisure to continue my education by reading some contemporary French prose and verse.

One result of this reading was a deepened sense of the beauty and value of the French language as an instrument of expression. The care which men of letters have given to preserve its prime qualities of clearness, precision and flexibility, and to develop its resources without destroying its laws, is extraordinary.

The protection of the national language is a wise (and in America a much-needed) form of the conservation of national resources. French prose is a literary medium which is at once lucid and picturesque, firm and supple, and capable of wonderful variations within a comparatively narrow vocabulary.

In verse it is much more difficult for a foreigner to form an intelligent and sure opinion of the qualities of diction. For in poetry the value of words is secretly enhanced, not only by the harmony of their concurrent sound, but also by their associations, by their intimacy or by their strangeness, by a hundred delicate rills of meaning which flow into them from hidden regions of memory and experience. This enhancement can be fully felt only by one "to the manner born." A stranger in the language learns to follow its more subtle melodies but imperfectly. He apprehends its more delicate shadings of color and emotion but dimly, and with a certain misgiving as to the fitness of his appreciation.

Perhaps it was this natural barrier which kept me from finding as much in the modern verse of France as in the prose. The theories of the Parnassians, the Symbolists, the Decadents, seemed to me only partly true and partly new. Of their results I felt myself unable to judge with accuracy, though I could admire the marmoreal bas-reliefs of Leconte de Lisle, the glowing stained-glass sonnets of Heredia, the sentimental and philosophic verse-melodies of Sully-Prudhomme. The extreme virtuosity of Baudelaire and Verlaine as word-players escaped me in part, I am sure; otherwise I should not have felt so strongly and so unpleasantly the presence of something morbid and prematurely aged in their verse. The rising flood of new poetry did not carry me away with the sense of being in the midst of another poetic renaissance. But there were two of the living poets whose work made upon me a distinct and memorable impression—the brilliant and famous dramatic poet, M. Edmond Rostand, and the quiet, profound, beautiful lyric and meditative poet, M. Auguste Angellier.

The dramatic verse of M. Rostand is too well known in America to need an introduction. But with the fine and noble tal-

*** NOTE—After this article was completed and sent to the press, the news came that Auguste Angellier died, in Christian faith and courage, at Boulogne on February 28th. It has not been possible, nor would it have been well, to make any changes in the text of the article, which represents not a tribute to the dead, but an estimate of a living poet.

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ent of M. Angellier very few are yet acquainted; and it is to make his work better known to thoughtful American readers that this little literary enterprise is undertaken.

The plan of the enterprise is novel, irregular, and without justification, unless perhaps you can find one in the fact that it follows a really simple and natural path. First, I have ventured to recall and collect, very briefly, the impressions which I received from meeting with the poetry of Angellier. Then I have asked a literary friend in France to give a fuller estimate of the poet's character and work, which I have translated, as freely as possible, into English. Finally, I have attempted a difficult but alluring task, and tried to give an English rendering of some of Angellier's verses.

A rendering, you understand, not a translation. Poetry cannot be translated—ferried over—in its completeness, from one language to another. If you take the body, the spirit stays behind. If you take the spirit, you must leave the body, and create a new form in which the thought and feeling of the poem may find, as nearly as possible, as true and natural expression. Therefore I have not been careful, in these renderings, to follow the French original line for line and word for word. I have tried to give, as far as I could, the central emotion or idea and the vital imagery of the poem, embodied freely and naturally in such English verse as came to me. It will be enough if these paraphrases carry a little of the vivid charm, the pensive power, the penetrating sentiment of Angellier's poetry. For the rest, you must not regard these as translations, but as echoes or reflections, modulated and varied by the medium through which they have passed.

It was M. Legouis, Professor of English at the Sorbonne—the illuminating biographer of Wordsworth's youth and his sojourn in France—who first brought me acquainted with Angellier. The little volume of selections which was put into my hands contained passages from his critical appreciation of the painter Henri Regnault, and from his astonishing book on "The Life and Work of Robert Burns"—perhaps the best, certainly the most interesting, study of Burns that exists—and extracts from his books of verse, "A L'Amie Perdue," "Le Chemin des Saisons," and "Dans la Lumière Antique." The effect which this volume made upon me was singularly clear and deep. I felt the presence of a strong and self-reliant personality, thoughtful and sensitive, proud and simple, a lover of antiquity alive to every touch of life, a philosopher conscious of the "grandeur in the beatings of the human heart," a man of vigor capable of what M. Legouis calls *"l'exquise douceur des virils"*—the exquisite tenderness of the manly.

Who is he, then, this Auguste Angellier, of whom one hears so little in Paris, and nothing in London or Boston?

"A professor in the University of Lille; reserved, independent, slow of speech, an admirable teacher, not a recluse but a man who prefers to follow his own path, a sunburned scholar, a tranquil rebel against the formal and the conventional. You will not find him in the *salons*, nor in the mutual admiration circles of the long-haired Bohemians, but on the road, or in a friend's library, or in his own rooms crowded with the curious and artistic things which he has picked up on his travels. Would you like to meet him?"

No! Such a man is never really present at an arranged meeting. The professor would come, but the poet would stay away. I can buy his books and meet the best of him in them.

The first thing that found me in his poetry was the accent of sincerity, the tone of reality—which is a very different thing from realism. He writes as one who has felt and wishes to express his feeling, as one who has seen and wishes to interpret and record his vision. Not even the veil of memory intervenes; for he does not seem to follow Wordsworth's rule of "emotions recollected in tranquillity"; the emotion is still living, the picture is present and vivid in his verse.

There is plenty of artistry in the lyrics of "The Path of the Seasons"—exquisite and inimitable metres like "Bis Repetita" and "Farewell on the Beach," magical effects of words as in "Timid Springtime" and "The Little Town by the River"—but it is not "for art's sake." It has nothing of the self-conscious, the painfully sought. It is like the fresh and delicate music with which Ronsard and Du Bellay enchanted the sixteenth century. Even when he goes back to classical forms and models, as "In

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the Light of Old," he goes as André de Chénier went, not to find a chain, but an inspiration. That is the difference between a period of imitative art and a real renaissance.

Angellier's diction delights me because it is so concrete, so charged with varied color, so full of distinct forms. French critics say that it is somewhat overcharged. Even his admirers admit that he shows the faults of his temperament, and sins, as M. Legouis says, "by an excess of virility." His poetic phrase is sometimes harsh and violent, occasionally awkward. But these things are perhaps less noticeable, certainly less troublesome, to a foreigner than to one who is native in the language. Even if I felt them more, I should be inclined to pardon them for the sake of the pleasure found in his picturesque, graphic vocabulary which individualizes things felt and seen. For example, when he takes up an old peasant word like *courtil* and rhymes it with an old heraldic word like *tortil*, he makes me see the little door-yards of the cottages, and the Gothic carving over the portal of the crumbling church, in the tiny, sleepy village of Picardy where he is walking. When he describes "the infinite scintillations of the grass" in the meadows after a shower; or "the silken skies of autumn, gray, mauve, orange, tender blue, soft curtains ready to be unhung"; or the moss-grown little town which sits on the bank of the river, silent and torpid, "a widow of the long-dead years"; he makes me see and remember.

There is one difficulty which the English reader always feels in French verse. I mean the absence of that clearly marked rhythmic stress which is the dominant factor in English metre. French verse moves with a lighter accent, a more even flow. As we hear it well read or sung, it seems delightfully fluent; as we hear it declaimed in the theatre, it has a sonorous march. But our ears, accustomed to a stronger cadence, often miss the swinging rhythm, the marked pulsation of the music. Now I think this difficulty is less felt in Angellier than in many other French poets. Perhaps it may be because of his close study of English poets, and especially of Burns; perhaps it may have some connection with his strong and emphatic temperament; but whatever the cause may be, there is certainly a rhythm in his verse which is comparatively easy for English readers to follow. And the nonchalant liberties which he takes with the strict rules of French rhyme, however sinful they may appear in his own country, to us are only charming irregularities.

The clearness of vision, the concreteness of expression in this poet, of which I have already spoken, are the qualities—perhaps the only qualities—by virtue of which he is classical. For the rest, he is modern, emotional, and personal. Even in the *Dialogues* and *Episodes* you catch this note. "The Old Flute," "The Planter of Olive Trees," have the form of Greek idylls, but their undertone is subjective and pathetic. They are modern meditations. The dialogues of "The Sage and the Warrior," "The Old Man and the Youth" present arguments which are not only touched, but penetrated and guided, by emotion, to a degree which would have seemed strange to the ancients. But is it not a good thing when an essentially romantic poet learns to use the precise word, the clear image, the firm form, which belong to classical art? The cloudy, the vague, the abstract are "the enemies of the best" in poetry. It is the duty of the true poet to see his image distinctly, luminously, and then to record it with that vividness which is only possible with restraint.

In the remarkable sonnet-sequence which Angellier has dedicated *To the Lost Friend*, the personal, passionate note is dominant. The single theme of the book is the story of a romantic love—that intensely subjective experience of which Coleridge wrote,

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame."

The interest which the world takes in this subject as it is presented in prose fiction, poetry, and music appears to be general and sympathetic. But in reality there are few people in the world who are capable of romantic love. Angellier is one of them. It is his own story that is told in this book, more frankly, more clearly, than the stories of Shakespeare and Petrarch are told in their sonnets.

Yet I think it is not merely in the fact that the poet experienced a grand, unhappy

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passion, nor in the fact that his book tells a love-story, that we are to find the source of lasting power and charm in these sonnets. Such experiences, though not common, constantly recur; and the story of them is often retold. Their appeal is deciduous; for though human curiosity in regard to these affairs is unfailing, its direction changes. The humus of the literary forest is formed of the dead leaves of forgotten romance.

No, it is in the color and form which personality and temperament have given to this passion, it is in the manner in which the poet has told his love-story, that the enduring beauty of these sonnets resides. They follow Milton's rule of lyric poetry—"simple, sensuous, passionate." Yet their simplicity is full of refinement. Their frank recognition of the part which the senses play in human life is pure from the morbid taint of sensuality. Their proud and moving candor is not ignorant of the virtues of reticence and restraint. The passion which they reveal is not blind. Though for a time it sees all earthly things transfigured by the radiance of its own joy, or darkened by the shadow of its own regret and grief—"the blue waves" sparkling with its hopes, "the gray waves" gloomy with its fears—yet it moves ever toward the white light of truth, in which the spirit discerns that love belongs to life, and that life cannot be noble without obedience and self-sacrifice.

There are few famous poems of happy romantic love. Most of them are brief lyrics. There are many famous poems of sorrowful romantic love—"Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," "Tristram and Iseult," "Maud," "Jocelyn," "Evangeline," "The Ring and the Book"—their very names are charged with tears. To their lineage belong the sonnets "A l'Amie Perdue." It would seem as if this passion, to become immortal, must bear the mark of the cross.

HENRY VAN DYKE

II

THE POET OF THE UNIQUE LOVE FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER'S first book of verse appeared in 1896. Yet he is not to be counted among the young men, for he was forty-eight years old when this volume was published. By race he comes from that land of Flanders, of which the poet Albert Samain said that he loved "its nun-like air." But, like him, Angellier is of French-Flemish stock, and his art, in effect, is quite different in the character of its clarity and realism, from the art of his Belgian-Flemish confrères Rodenbach and Verhaeren.

He was formed in the English school of poetry. Perhaps because of his nearness to England (being born in the town of Dunquerque), he learned the language early, and became enamoured of English verse. He chose "Robert Burns" as the subject of his thesis for the doctor's degree. For many years he has been professor of the English language and literature in the University of Lille. So he has always kept in touch with the life of England, and that country seems to him like a second intellectual home.

His book on Robert Burns, a huge volume of nine hundred crowded pages, is not only a remarkable work of criticism: it is also a vital document of the psychology of Auguste Angellier. He has poured an extraordinary passion into it. In every good biography we should feel the author's sympathy. But here we feel something more, his veritable cult. Is there a prophetic touch in this? Can we trace, in the passionate attraction of the young Angellier toward Robert Burns, in the stress which he lays upon the love episodes in the Scotch poet's life, in the ardor of the plea by which he defends him against a too rigorous condemnation, the foreshadowing of his own destiny leading him toward that grave adventure in love from which his own future poems were to flow?

The book which is most sure to make the name of Auguste Angellier remembered is his romance in verse, entitled "A l'Amie Perdue." There is something in the French—a clear and delicate fragrance—which escapes in the translation. Whether we render the title literally, *To the Friend Lost*, or paraphrase it as *My Lost Love*, the pure tenderness and liquid music of the name are lacking.

The hundred and fifty-five sonnets, marking with memorial flower and song the clear steps of a passion almost without episodes, form a little volume which might easily have been poor, and probably monotonous, but which is really wonderful in its wealth and

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inexhaustible charm. By what magic do its pages hold us? Other books of Angellier are better in poetical technique; many of the poems of his contemporaries are more rich, more strange, of an art more personal and striking. But this one, woven of human stuff, we read and reread with loving surprise, even though (or perhaps because) we know the tissue so well.

We shrink a little from studying and commenting such a book. It is so evidently a poem that has been lived, it is of a verity and sincerity so deep, so moving, that it seems almost like a secret, holy place, whose door has been left open by chance, and which the traveller delays to enter for fear of profanation. Knowing that the author is still alive, and perhaps the heroine too, we hesitate to talk aloud of their story. Yet the author undoubtedly wishes it, or at least permits it; even as the lords of *Isola Bella*, one of the four moveless swans of Lago Maggiore, allow strangers to enter their forsaken garden overrun with flowers, and climb the terraces of their deserted palace. What made the poet willing to publish these sonnets and give them to the world now, without waiting? Who can tell? Perhaps he has chosen them from among many others which are vowed to silence. Perhaps this was the only way in which the lost friend herself could ever come to read them. Here they are, then, opened to us by the same hand which dedicated them to her, and we may enter freely into their enchanted isle of joy and sorrow.

A man of mature age meets a woman who is also in the summer of life—in "her June," as he will say later. They live in the same town, or in neighboring towns, and the landscape around them is dominated by the nearness of the sea. It is before this northern sea, whose mystery is always tinged with sadness, and between these two actors alone, that we are to watch the slow unfolding of a drama of passion, a thing which Chateaubriand says "always demands long leisure."

The woman is beautiful and very lonely. Marriage has brought her only suffering. There is a vague intimation that her husband travels far abroad. She, in a house clad with climbing flowers, tends and trains her children. By a caprice of race, this northern woman, with her blond hair and deep blue eyes, has the profile of a Roman woman, and we see her through Angellier's verses with the lofty bearing of a figure from an antique medallion.

The man has no ties, except that which binds him to his work. His heart also is free, and easily shakes off those "passing fancies" which have only touched the surface of his life.

"Our early loves are preludes unto Love."

At the first meeting of these two persons their glances attract and reveal each to the other, and henceforth, across the distance and above the crowd, their looks encounter and converse.

"Like wave-divided beacon lights that burn
And talk to one another by their fires."

Angellier has described with profound delicacy that magic of the eyes, that "adorable caress," that "portal of refuge in the soul beloved, opened to welcome dreams like lost birds." Through sonnet after sonnet we trace the mysterious task of those looks which, little by little, unite two beings.

"Our eyes alone in silence could impart
The new-born feeling hidden in our heart."

"But now a deepening love between us rolls,
And still our eyes lend language to our souls."

"The eyes can bear the spirit to the bourn
Of life; their speech is mightier than the wings
Of words; for they alone can tell immortal things."

But now words succeed to looks; meeting hands and tender caresses follow words. All this first part of the poem is called "The Flowering." It is the radiance of daybreak, the promise of springtide, the ringing call of love's reveille, and the entrance of the lovers into the enchanted land. The poet speaks of it in words which cannot be translated in other verse, so vivid are they, and so closely woven. "O day that made my life worthy of all envy, thy memory shines and glows within me like a window of stained glass." This section of the poem recalls the first two parts of the beautiful romance "Jean d'Agrève," which are called "Dawn" and "Noon."

But the sun passes quickly through the zenith, and sinks again. The landscapes which the sonnets paint are touched with inward joy, filled with happy love; and even those in which the well-beloved is not named reflect her sweetness in songs of praise. But already sorrow appears, now

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and then, between the lovers, and takes her place near them—a shadow which will soon invade and cover all the rest.

"My darling, have you seen in twilight hours,
The black birds homing to cathedral towers?"

The might of the forgotten past, the dread of the future, the frail tenure of their joys snatched from the routine of life, oppress the lovers with the sense that passion is but an intruder and an alien in the world. Angellier, "beside the blue waves," speaks of "their pain for a moment consoled." To-morrow, he says, we must take up our exiled life again. The hour of happiness is only a truce. Nature herself tells the lovers how brief it is.

"The bee has left the garden full of sweets,
The fading mountains darken all the vale,
And down the depth of heaven the day retreats,—
Like hope that dies discouraged, cold and pale."

Outside the sweet life of true marriage there is no fulness of communion for any passion; and the lovers who are ruled by something nobler than physical caprice feel this impossibility of harmonizing their existence with their longing as a heavy, painful burden. The poet sees himself walking with his friend on one of the banks of a wide river. Before them lies the other shore, smiling, clothed in fresh verdure, blooming with orange trees. But the bank where they walk is rocky, wave-worn, swept by the cold wind. They wait in vain for the ferryman to carry them over. No boat will come for them to make the crossing.

Yet there is still a brightness in their day, and their complaints are fleeting. But now comes the part of the poem which is called "The Quarrel." What was this quarrel? Imagine what you will, and what difference does it make? It is the almost fatal discord between two beings who have met in the midst of life; the glory and the wretchedness of passion; all things drive them asunder, love alone draws them together. But love itself is sometimes powerless to reunite, in spite of pride, in spite of ignorance, two separated hearts,—

"Two swans that drift apart on a divided stream!"

A year of exile passes, and the lovers try to meet again for mutual pardon. It is in a village, near the gray sea, that they look into each other's eyes once more. At first the meeting seems to fail: they are not reconciled; doubtless both of them have suffered too much. They walk along together in the narrow, humid path, through the meadows where the great oxen are feeding in the rain-sprinkled grass, above the troubled waters of a leaden sea, swept by alternate sun and shower. Their talk is broken with vain reproaches and futile pleadings. At last they stop beneath an old gray willow and hold out their hands to say good-by. The gesture appeals more than words; the quarrel melts away in reconciliation.

Now follow two parts of the poem which are named "Reveries" and "Beside the Gray Waves." They are full of presentiments; full also of regrets for an incomplete love, doomed to be fruitless. The theme is the same as that of Tennyson's "Love and Death."

"Of love that never found his earthly close
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?"

But Angellier treats the theme more deeply, more frankly, above all, with a richness of sombre imagery which enhances the sad beauty of his verse. Here, for example, is a passage on the sea-shore:

"Weary of living in this life austere,
Beneath the heavy vault of pressing laws
Where chains of iron weight our restless wills,
We wander, mute and sad, along the beach;
The clinging fog grows thicker o'er the sea;
The great white gull that flaps above our heads,
Touches us, parts the fog, and disappears."

For one instant the lovers are touched as if by the wings of a dream that their lives may be united. But it vanishes; the fog closes behind it; and their walking together beside the sea must end. For their love would mean dishonor, and the children who are growing up around their mother will look to her for a heritage of respect and a pure example. Separation is inevitable. But it shall be a voluntary separation, freely chosen by both of them. Now the story moves toward its end through two groups of sonnets that are called "The Sacrifice" and "The Mourning." The price of the offering, the depth

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of the grief, may be read in these verses only by those who have understood the profundity of the love.

"I shall not see you more—ah, never more!
For endless days, for slowly moving years,—
For ever, now I lose you, eyes that I adore!

The place of parting, which she has chosen, is the little church where they once dreamed of being married. There, she thought, no doubt it will be easier for him to make the sacrifice. He has almost let her go in the darkness, and wonders which of the well-known paths she has chosen for her flight. But now he would call her back or go after her, to protect her in the lonely perilous night. His calls bring no response.

"Along the shadowy path my cry resounds;
But all is silent, only far away,
From some dark farm the frightened, surly hounds,
Awakened by my voice, begin to bay."

The sonnets that follow are full of rebellion. Among them are some of the finest love verses that Angellier ever wrote. The theme is old, very old, as old as the revolt of passion against the rigid laws of life. But it will never be exhausted, because it is part of the human heart. Angellier has treated it so simply, so directly, so profoundly, that no other words than his own can give more than a pale reflection of the intensity of these poems.

"So we must live for evermore apart;
No answer to the cry of flesh and heart,—
Never to mingle in that moment blest
Of love that utters all and sinks to rest!
And when at last the final slumber falls,
They'll lay you in a grave far, far from mine,
And we, divided where the sun did shine,
Shall sleep divided by the earth's dark walls."

How could one express more perfectly the desolate bitterness of a separation which reigns over death as cruelly as it has ruled in life?

And yet, little by little, the poet finds appeasement, or at least resignation. The beloved is present in his heart, almost as if she lived within him. His passion, at first so painful and sombre, is purified into a religion. Once, passing a blind beggar who was singing an old ballad in the street, the poet heard in the refrain a woman's name —the name of his own well-beloved. Then he stopped and emptied his purse in the beggar's hands, in order that the blind man might have cause to remember and bless that dear name as the symbol

"Of all that best could take the place of light."

Thus, by degrees, his grief descends into the shrine of his soul, and, living still, no longer imprisons his existence. Less and less his sorrow betrays itself in words. He feels, or imagines, that his beloved is finding consolation, with her children around her to help her meet the advancing years bravely and cheerfully. Knowing how to love, he finds a sweetness in the thought that she suffers less than he. At last he comes into a calmer mood, which lacks indeed the lofty and triumphant touch that only faith can give, but which has a certain stoical nobility and fortitude. Like an oak of the Northland he will stand upright and endure. As a man he will play his part through to the end.

Angellier's next volume, "The Path of the Seasons," was published in 1903. It is both a prologue and an epilogue to the volume of sonnets, for it contains poems which were written before and after that book. The earlier verses show the love of life and delight in beauty which are strong qualities in the poet's temperament. The latter ones reveal the reaction of his nature touched by grief. The chief value of the volume lies in certain delicate and charming lyrics, like "The Old Bridge," "The Chrysanthemums," "Dreams," "The Ivory Cradle," and in a few poems of deeper significance like "The Garland of Sleep," "The Shepherd" and "Tranquil Habit," in which we find Angellier at his best again, full of sentiment, quickly responding to every sensation as to every emotion, free from conventional artifice, frank and delicate, with the simplicity of a proud and thoughtful man, too sincere to interpose any veil of unreality between us and the throbbing touch of poetry and life.

In his next work we find an extraordinary change of theme and method. Angellier abandons the subjective, the romantic, and becomes impersonal, objective, almost, but not quite, classical. Under the general title, "Dans la Lumière Antique," four little books were published from 1905 to 1909. These four books, two of *Dialogues* and two of *Episodes*, are alike in this: they ap-

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proach the problems of life "In the Light of Old"—under antique forms and in Grecian dress. Thus Angellier seeks to lose himself, to escape from the yoke of his own personality. But it is only in the form, the illumination, that these poems are antique; in all else they are palpably the work of a modern. If I wished to enjoy the "make-believe" of living in Greece two thousand years ago, I would not turn to him for my illusion; but rather to the verse of Swinburne, or to the "Chansons de Bilitis" of M. Pierre Louÿs.

And yet, if the antique feeling is lacking in Angellier, the atmosphere is there. He takes the ideas and even the words of to-day into the serene and clear air of Greece, with no touch of the artificial or theatrical in the transposition. He sets his personages back into the past without losing their inner life or their human expression, and he gives them the charm of a nobler grace.

The art of these *Episodes* and *Dialogues* is very different from that of his first book—an art more skilful, more varied, more flexible. In that early poem of love, of which we must always repeat that its supreme quality is its "directness," the words and the rhythms are chosen for the service of the master passion. Their value lies in their verity. But here, in these later volumes, we see the artist in poetry at work. He makes his verses with *esprit*, with imagination, with loving care, for the joy of making them. They lack, perhaps, in their general effect, that which we call temperament; and yet we find in the details the happy discoveries of a spirit penetrated with poetic life. In the smooth flow of the verse suddenly a fine and satisfying line fills us with delight, and we linger upon it, as the eye lingers upon a noble group of trees in a broad landscape.

The *Episodes* almost all take place beneath a clear sky. They are divided into "The Book of the Husbandmen," "The Book of the Seamen," "The Book of Venus," and "The Book of Apollo." The *Dialogues* are carried on between "The Old Man and the Youth," "The Potter and the Young Girl," "The Young Man and the Woman of Another Country," "The Orator and his Friend," "The Sage and the Warrior." They speak of life and love, of adventure and tranquillity, of duty and death.

In the second dialogue, the young girl who talks with the potter is a marvellously wise virgin. The handsome craftsman whose fingers fashion the pliant, docile clay, wishes to make an amphora to adorn her house, and asks her to choose the form of his gift. Will she have Bacchus with his vine-tendrils and sun-ripened grapes, moulded upon the round of the vase? No, she answers, for that is a symbol of madness. Well, then a brede of dancers and flute-players? No, for the dance disturbs the soul almost as much as wine. Well, then, cries the potter, I know what to model around the amphora—a marriage procession, with the young bridegroom and the bride beneath her veil. But the prudent young girl answers, "Ah, the joyful train of Hymen! But what do you know about the end of that promise of joy? Do you know whether the married pair whom you show walking to the feast will be happy or miserable together? Every time I look at that garland of figures encircling the empty vase it will seem to me as if they were marching forever around an enigma, a mystery."

No, if the potter wishes to please her this is what he must model—a picture of a husband and a wife in the evening of their days. Faithfully growing old together, they shall be illumined with memory and with love, and their faces, turned toward each other, shall radiate and reflect the double light. So the amphora will adorn the house with an image and a prophecy of joy.

"Ah," cries the young potter, "that is what I want. I will gladly fashion the vase thus—but on one condition, dear maid, so pure and steadfast! The face of the loving wife must be yours, and the other face which bends over it with delight must be my own."

The later dialogues, which deal more with public and civil affairs, move with a more grave but still harmonious air. The one which seems to me the best is the first dialogue between the sage and the warrior, in the evening of that day of victory which has made the young soldier a famous hero of his country.

With the few fine pieces of poetic sculpture which are scattered through the last book of the *Episodes*, Angellier appears, at least, to be near the end of his notable work in verse. His vein of poetry seems to crystallize and congeal. His latest verses, pub-

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lished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in October, are languid and sere. A slow renown has come to the poet. But the muse was kinder to him in his obscure years.

Yet I do not imagine that it was the obscurity of those years that made his poetic gift flower so richly, any more than I suppose that his late-coming and not yet full-grown fame has been harmful to him. No, M. Angellier is certainly a man who does not depend in any way upon the more or less of public favor given to him. But the thing that is significant in regard to his work in poetry is that his "obscure years" coincided with the years of his deepest, most passionate feeling. And here, in the depth of passion, is the spring and fountain of his finest verse.

It is for this reason that I have called him "the poet of the unique love."

In the long, rolling years which bring oblivion to most of the works of men, other poems of his may survive and be read, perchance, among the pretty things of which the world is full. But the book of sonnets, "A l'Amie Perdue," will have a different fate. It will be treasured among things rare, and precious, and perfect in their kind. The love which it discloses so clearly, through the vague outlines of a story so dimly defined that it might belong to almost any hour or region of human experience, has qualities which do not come from the perishable and mortal part of our life. In its aspiration for something higher and nobler than mere outward possession; in its inability to taste a perfect happiness except in harmony with order and peace; in its final willingness to suffer and renounce; this love submits, unconsciously it may be but none the less surely, to an influence, a guidance, an ultimate control which belong to the spirit of Christianity.

E. Sainte-Marie Perrin.

III

POEMS FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE ANGELLIER RENDERED IN ENGLISH BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE IVORY CRADLE

The cradle I have made for thee
Is carved of orient ivory,
And curtained round with wavy silk
More white than hawthorn-bloom or milk.

A twig of box, a lilac spray,
Will drive the goblin-horde away;
And charm thy childlike heart to keep
Her happy dream and virgin sleep.

Within that pure and fragrant nest,
I'll rock thy gentle soul to rest,
With tender songs we need not fear
To have a passing angel near.

Ah, long and long I fain would hold
The snowy curtain's guardian fold
Around thy crystal visions, born
In clearness of the early morn.

But look, the sun is glowing red
With triumph in his golden bed;
Aurora's virgin whiteness dies
In crimson glory of the skies.

The rapid flame will burn its way
Through these white curtains, too, one day;
The ivory cradle will be left
Undone, and broken, and bereft.

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DREAMS

Often I dream your big blue eyes,
Though loth their meaning to confess,
Regard me with a clear surprise
Of dawning tenderness.

Often I dream you gladly hear
The words I hardly dare to breathe,—
The words that falter in their fear
To tell what throbs beneath.

Often I dream your hand in mine
Falls like a flower at eventide,
And down the path we leave a line
Of footsteps side by side.

But ah, in all my dreams of bliss,
In passion's hunger, fever's drouth,
I never dare to dream of this:
My lips upon your mouth.

And so I dream your big blue eyes,
That look on me with tenderness,
Grow wide, and deep, and sad, and wise,
And dim with dear distress.

THE GARLAND OF SLEEP

A wreath of poppy flowers,
With leaves of lotus blended,
Is carved on Life's façade of hours,
From night to night suspended.

Along the columned wall,
From birth's low portal starting,
It flows, with even rise and fall,
To death's dark door of parting.

How short each measured arc,
How brief the columns' number!
The wreath begins and ends in dark,
And leads from sleep to slumber.

The marble garland seems,
With braided leaf and bloom,
To deck the palace of our dreams
As if it were a tomb.

TRANQUIL HABIT

Dear tranquil Habit, with her silent hands,
Doth heal our deepest wounds from day to day
With cooling, soothing oil, and firmly lay
Around the broken heart her gentle bands.

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Her nursing is as calm as Nature's care;
  She doth not weep with us; yet none the less
  Her quiet fingers weave forgetfulness,—
We fall asleep in peace when she is there.

Upon the mirror of the mind her breath
  Is like a cloud, to hide the fading trace
  Of that dear smile, of that remembered face,
Whose presence were the joy and pang of death.

And he who clings to sorrow overmuch,
  Weeping for withered grief, has cause to bless,
  More than all cries of pity and distress,—
Dear tranquil Habit, thy consoling touch!

EYES AND LIPS

I

Our silent eyes alone interpreted
  The new-born feeling in the heart of each:
  In yours I read your sorrow without speech,
Your lonely struggle in their tears unshed.
Behind their dreamy sweetness, as a veil,
  I saw the moving lights of trouble shine;
  And then my eyes were brightened as with wine,
My spirit reeled to see your face grow pale!

Our deepening love, that is not yet allowed
  Another language than the eyes, doth learn
To speak it perfectly: above the crowd
Our looks exchange avowals and desires,—
  Like wave-divided beacon lights that burn,
And talk to one another by their fires.

II

When I embrace her in a fragrant shrine
  Of climbing roses, my first kiss shall fall
  On you, sweet eyes, that mutely told me all,—
Through you my soul will mount to make her mine.
Upon your drooping lids, blue-veined and fair,
  The touch of tenderness I first will lay,
  You springs of joy, lights of my gloomy day,
Whose dear discovered secret bade me dare!

And when you open, eyes of my fond dove,
  Your look will shine with new delight, made sure
By this forerunner of a faithful love.
  'Tis just, dear eyes, so pensive and so pure,
That you should bear the sealing kisses true
Of love unhoped that came to me through you.

III

This was my thought; but when beneath the rose
  That hides the lonely bench where lovers rest,
  In friendly dusk I held her on my breast
For one brief moment,—while I saw you close,

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Dear, yielding eyes, as if your lids, blue-veined
  And pure, were meekly fain at last to bear
  The proffered homage of my wistful prayer,—
In that high moment, by your grace obtained,

Forgetting your avowals, your alarms,
  Your anguish and your tears, sweet weary eyes,
Forgetting that you gave her to my arms,
I broke my promise; and my first caress,
  Ungrateful, sought her lips in sweet surprise,—
Her lips, which breathed a word of tenderness!

AN EVOCATION

When first upon my brow I felt your kiss,
  A sudden splendor filled me, like the ray
That promptly runs to crown the hills with bliss
  Of purple dawn before the golden day,
And ends the gloom it crosses at one leap.
  My brow was not unworthy your caress;
For some foreboding joy had bade me keep
  From all affront the place your lips would bless.

Yet when your mouth upon my mouth did lay
  The royal touch, no rapture made me thrill,
  But I remained confused, ashamed, and still;
Beneath your kiss, my queen without a stain,
I felt,—like ghosts who rise at Judgment Day,—
A throng of ancient kisses vile and vain!

RESIGNATION

I

Well, you will triumph, dear and noble friend!
  This holy love that wounded you so deep
  Will bring you balm, and on your heart asleep
The fragrant dew of healing will descend.
Your children,—ah, how quickly they will grow
  Between us, like a wall that fronts the sun,
  Lifting a screen with rosy buds o'errun,
To hide the shaded path where I must go.

You'll walk in light; and dreaming less and less
  Of him who droops in gloom beyond the wall,
Your mother-soul will fill with happiness
  When first you hear your grandchild's babbling call,
Beneath the braided bloom of flower and leaf
That life has wrought to veil your vanished grief.

II

Then I alone shall suffer! I shall bear
  The double burden of our grief alone,
While I enlarge my soul to take your share
  Of pain and hold it close beside my own.

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Our love is torn asunder; but the crown
  Of thorns that love has woven I will make
My relic sacrosanct, and press it down
  Upon my heart that bleeds but does not break.

Ah, that will be the depth of solitude!
  For my regret, that evermore endures,
  Will know that new-born hope has conquered yours;
And when the evening comes, no gentle brood
Of wondering children, gathered at my side,
Will soothe away the tears I cannot hide.

THE OLD FLUTE

The time will come when I no more can play
This polished flute: the stops will not obey
My gnarled fingers; and the air it weaves
In modulations, like a vine with leaves
Climbing around the tower of song, will die
In rustling autumn rhythms, confused and dry.
My shortened breath no more will freely fill
This magic reed with melody at will;
My stiffened lips will try and try in vain
To wake the liquid, leaping, dancing strain;
The heavy notes will falter, wheeze, and faint,
Or mock my ear with shrillness of complaint.

Then will I hang this faithful friend of mine
Upon the trunk of some old, sacred pine,
And sit beneath the green protecting boughs
To hear the viewless wind, that sings and soughs
Above me, play its wild, aerial lute,
And draw a ghost of music from my flute!

Then let me thank the gods; and most of all
The Delian Apollo, whom men call
The mighty master of immortal sound,—
Lord of the billows in their chanting round,
Lord of the winds that fill the wood with sighs,
Lord of the echoes and their sweet replies,
Lord of the little people of the air
That sprinkle drops of music everywhere,
Lord of the sea of melody that laves
The universe with never silent waves,—
Him will I thank that this brief breath of mine
Has caught one cadence of the song divine;
And these frail fingers learned to rise and fall
In time with that great tune which throbs thro' all;
And these poor lips have lent a lilt of joy
To songless men whom weary tasks employ!
My life has had its music, and my heart
In harmony has borne a little part,
Before I come with quiet, grateful breast
To Death's dim hall of silence and of rest.

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THE TRYST

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THAT a man nearing forty is far from being in his right mind when he even contemplates an excursion with two recently married couples, one of the brides being she whom he has not been able to cease loving with an ardor intensified by the certainty that he had been denied his chance with her by circumstance only, bare circumstance, a matter of staying in a place eight and three-quarters days instead of nine, thereby missing her by a train—this is pathologically evident. I was the man. I was at Naples, with no more idea that Julia and her young husband were there for an ecstatic minute of their bridal tour than I had that I should be dining with them in a kind of enraged content, being offered fruit from her soft finger-tips I would have died to kiss—I let myself go now in the telling of it as I let myself go mentally at that incredible dinner, since, after all, there has to be a moment's delirium even for a man of forty who has got his wound. I had met them face to face in the street, I absurdly chaffering for corals I didn't want, only to spur the vendor's verbal acrobatics, and then meaning to go on to the Aquarium and pretend I had an interest in fins and octopi, when they came on me, the radiant four of them, she and her Jack, Billy Petersham and his new wife, who had been a widow, overcorseted and creaking. She always, in spite of decency, made you think of her stays, and I never saw her without a vague nautical memory that stays are something a boat is warped into or warped out of, and I never could resist the certainty that she had got in and stayed warped. They greeted me, three of them, with the hilarious ecstasy of the inordinately joyous crowded up one more notch of bliss by the spectacle of the enforcedly abstemious for whom the cupboard is bare of

"syrops tinct with cinnamon"

and the heavenly manna of verified illusion.

"Dine with us, old boy," Jack said at once, and mentioned the gilded hotel on the height where I had been too tame-spirited to go.

I looked at him a second before I answered, looked him up and down perhaps, for I had a chance to think how fresh-colored his face was, how hued by blood so good and so new that it might have run from heavenly founts, how white his teeth were, and how his honest eyes met me with their old clarity and kindness, but more—a challenge, perhaps, to note how happy he was, and what a conqueror. I noted his exquisite clothes, too, his lilac tie—I knew the stockings matched it, if only the eye could have got at them—his general look of something flowered out in the spring. He was a splendor, no mistake. I must have hesitated, for before I answered, Julia was holding out her hand, that slender hand I knew in all its gloved seclusion, in its slim, lovely length as it fed her beautiful lips—she held it out to me, and I took it and forgot Jack's question and his tie. I only stood and stared into that face I had so hungered for—and yet I had seen it night upon night, framed in the black wall of darkness, or against the moving tapestry of my shut eyes—I had been seeing it, I thought, "every day i' the hour" since she had been reft away by her Jack; but only God He knew how horribly I had been longing to set eyes once more upon its fair reality. She was above all women beautiful, not because I loved her, but chiefly that she was so kind. The faint flush, the fineness of her cheek, the glory of hair all gold and rarer, the wistful look of her blue eyes: these a lover, if he had been also a poet, might inadequately have sung. But nobody in this generation, nobody but a dead and gone cavalier who clapped his sword in scabbard to write a lyric explaining why swords must be out and love-knots temporarily put by, only he could have hit off that human look of hers, of sympathy, of compassion, of knowing exactly how the under dog felt, with even a surprising hint of having been herself, at some time, desperately at odds with fortune and now remembering it. This was not for me, I thought,

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as I stood stupidly worshipping her. Julia Dove never had, I was sure, the least suspicion of my love for her. How could she, when she was engaged the day I met her, and I must have looked to her a dry old *hortus siccus* of emotions as I was, pelting round after historical data, even more desiccated than was entirely just, seen through the lilac mists of Jack's ties and hose and his beaming glance. But now her look seemed to say inexplicably—"Dear man, be comforted. You are shockingly lonesome. So am I——"

There I pulled myself up in my unlawful imaginings. She couldn't be. The candid glance meant only so she once had been before she found him and twinned her soul with his. But all she really said, independently of her kind eyes, was this, oh, in the dearest voice,—

"Do, Mr. Olmstead. Do come."

I dropped her hand.

"Thank you," said I, with the abruptness of one recalled. "I will."

So we five dined together in the splendor of the Bertolini, and sat on the terrace afterward like funny, modern gods on Olympus, and watched the lights flaming out and twinkling out below, and heard faint touches of music, and knew the multitudinous life of the city was dancing itself blind and mad, and doing the little tasks that bought its bread, and playing its pageant because its blood ran so fast it couldn't help it, and yet thriftily, since the foreigners paid for piping. Mrs. Billy and I did most of the talking. I fancied she was rather glad of a prosaic new element, she who was almost forty herself, and getting painfully attached to succulent dishes and talk about reducing one's self and, on this occasion, my immunity from care because nature turned me out so lean. Her husband smoked and stared at her through the dusk, glorifying her into the eternal beautiful, I have no doubt, because she was new and his; and Julia looked at the city and said nothing. It was my one hour, not to shine, not to acquire, not to do in any sense a memorable deed, but to sit in the same visible universe with Julia Dove. Once I got a little drunk with it, the wonder of it, the ineffable compassion of the upper powers to allow me this heavenly anodyne before my heart beat itself out with lonesome misery, and I found myself repeating idiotically:

"'Only to kiss the air—'" There I stopped, and got hold of myself for a fool; but Mrs. Billy clacked in with her complacent note, perfectly ready for all challenges of give or take:

"What's that, Mr. Olmstead? Is it a new song?"

"Not absolutely new," said I stupidly, "though it's for all time. It's been running in my head. I've been trying to get the last line."

"Why, I know it," said Julia, with no hesitation in her clear young voice:

> "'Only to kiss that air
> That lately kissed thee.'

I know it all."

And then, as if the immortals loved me, and meant to accord me one more blissful cup to live on till I died of surfeit and despair, she sat here with the lights of Naples below her in a seemly humbleness and the stars shining like her own galaxy, and repeated it all.

"Shall I write it down for you?" she asked, at the end.

"No," said I. "I shall remember." I got on my feet. I'd had all I could carry. "Good-night," I said.

Then I was wishing them joy all round—joy and a fortunate trip, in a manner that, I hope, satisfied the lightly conventional; but Jack, for some reason, would not hear of losing me.

"Breakfast with us," he said. I have had an idea since that because I was staying at a meagre *pension* below he had confirmed his estimate of my poverty. "Then come on to Pompeii."

I didn't want Pompeii, or any further spectacle of marital felicity. I remembered the gentle eternal sunlit gloom of the dead city, as I had seen it before, and it appeared to me that, superadded to my own grounded sense that life itself was pretty well over, I should as soon choose an after-dinner stroll in the catacombs.

"Awfully good of you," I said, "but I'm due at Capri. I'm afraid I shall have to be leaving rather early in the morning to make it."

I was due there because I had to have a pretext, and that would serve as well as any.

"Who's at Capri?" inquired Mrs. Billy skittishly, and I tried dismally to look as

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if somebody very fetching indeed might be there; whereupon she forgot she was mated and settled again, and bridled in the old way. "Well, we'll let you off from Pompeii," she conceded, "but you simply must meet us at Pæstum."

Immediately, not because she said it, for what she said meant to me, as it did to every man save Billy, less than the crackling of thorns under a pot—for I suppose a sufficient crackling might boil the dinner, and Billy is the raw material that boils easily—but for some reason hidden even from that inner self which is forever hearing unexpected calls and challenges, immediately I felt mad to go to Pæstum.

"Yes," said Jack, from his perennial desire to challenge everybody to "come on" whither he is going, "yes, come on to Pæstum. That'll be Thursday. We make it from La Cava."

I knew Cava of the Tyrrhenians, all blue mountain and silent valley and hills and hollow distances, and balconies moonlighted. And now it was full moon, and my merciless fancy pictured me Julia in the sea of it, and Jack—commonplace Jack, yet he was young!—he adoring her. I would have none of Cava. But Pæstum was still drawing me; it had me with an iron grip.

"We're doomed to Pæstum because Julia wants it," said Jack fondly, with the husband's young pride of being under dominion. "Think it over, Jule. It's as full of malaria as it can stick. Come on to Capri with Olmstead, and I'll give you a black pearl."

"I'm sorry," said Julia, in her dear voice pierced with a thrill of something I had never heard in it—resistance, maybe, not of him but for the sake of what she was obliged to do. "I have to go there."

"Have to, child? Why have you?"

I looked at her and wondered why: not from wilfulness, for that wasn't in her, but for some reason so rigid that not only could she not permit it to be withstood, but she herself, from its unknown power, could not withstand it. Now the fair territory of her face was unfeignedly perplexed.

"I don't know," she owned. "I have to go, that's all. I know I have to."

"Gammon," said Jack, still fondly. If it had been less than a lover's acquiescent pride I couldn't have suffered him. "What if we let you go alone?"

"I should have to, then," she said, in the same serious wistfulness of wonder. "I can't bear to be so obstinate; but truly I've got to go."

Jack laughed. He liked her sudden tyranny, and took her hand and swung it back and forth.

"All right, then," said he, "we've got to go. Olmstead, how about you? Can't you reconsider?"

"Assuredly," I said, with no volition, it seemed to me afterward, to say that particular thing. "I've got to go, too. I'll meet you there."

So we looked out times and trains and made our final pact. I had privately decided that, for all my mythical engagement at Capri, I should probably stay on at Naples up to the point of being due at Pæstum—for due there I was, I solemnly knew, for other reason than that I had vowed to meet the lately married there. But what the reason was, I could no more say than Julia could, of hers. Only there was a reason.

The few days passed, and I occupied them as well as I could for thinking of the moon at Cava, in running back over my own life, meagre though it was of incident, to see, once for all, whether I could have made it different. I didn't find that I could. At every point where other men score, in the brave crisis, the big distances, I had slipped a cog. When a man was needed at the vital spot, I simply couldn't be there. When life demanded testimony of me, I might have it to offer, but court was never sitting that day. The whole thing was consistent. It had happened to me over and over. It wasn't that I was faint-hearted and weak-backed, or that my legs were not strong enough to make a pace. I was becalmed in some zone of the soul. Information never reached me. Boats couldn't get into my latitude with the news of the battles that were going to be, or the great treaties that would prevent my striking futile blows for a quarrel that was lost. It had all been like a retribution for some misdeed of mine. I felt that strongly, for I believed in the justice that dogs us like a loving hound, and I knew it was part of the beneficent scheme of things that if we are hit over the head, it is that we have at some time bought the blow. Only, how had I deserved precisely this? Why was I "come-

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

So we five dined together in the splendor of the Bertolini, and sat on the terrace afterward.—Page 719.

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tardy-of" in all the games of life? How had it been managed that I shouldn't find Julia three months before the fresh-colored Jack brought his conquering cravats into the field? I hadn't even had a chance—and why? I felt it would help me for the home stretch, which had, after all, to be run with ardor, even if to a decreed ignominy, to know.

The morning came, and all fell out as we had said. We met at Pæstum station, the five of us, they with little canvas bags of luncheon from the paternal Hotel de Londres, an extra portion for me. There was not a single tourist besides ourselves—"a single, blooming tourist," Billy said—and the sky was Italian blue, and a light wind moving to welcome us, when between dry fields where wild larkspur bloomed we walked toward the temple—and I, by what seemed some fated chance, walked with Julia, while Jack leaped the low walls to bring her larkspur and crowd it into her hands. She was silent, and I seemed to know it was because the moment, the day, meant something to her nobody could share—nobody but me, perhaps, for I, too, knew it meant tremendously. And then we were in face of the great yellow-pillared splendor, and we dared to enter and wander up and down its ruined aisles. The gods were there, I knew perfectly well, and said so; but I chanced to say it was Apollo, for I heard him, and Mrs. Billy kept chirping:

"But why do you say Apollo, Mr. Olmstead, when this is the Temple of Neptune? Don't you know it's the Temple of Neptune, Mr. Olmstead? Isn't it Neptune you mean?"

And then I got meek and patient because there was no other way of hushing her, and said, "Yes, I did mean Neptune." But about this time we all began to notice Julia. She had stayed apart from us, in our wandering up and down, our profane feet where priests had ministered, and now she was hurrying back and forth, peering out between columns, even so far as the line of distant saline blue, and her face had piteously changed. It was gray-pale and her eyes were black and anguished. Her husband saw it about as soon as I did, and started for her over grassy gulfs between the slabs. But when he would have touched her, she waved him off. She almost pushed him.

"What is it, darling?" I heard him say, and she looked so unfriended that I was glad the tender word was ready for her. "Lost something?"

She started and looked at him, not, I could have sworn, knowing him at all, and then put both her hands to her head in an unaffected gesture of wild perplexity.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know." And then, "Where is the ship?"

He took her by the arm, and led her along perforce, and made her sit.

"She feels the heat," I heard him say to Mrs. Billy who was staring. "Get the apollinaris, Bill. Wet a handkerchief in it, somebody."

But there was really no heat to feel. The little breeze was still doing its kindest for us. Julia laughed out now. Her color had come back as if, having gone to another part of the temple, she had escaped an especial territory of influence.

"What are you giving me apollinaris for?" she asked. "Jack, you're dripping that handkerchief over Mrs. Billy's dress. Want it on my head? Of course I don't want a great wet dab on my head! Come, let's read the guide-book and then have luncheon."

So we avoided looking at one another, the rest of us, and went rather hastily into activities, as if we had witnessed some special madness that had blessedly passed, and must never be thought of any more. And in due time we had our luncheon, and fed the lean dogs that came, evidently by habit, to yearn for bits, and then it was in the air that the Temple of Ceres must be visited, and everybody, well primed by Jack's conscientious perorations from the guide-book, rose to go. All but me, and, for a moment, all but Julia.

"Come, come," said Jack to her. It was impatient, but the impatience of a solicitude most tender. "Get a move on, missus. The day's 'most over."

She shook her head. The puzzled look had come back to her.

"I don't believe I can," she said, and she spoke with some difficulty, as they do who have imperfectly rehearsed their subject-matter. "I might be late."

He gave her arm a little shake.

"Come, come, dear," said he. "You're not going to worry me again?"

That seemed to bring her back with a wrench to what we are pleased to call rea-

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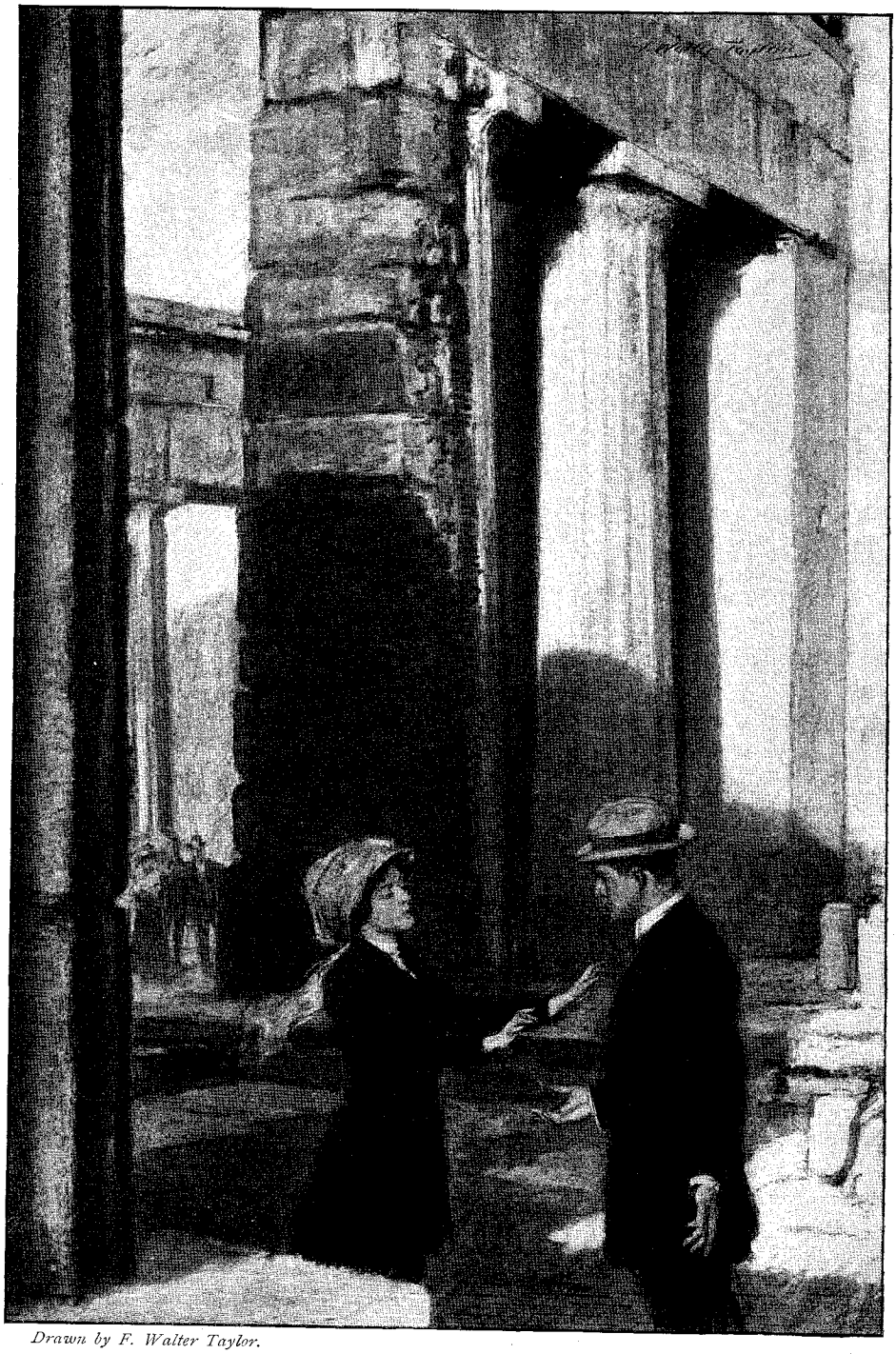

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Both hands out, she rushed to me, and I with my two hands received her.—Page 725.

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sonableness, and she laughed and turned with him obediently enough. They were midway out of the temple, all of them, when they remembered me.

"Come along, Olmstead," Jack threw back at me. He was entirely good-natured now he had his own special prize under convoy. "You mustn't keep Ceres waiting. They don't like it."

"I'm not going," I said. "I'll take a nap. See you at the train."

At that, Julia, his wife, stopped short and gave me that puzzled but now almost recognizing look; but he reminded her by a touch on the arm, and she went on with him, patient, I could see, and droopingly. And Billy tossed me a cigar, and Mrs. Billy shook her parasol at me, and they were gone, and had left me to the oblivion I candidly knew I wanted. I put my head back on the calm old pillar—I was conscious of wishing I were as old, so that I could perhaps be as indifferent—and shut my eyes. I was horribly tired, and at the same time most unbearably excited with it all. With what? I didn't know. Was this panic? Was I Pan-struck, as one might well be on the ground of colossal shadowy deities? I felt that I was nervous as a green girl, and threw all sorts of obloquy at my senile state for admitting such a thing. And I kept my eyes shut to rest them from the vision of things seen, and so they stayed until I heard a voice. It was a woman's voice, a voice, I could have sworn was Julia's, and it spoke my name. Now I am not going to tell what my name is, because it is Greek, and old, and funny when I sign it to a reply to a dinner invitation, though it does very well for a scholar who has dry conclusions to make upon living facts. My father was a scholar, and he gave it to me, and perhaps, for that reason, perhaps for some unknown other, I have always been content with it. I have had, indeed, connected with it, a certain inevitable feeling I can't describe, as if nothing else could ever possibly have been my name. But when I opened my eyes I saw it could not have been I who was called. The tourists indeed were upon me, a man and a woman, both young, and they walked together outside the temple, and talked together with a trouble and haste I could hardly forbear to share, even by an eye-beam, it was in itself so passionate. It seemed to draw lesser intelligences to it, as the sun compels the earth. I thought I knew who they were, this from their costume. They were in white, the flowing robes of an ancient time, and I guessed at once that they were out of a troupe of actors of classical Greek plays, who had been going about London and Paris, during my stay there, in the free beauty of their borrowed dress. But I began to hear them speak, and took no shame in listening. I seemed, indeed, to be there to listen, to share, to partake with them of the tragic imminence of their fate. They spoke rapidly, but in the melody of a majestic tongue which was not mine. Yet, though I could not that night transcribe a word of it, I followed it with the ease of a leaf on a flowing river. She was entreating him, this man of my name, to undo some irrevocable deed. What it was I could not at first determine. Then, from her heart-broken reproaches, and his hurlings back of the "No!" that seemed inevitable, I gradually gathered knowledge. He had sold the state's secret—some secret—he had been paid by the enemy—some enemy—and what he had been paid was to enrich him to the point of seizing her from the arms of the hated lover she was decreed to, and fleeing with her in the enemy's ship. And the ship was out there across the blue line. But the girl would not go. She was adjuring him, in the name of all the gods, to deliver himself up to justice, to inevitable death. Here was where she had appointed their meeting, here by the sacred temple, here where their whisperings might be heard, the better that they should, that priests and gods combined might slay them both and so hasten his expiation. As they walked back and forth in the sunlight, and once she set her foot unconsciously on a snake and I saw he did not move even by a tremor of his shining length, my eyes dwelt with a love and pity I cannot measure upon the filleted gold of her small head. I seemed to partake with her of anguish lest he fail, yet to know it was a foregone fate, and my sadness settled into the acquiescence of despair. He desired nothing but to save her, yet he would not save them both, as they do who play for honors, by giving up himself. And as if I were in his skin I saw why. He loved her too fervidly, too passionately, as earth is tempting, forcing, pushing us to love, and as the big law we

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only now and then catch a glimpse of, will not have us. And curiously from that far time, from the misty gates of it, my mind leaped with a throb, a vault down the centuries, to the cavalier who made an immortal discovery and wrote it in immortal words:

> "I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
> Loved I not Honor more."

This, in substance, she represented to him in the passion of her noble phrases, unconsidered, born like tears out of a breaking heart. She was his dearest, she said, she thanked the gods, but nevertheless the gods themselves must be still dearer to him, they and the state. What was it compared with the dishonor he had bought that her poor body should be stained by the mastery of a hated spouse? At that he cried aloud, and she hushed him while my mind had time to flash aside to another mandate made for perpetuity concerning them that kill the body and have not power to kill the soul. Her voice continued in its lyric rise and fall. There was no help for either of them, she told him, he in his present disaster and she before her coming slavery, no help save death, and that might happily be now. But all the same, while the bright rapiers of their argument were glancing, I knew he would not yield: that they were to be discovered, that since she must not go with him, he would snatch at her with the force of love run wild, and, trusting in the ship, resolve in his madness to bear her to it across the parching leagues. That she would cry out to the gods to save them and they would be saved—he by the knife at his throat and she to sink into so ill a mind that no man would take her to him with her bright beauty faded. All this I seemed indubitably, and with a high sadness to know, and athwart the web of it, like something sharply remembered, I heard other voices, insistently familiar ones of the common day. Some one was calling, Jack, Billy, and Mrs. Billy, she waving her parasol np and down, in a pump-handle fashion, across the bright vista through which they ran. Did they shock the other visitants to a scene beloved and throw them out of the aura where they were for the moment visible? Had the time been pre-eminently ripe and right that they —these two beautiful young beings—had returned for a fleeting hour of a day no longer existent, to play their parts again in faithful rigor to a vanished past, or had I, incalculably endowed, seen but the picture of them, woven for all time into the waving tapestry of the air? However it was, they were gone, not of a sudden, not either walking away or vanishing, but in some quite familiar and convincing fashion, as if I had seen beautiful young lovers go thus, as conclusively as if it were through a gate. And at the instant that I felt they were gone, and knew myself to be in some way the richer, the more complete for having seen them, I heard a cry—not from those three chorusing on behind, but a light, hurried call in a voice I knew. Yet never had I heard it so moved, so jubilant, so full of life. And as I turned to it, she came—Julia came, flying. Her face was pink like dawn, and her glad eyes hailed me. She made no hesitant pause or pretence that it was anything but me and what I stood for she had come to find. Both hands out, she rushed to me, and I with my two hands received her. Standing so, palm to palm, she looked up in my face, one glad smile of recognition. So might the girl I had just seen have looked at her lover if she had, instead of dooming him to death, beckoned him to life with her.

"Am I too late?" she was imploring me, yet with the sweetest certainty that she was not. "Oh, don't tell me I'm too late!"

"No, no," I answered her, worship on my lips, in my eyes, I felt, as in my heart. "No. I was here. I saw them. What difference whether it was you or I?"

"What difference!" she echoed out of a deep-breathed, heavenly tranquillity of happiness. "Oh, what difference!" Then she looked at me for a long minute, as if she saw behind my lean old face what jocund youth I should have been the last to understand, but not to believe. I knew and believed it all. "It is the last now," she said. She was growing fragmentary, like one recalled to an existence not yet comprehended, and only able to stay in it for a minute, and now, the minute over, fading out of it as the two others had faded to my eyes. But I understood. The last parting, she had meant to say. "Next time" —she stammered sweetly, in her lovely hesitancy, like a child of heaven learning the new language and as yet imperfect in it. And then I saw her—the one who had

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looked at me, who had spoken, who had known the hour was nearly accomplished, and next time, in whatever age and whatever star, would see the bridegroom claim his bride—I saw her fading out into Julia Dove, the young mate of Jack, who was anxiously hailing her as he ran: for she, in that wonder of predestined flight, had outstripped them all. And I did not care. I did not care that she was to return with him to moonlight and bells at Cava, for that, too, must be mysteriously accomplished. He was beside her now, and I dropped her hands. She looked down at them, as I did it, surprised a little, it seemed, to know why I had been holding them.

"What is it?" Jack was insisting, out of a rage of anxious love. "What in thunder is it, dear?"

Mrs. Billy came up panting and creaking, and her parasol might have dinted the sacred stones, so did she punctuate her haste.

"What is what, dear?" Julia echoed, lightly and most honestly. "Did I hurry? I was bidding Mr. Olmstead good-by."

"Come along, then," said Jack, mopping his smooth young brow, and almost a little fractious at having been fretted into more perplexities. "That train will be in in about three minutes and a half. Come along, Olmstead."

"No," said I. "I'm not going."

I felt light-headed, drunk with the delirium and the certainty of it.

"Not going? You won't get anywhere to-night."

"I don't want to," said I. "I'm somewhere now. There'll be some kind of a little hostelry."

"Don't be a fool, man," said Billy, and Mrs. Billy shrieked "Malaria!" italicising with her parasol.

"Well, there's a minute gone, and we can't stop here," said Jack, and I didn't blame him. One doesn't lightly subject wives to even a mythical malaria. "Come on, Olmstead. We're off."

Julia turned willingly and obediently with him; but at ten paces she stopped. She ran back toward me. The other look fleeted into her face. "Don't you smell them," she cried. "Roses!"

"Yes," I said, afire with my exultation, and again my mind challenged my own century and found the right word from another man's pen: "'Roses from Pæstum roseries!'"

"Next time"—she faltered, as if she herself least of all understood what she might be saying. The look had faded.

"Julia! Julia!" Jack was calling, and Mrs. Billy piped me out one more warning: "Malaria, Mr. Olmstead! Remember!"

But I stood there happier, younger, more at peace than anything, I believed, on earth. I could think of but one word to call: the word any man would be likest to leave in the keeping of his dearest, if they were to be parted for a lifetime or two. Mrs. Billy thought it was her word; but it was Julia's, to her soul alone, though it meant no more to her, with the memory washed out of her face, than if a butterfly had settled for an instant on her gown, and she, flying with Jack, had had no eyes for it. I called it after them, and Mrs. Billy, thinking it the echo of her own, shook her parasol despairingly. Out of my kingdom of youth regained and love inalienably assured I called, and it rang splendidly:

"Remember!"

VOICELESS SORROW

By William H. Hayne

He is unwise who dares intrude
On Sorrow in her voiceless mood,—
The mood of yearning—potent, deep,—
Untenanted by tears or sleep.

No well-framed maxims can bestow
Solace on this unuttered woe,—
Dumb memory beyond the reach
Of mortal hand, or mortal speech.

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RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

IX

AND now for a stirring chapter in our own family annals, supplied by our midshipman, from whom to his mother and sister no word had come for several months. It had required all my studies of history, and the knowledge that in more than one war privateering on the high seas had been the deciding point of the struggle, to reconcile me to the methods of that arm of military service. I knew, of course, that England had struck her fiercest blow at Spain by preying upon her commerce in open waters; that France, in the Seven Years' War, had sent numbers of bold privateers to destroy shipping off the English coast and in the Irish Sea. That, following these depredations, "all England had gone mad after privateering," and had sent out hundreds of vessels great and small to put the Frenchmen back in their proper places. Any one might read of the liberal use made by America in her war for independence of the fleets of commissioned privateers sent forth to harry Britain upon the ocean. It was all fair play according to historical precedent, and our president had issued letters of marque and reprisal to private armed ships to do their best against Northern merchantmen; but the decision of the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, doing away with privateering among European nations, seemed to me a right and just decree.

But the C. S. *Chickamauga*, upon which my brother was stationed, was not called by our government a privateer, but a regular commissioned cruiser, and all of her officers were under commission, engaged in destroying commerce.

I may here state that a diary (exacted of their midshipmen by the Confederate navy, following the old-time custom of the navies of England and the United States) kept by my brother on the cruise of the *Chickamauga* and during the siege of Fort Fisher, achieved, unexpectedly to him, the honor of passing into the archives of the state department at Washington, where in "Room 311, Case 21," this boy's record of sea adventure is now preserved. Found in the naval school after the occupation of Richmond by Lieut.-Com. James Parker, U. S. N., it was sent by him to the navy department in Washington. "The journal of Midshipman Cary," says Commander Parker, "seemed to me a very important and valuable contribution to the naval side of a dispute between Admiral Porter and General Butler as to the propriety of the withdrawal of the troops at Fort Fisher. It was just such a journal as I would have kept in my midshipman days fifteen or more years before; and its entire truthfulness and correctness were apparent, colored as they were by boyish enthusiasm and frankness of statement.

"I promptly sent it to the navy department. I heard no more of it until its reappearance several years later in evidence before the Geneva Tribunal; where it contributed largely to fix the responsibility of Great Britain for the destruction of our shipping by these Confederate cruisers, whose doings were faithfully chronicled in the journal."

How the diary came to be discovered in the files of the navy department by those charged with preparing the case of the United States for the Geneva Tribunal, and extracts from it edited for that case, Mr. Cary has never heard. It was not until the publication of the arbitration proceedings in 1871, that he learned of the continued existence of his almost forgotten journal, or that it had so contributed to the making of history.

"The purpose of the production of the journal," writes Mr. Cary, "was to show that the British had granted undue favors to the *Chickamauga* during her call at their

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neutral port at St. George's in Bermuda, both in respect of coal supply and length of stay." In the "Opinions of Sir Alexander Cockburn," a privy counsellor and lord chief justice of England and one of the arbitrators at Geneva, occurs the following:

"The only authority for this statement" (*i. e.* as to the *Chickamauga's* overstaying her time limit of twenty-four hours at Bermuda and her receipt there of eighty-two tons of coal instead of the prescribed twenty-five) "is the diary of a midshipman who was serving on board the ship. The diary is not unamusing, and is not without its value. . . . In the result, the whole question becomes immaterial. We see from Mr. Cary's diary that the *Chickamauga* arrived at Wilmington, *where this young officer unfortunately 'slipped up on his expectations,'* on the 19th of November without having fallen in with, taken, or destroyed a single United States vessel. The coaling at Bermuda, therefore, did not the least injury to the United States, and cannot in any point of view found a claim for damages."

Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn's satirical quotation of a bit of American boy's slang, as italicized above, gives my brother occasion to observe that his unpretending little journal "evoked the sole suggestion of humor that appears to have enlivened the grave international proceedings here concerned."

To go back to the beginning of the *Chickamauga's* cruise in October, 1864, succeeding a long delay in Wilmington harbor and several abortive attempts to nose her way out through the blockading squadron. "In profound silence; lights all dowsed, engine hatches and even the slight glow of the binnacle lamp alike carefully shrouded; her furnaces crammed with picked Cardiff coal that would neither smoke nor flare from the funnels, deck orders were passed in whispers. At last we were off, on a wild night of October 28, with easterly squalls and inky skies and a lumpy sea—creeping at first, furtively. . . . Some of the obstructing ships were dimly seen tossing like tiny dots against a ragged eastern sky-line."

That is how running the blockade appeared to Midshipman Cary, "on duty forward in the dark and slop of the top-gallant-forecastle deck, feeling the quivering plunges of the little cruiser and the chill edges of the short rough seas which bucketed down my shivery neck. . . .

"A shuddering anxious touch on the sand rip, and then signal lights in jagged lines of red and white suddenly flashed across the broken water; there was a glare of partial broadsides, lighting alien guns and guns' crews and a bit of black rigging overhead; there were the whiz of harmless shells aloft, then a puzzled lull among the enemy, followed by their chasing rockets. Meanwhile the *Chickamauga* underwent a lively change. On the instant her sloppy staggering decks became the scene of greatest activity. Back went the coal bags (extra cruising fuel piled forward to lighten her after weight), hustled aft somehow or anyhow, whether on trucks or by hand, to clear the guns and charge the trim, with officers in full swing of commanding energy; the boatswain and his mates heard at over concert pitch, using characteristic language—and the *Chickamauga* escaped her foe, going away eastward at her best fourteen-knot gait."

Next morning, eluding a persistent chaser, the cruiser began her hot work of as active a career of destruction as may be found. Upon her first prize, the bark *Mark L. Potter*, were found chinaware, of which they had almost none, and all sorts of food from "plum-pudding to pickles." Close by the Capes of Delaware, three more prizes fell into their hands: the bark *Emily D. Hall*, sugar-laden from Cardenas to Boston; the crack clipper ship *Shooting Star*, "a cloud of snowy canvas from her graceful hull to her tapering top-gallant masts"; and another bark, the *Albion Lincoln*, which, bonded and released, served to relieve them of the four crews of paroled prisoners already in their hands. The *Shooting Star*, from New York with supplies for the United States Pacific Squadron, was a rich find, containing, above all things desirable, a cargo of fine coal. Her burning in the winter twilight was a glorious spectacle, the comedy element of her capture being that of the captain's wife, a Mrs. Drinkwater, "who ignominiously routed in turn all the young officers of the *Chickamauga*" until the *Lincoln* relieved them also of the shrewish lady's presence.

Struck by a gale of wind lasting seven days, the *Chickamauga* then made her way

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to Bermuda, where our midshipman, sent ashore to face Yellow Jack and look up deserters, after sundry individual adventures, set sail again in the cruiser for Wilmington and home; contriving to run in under the veil of a thick fog, upon whose sudden lifting next morning, they found themselves face to face with the whole blockading squadron of the enemy. After an hour's hot fight, shot and shell raining fiercely around them, Fort Fisher came to their aid, firing aimlessly but enough to frighten off the fleet. "We started in, got stuck on a sand-bar, when, behold, the blockaders were down on us again, but by lightening the ship we succeeded in gliding over the bar to safety."

From the midshipmen of Battery Buchanan on the shore at the river's mouth, a signal by flags was fluttered to the midshipmen on the victorious *Chickamauga*, to this import: "For heaven's sake send us some Yankee china. We are eating our soup out of cigar boxes!" This, when Captain Wilkinson and his first lieutenant of the *Chickamauga* were eagerly expecting official instructions, may have been said to break down the ceremony of the occasion.

A brief rest for our youngster brought him to Christmas holidays of a memorable sort. By requisition of Major-General Whiting commanding the land forces at Fort Fisher, soon to be the scene of fierce conflict, my brother was sent with two lieutenants and twenty-five picked men of the *Chickamauga's* crew, to man navy guns mounted on unfinished batteries within the fort. On Christmas eve, the United States fleet with five hundred and eighty guns, headed by ironclads, moved in and attacked the fort, throwing all kinds of projectiles from a three-inch bolt to a fifteen-inch shell. "The grandest sight of my life," wrote the young participant. "The firing on both sides was heavy all day."

Our one precious Christmas gift that year, received with tears and smiles, was an item in the official report of Major-General Whiting, sent on to us from the navy department by our good friend, Com. S. S. Lee, whose son, Daniel Murray Lee, was a midshipman in the *Chickamauga:*

"To passed Midshipman Cary, I wish to give personal thanks. Though wounded, he reported after the bursting of his gun to repel the threatened assault, and actively assisted Colonel Tansill on the land front."

We had already heard that our boy's wound was on the mend, and could afford to rejoice without alloy.

In this connection I quote a letter from Col. James Morris Morgan, now of Washington:

"When Fort Fisher was threatened, two of the guns of the *Chickamauga* were taken ashore and mounted in the fort. Midshipman Cary was in charge of one of them, and during the battle his gun burst, killing and wounding some twenty-odd men who were standing near it. Cary was unhurt, and walking up to General Whiting asked if he could not give him something more to do. The Federal fleet was at that time sweeping the beach with six hundred guns. General Whiting expressed his desire to get a communication to a detached battery some hundreds of yards away, but said he would not order any man to carry it, as he considered it hardly possible that the feat could be accomplished under such a fire. Midshipman Cary begged to be allowed to attempt the perilous journey. Lieutenant Roby and Midshipman Berrian, who were present, described the scene to me, and several of my old classmates who were with the Federal fleet have borne testimony to the accuracy of their statements.

"It seems that hardly had the little midshipman started on his way when the shells from the fleet plowed the sand from under his feet and down he went into the hole made. There was a groan from the fort as some one exclaimed 'Little Cary's gone!' and then to their relief, they saw him struggle to his feet and trudge on. This happened again and again, until at last as he neared the battery a shell was seen to explode very near him which fairly buried him in the sand. All in the fort gave him up for dead, when suddenly, to their amazement, they saw him totter to his feet again though wounded in the leg. The fleet ceased firing and as he staggered on to his destination, both the men in the fort and on board the fleet broke into a mighty cheer. This is the only occasion I ever knew of during the war when a man heard both sides cheer him."

Mr. Morgan was an early friend and shipmate of Mr. Cary, who on reading his

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letter for the first time when these articles were in proof, remarked:

"Jim's too good to me. I never heard those cheers."

X

On the morning of April 2, a perfect Sunday of the Southern spring, a large congregation assembled as usual at St. Paul's. I happened to sit in the rear of the president's pew, so near that I plainly saw the sort of gray pallor that came upon his face as he read a scrap of paper thrust into his hand by a messenger hurrying up the middle aisle. With stern set lips and his usual quick military tread, he left the church, a number of other people rising in their seats and hastening after him, those who were left swept by a universal tremor of alarm. The rector, accustomed as he was to these frequent scenes in church, came down to the altar rail and tenderly begged his people to remain and finish the service, which was done.

Before dismissing his congregation, the rector announced to them that General Ewell had summoned the local forces to meet for defence of the city at three in the afternoon. We knew then that Longstreet's regulars must have been suddenly called away, and a sick apprehension filled all hearts.

On the sidewalk outside the church, we plunged at once into the great stir of evacuation, preluding the beginning of a new era. As if by a flash of electricity, Richmond knew that on the morrow her streets would be crowded with her captors, her rulers fled, her government dispersed into thin air, her high hopes crushed to earth. There was little discussion of events. People meeting each other would exchange silent handgrasps and pass on. I saw many pale faces, some trembling lips, but in all that day I heard no expression of a weakling fear. Movement was everywhere, nowhere panic. Begarlanded Franklin Street, sending up perfume from her many gardens, was the general rendezvous of people who wanted to see the last of their friends. All over town, citizens were aiding the departure of the male members of their family who could in any way serve the dispossessed government. In the houses we knew, there was everywhere somebody to be helped to go; somebody for whose sake tears were squeezed back, scant food prepared, words of love and cheer spoken. Those good dear women of Richmond who had been long tried as by fire, might bend but would not break.

Between two and three in the afternoon, formal announcement was made to the public that the government would vacate Richmond that evening. By nightfall, all the flitting shadows of a Lost Cause had passed away under a heaven studded by bright stars. The doomed city lay face to face with what it knew not.

I had gone with my brother to the station in the afternoon, and saw him off with a heart that, for the first time in our war partings, felt heavier than lead. His farewell present to me was a ham, of which he unexpectedly came into possession after we said good-bye, sending it to me by a negro tipped with a large amount of Confederate currency, who, to his honor be it said, was faithful to his trust. My brother was aware that in addition to leaving me alone in our lodgings (in my mother's absence, gone to nurse my cousin Ethelbert Fairfax, wounded in the battle of Bentonville in North Carolina), our larder was very nearly bare. I had promised them if an emergency arose to go to my uncle's house, where I presently arrived, my ham following.

I insert a letter written at this time:

Grace Street, Richmond, *April* 4, 1865.

"My Precious Mother and Brother:

"I write you this jointly, because I can have no idea where Clarence is. Can't you imagine with what a heavy heart I begin it? The last two days have added long years to my life. I have cried until no more tears will come, and my heart throbs to bursting, night and day. When I bade you good-bye, dear, and walked home alone I could not trust myself to give another look after you. All that evening the air was full of farewells as if to the dead. Hardly anybody went to bed. We walked through the streets like lost spirits till nearly daybreak. My dearest mother, it is a special providence that has spared you this! Your going to nurse poor Bert at this crisis has saved you a shock I never can forget. With the din of the enemy's wagon trains, bands, trampling horses, fifes, hurrahs and cannon ever in my ears, I can hardly write coherently. As you desired, in case of trouble, I left our quarters and came over

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here to be under my uncle's wing. In Aunt M.'s serious illness, the house is overflowing; there was not a room or a bed to give me, but that made no difference, they insisted on my staying all the same. Up under the roof there was a lumber-room with two windows and I paid an old darkey with some wrecks of food left from our housekeeping, to clear it out, and scrub floor and walls and windows, till all was absolutely clean. A cot was found and some old chairs and tables—our own bed linen was brought over, and here I write in comparative comfort, so don't bother about me.

"Hardly had I seemed to have dropped upon my bed that dreadful Sunday night—or morning rather—when I was wakened suddenly by four terrific explosions, one after the other, making the windows of my garret shake. It was the blowing up, by Admiral Semmes, by order of the secretary of the navy, of our gunboats on the James, the signal for an all-day carnival of thundering noise and flames. Soon the fire spread, shells in the burning arsenals began to explode and a smoke arose that shrouded the whole town, shutting out every vestige of blue sky and April sunshine. Flakes of fire fell around us, glass was shattered and chimneys fell, even so far as Grace Street from the scene.

"By the middle of the day, poor Aunt M.'s condition became so much worse in consequence of the excitement, the doctor said she positively could not stand any further sudden alarm. His one comfort is that you, his dear sister, are taking care of his wounded boy of whom his wife has been told nothing. It was suggested that some of us should go to head-quarters and ask, as our neighbors were doing, for a guard for the house where an invalid lay so critically ill. Edith and I were the volunteers for service, and set out for the Capitol Square taking our courage in both hands. Looking down from the upper end of the Square we saw a huge wall of fire blocking out the horizon. In a few hours, no trace was left of Main, Cary, and Canal Streets, from Eighth to Eighteenth Streets, excepting tottering walls and smouldering ruins. The war department was sending up jets of flame. Along the middle of the street smouldered a long pile, like street-sweepings, of papers torn from the different departments, archives of our beloved government, from which soldiers in blue were picking out letters and documents that caught their fancy. The Custom House was the sole building that defied the fire among those environing the Square. The marble statesmen on the monument looked upon queer doings that day, inside the enclosure from which all green was soon scorched out, or trampled down by the hoofs of cavalry horses picketed at intervals about it. Mr. Reed's church, Mrs. Stanard's house, the Prestons' house, are all burned; luckily the Lee house and that side of Franklin stand uninjured. General Lee's house has a guard camped in the front yard.

"We went on to the head-quarters of the Yankee general in charge of Richmond that day of doom, and I must say were treated with perfect courtesy and consideration. We saw many people we knew on the same errand as ourselves. We heard stately Mrs. —— and the —— 's were there to ask for food, as their families were starving. Thank God, we have not fallen to that! Certainly, her face looked like a tragic mask carved out of stone.

"A young lieutenant was sent to pilot us out of the confusion, and identify our house, over which a guard was immediately placed. Already the town wore the aspect of one in the Middle Ages smitten by pestilence. The streets, filled with smoke and flying fire, were empty of the respectable class of inhabitants, the doors and shutters of every house tight closed.

"I ought to tell you the important news that your tin box of securities is safe and in my keeping. How do you think this happened? On Sunday, after Clarence left, and we were wandering around the streets like forlorn ghosts, I chanced to meet our friend Mr. ——, the president of the —— Bank, in which I knew you kept them. He was very pale and wretched-looking, said he could not vouch for the safekeeping of anybody's property, asked after you and wondered if I would feel like taking your papers in charge. I walked with him to the bank, where he put the box in my hands, and then I hurried back with it to my uncle's house. I slept with the papers under my head Sunday night, and spent Monday afternoon in ripping apart the trimming of my grey beige skirt. You know that trimming like a wide battlement of brown silk

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all around the hem? Well, into this, alternately *standing and lying*, I sewed with the tightest stitches I could make (you would say those were nothing to boast of, remembering the sleeve that came apart) every one of your precious documents. And here I am with the family fortune, stitched into my frock skirt, which I have determined to wear every day with a change of white bodices, till I see you or can get to some place where it is safe to take it out."

(I will say in concluding the episode of the hidden papers, that the next day after I had received them, the bank went down in the track of the awful Main Street fire, its contents destroyed utterly. I continued to wear the skirt, heartily sick of it before I dared lay the thing aside, until the day in late April when, at my mother's request, I went by flag of truce to Baltimore and there at the home of my uncle, Mr. Cary, extracted the papers, put them in a new tin box, and consigned them to proper safekeeping. I have certainly never since worn a gown of the value of that one, ungratefully cast off at the first opportunity.)

"And what will you say when I tell you that my one and only book, like poor Mr. John R. Thompson's 'Across the Atlantic,' has gone up in flames and smoke, in the establishment of Messrs. West & Johnson, publishers, who lost everything in the fire? A little while ago, I should have wanted to cry over this calamity. So many pages of good Confederate foolscap closely scribbled over; so much eloquence and pathos lost to the world forever! Really now, joking apart, if West & Johnson, who are clever men, hadn't thought it worth publishing they wouldn't have accepted it, would they? Now—now—nothing seems to hurt much, in the fall of our Confederacy. Perhaps my poor 'Skirmishing' has made more of a blaze in the world in this way, than it ever would have done in the ordinary course of events!"

(Certainly that conclusion was the wisest I could have arrived at, and I lived to rejoice that this jejune effort never saw daylight. It was years before I again ventured into print. But I should like now to know what it was all about.)

To resume the letter to my mother and brother:

"The ending of the first day of occupation was truly horrible. Some poor negroes of the lowest grade, their heads turned by the prospect of wealth and equality, together with a mob of miserable poor whites, drank themselves mad with liquor scooped from the gutters. Reinforced, it was said, by convicts escaped from the penitentiary, they tore through the streets, carrying loot from the burnt district." (For days after, even the kitchens and cabins of the better class of darkeys displayed handsome oil paintings and mirrors, rolls of stuff, rare books, and barrels of sugar and whiskey.) "One gang of drunken rioters dragged coffins sacked from an undertaker's, filled with spoils from the speculators' shops, howling so madly one expected to hear them break into the Carmagnole. Thanks to our trim Yankee guard in the basement, we felt safe enough, but the experience was not pleasant."

Through all this strain of anguish ran, like a gleam of gold, the mad, vain hope that Lee would yet make a stand somewhere—that Lee's dear soldiers would give us back our liberty.

"Dr. Minnegerode has been allowed to continue his daily services and I never knew anything more painful and touching than that of this morning, when the litany was *sobbed out* by the whole congregation."

A service we went to the same evening at the old Monumental, I never shall forget. When the rector prayed for "the sick and wounded soldiers and all in distress of mind or body" there was a brief pause, filled with a sound of weeping all over the church. He then gave out the hymn, "When gathering clouds around I view." There was no organ and a voice that started the hymn broke down in tears. Another took it up, and failed likewise. I, then, with a tremendous struggle for self-control, stood up in the corner of the pew and sang alone. At the words, "Thou, Saviour, sees't the tears I shed," there was again a great burst of crying and sobbing all over the church. I wanted to break down dreadfully, but I held on and carried the hymn to the end. As we left the church, many people came up and squeezed my hand and tried to speak, but could not. Just then a splendid military band was passing, the like of which we had not heard in years. The great swell of its triumphant music seemed to mock the shabby broken-spirited congregation defiling out of the gray old church buried in shadows, where in early Richmond days a theatre

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with many well-known citizens was burned. That was one of the tremendous moments of feeling I experienced that week.

"Dear Aunt E. [Mrs. Hyde] is still at Camp Winder, not yet reorganized under Federal rule. (I hope the poor creatures there will fare better than we could make them.) She wants to send to Redlands for Meta, and then go through the lines to Bert Mason's place as soon as the way is clear. She has been with me to-day and yesterday and says I must tell you her heart is broken.

"I walked around to the Campbells' this morning. The judge's quiet determination to remain on in Richmond has produced some criticism, but his friends say that is nonsense. I looked over at the president's house, and saw the porch crowded with Union soldiers and politicians, the street in front filled with curious gaping negroes who have appeared in swarms like seventeen-year locusts. The young leaves are just shaking out, the fruit trees a mass of blossoms—the grass vividly green, the air nectar. I come in from my melancholy walks and sit in this dull garret, and pine and yearn for—what?

"I have just seen the *Evening Whig*, issued under direction of a Northern editor. Governor Weitzel, the new United States commandant, says in his telegram to Stanton: 'The people received us with the wildest joy.' That scene in the Monumental Church looked like it, don't you think so? Mr. R. D'Orsay Ogden reopens the theatre to-night with one of his blood-and-thunder plays. Invitations have been sent to Lincoln and Stanton to be present at the manœuvres" (here a piece is torn from the original) "the first we have had since the occupation. Some of the shops in Broad Street are already restocked and opened by their Jewish proprietors and are doing a flourishing trade in greenback currency. We went into the Hall of Congress, finding there a sable official in uniform, seated writing at the speaker's desk. In the State Library there have been many pilferings of coins, medals, and valuable papers. I noticed they had removed from the library railings all the captured Federal banners with which we had been able abundantly to drape them."

Another letter of this time addressed to Burton Harrison, then supposed to be with the Confederate president at Danville, Va., describes my efforts to meet his request (in a note sent in some way to me) to secure some packages of private letters left with his belongings at the president's house.

"I had hoped that your things had been sent to your uncle's home, but Mrs. Samuel Harrison informs me this is not so. She suggesting that the president's housekeeper may still be in the house, I found this to be the case, so I went to the Campbells', and sent a message across the street to ask Mrs. O'C. to come to me, which she did, immediately. She was very nice and obliging, but when I asked about your trunks, said she had delivered all of your luggage to James Brown, your old servant at the president's, to deposit at your uncle's house. I asked where James could be found, but felt rather hopeless, thinking a darkey's probable view of the situation would include his right to everything left behind by the Southern government. Fancy my delight, soon after, while engaged in packing at our forsaken lodgings, James Brown himself walked in on me with a perfectly beaming face. We had a conference, and it appeared he had the trunks, letters, clothes, books all safe, waiting a good chance to carry them himself to your uncle's, fearing they might be overhauled by Federal authority. I could not induce James to understand that my authority extended to letters alone, and finally had to break down a hearty laugh, when he persisted in enumerating the garments packed: 'clothes on top of books, collars, and little things in trays,' etc., etc., with much minutiæ of detail.

" 'It's all right, James, all I want is for you to get those letters out and bring them to me, and send the trunks to Mr. Samuel Harrison's.'

" ' Suttenly, miss, suttenly. I perfectly apprehend the situation,' is what James answered. 'An' I tell you truly that I have a prominent affection for Colonel Harrison. If he was a mother or a brother to me, I couldn't love him any better.'

"He suggested, before we parted, that the hardest trouble in your lot must be your inability to send me any more little notes by him, saying: 'I don't know jes' how it kin be managed, miss, unless Colonel H. could somehow dodge the government, an' git to see you. Don' you think he mout dodge the government, miss?'

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"While I write there is a commotion in the streets and rumor of a reverse to Yankee arms. Oh! if I dared believe it! A young woman has just passed wearing a costume composed of United States flags. The streets fairly swarm with blue uniforms and negroes decked in the spoils of jewelry shops, etc. It is no longer our Richmond, yet sometimes our eyes have a rest and are gladdened by the gray uniforms of the Confederate surgeons left here on parole to attend our sick and wounded soldiers. When one of them goes by, instantly every shutter is flung wide open, every cheek flushes, every eye sparkles a welcome. One of the girls tells me she finds great comfort in singing 'Dixie' with her head buried in a feather pillow. My dear uncle, the most saintly of men, to-day read prayers to his assembled family, and having in hand an old-time prayerbook, inadvertently read out the petition for 'The president of these United States.' Edith, his youngest daughter, on our arising from our knees immediately cried out in reproachful tones, 'Oh! papa, you prayed for the president of the United States!' 'Did I?' said the good old doctor ruefully—'Devil fetch him!' At which we all laughed."

"*Thursday*, April 6.

"Last night, from the sweetest of dreams, I was aroused by a band playing 'Annie Laurie' so beautifully it seemed to chime with my happier thoughts. Directly it changed to the majestic strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' which I had not heard in four years. In one minute I was broad awake and weeping.

"To-day Mr. Lincoln, seated in an ambulance with his son, 'Tad,' upon his knee, drove down Grace Street, past this house, a mounted escort clattering after."

A short time after these letters were penned came the tidings of Lee's surrender, and then our streets were filled up again with the gray uniforms of soldiers on parole, dusty, threadbare, with tarnished buttons and insignia. I hope I may never again see men made in God's image wear such sad faces as they did. We girls and women had all we could bear hearing the heart-breaking story of the final days before Appomattox, and giving such consolation as our own rent hearts could offer.

The war was over. What had it cost the country now to be ours again by force of arms? "More than seven hundred men a day," says Prof. Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People," "for every day of the four long years of campaign and battle; four hundred killed or mortally wounded in the field, the rest dead of disease, exposure, accident or the slow pains of imprisonment. The Federal Government had spent $3,400,000,000 upon the war—nearly $2,500,000 for every day it lasted, and less than $800,000,000 of that vast sum had come into its coffers from the taxes. More than $2,600,000,000 had been added to the national debt. The Confederacy had piled up a debt upon its part of nearly $1,400,000,000 and had spent beside no man could say how much. The North had spent out of its abundance. The South had spent all that it had, and was stripped naked of its resources. While the war lasted, it had been stripped naked also of its men."

My chief personal interest in the trend of events after the surrender at Appomattox lay naturally with the retiring government. The story of that retreat and the capture of his chief has been told by Burton Harrison in a paper written for his sons, which the editors of the *Century Magazine* secured for publication in their number of November, 1883. A letter from Mr. Richard Watson Gilder appended to my bound copy of this narrative says: "It is of absorbing interest, told with evident frankness and truthfulness, and with a refreshing sense of humor, giving the comedy along with the tragedy of the events. It would be one of the most interesting and important contributions to history that the *Century* has published, and I can see no reason why you should withhold it longer or till the generation which would take most interest in it, is passed away."

The prophecy of general interest in the paper put forth by the editors, had been assured to us on an occasion, soon after the war, when my husband reluctantly told the story, following a dinner at the Rev. Henry M. Field's at Stockbridge, Mass., where among other hearers besides our clever and inspiring host and hostess, we had Mr. David Dudley Field, President Andrew White, of Cornell University, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is true that much was lent to the narrative by the teller's inimitable gift of narrative, so well known

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to his friends, his extraordinary flow of words and dramatic action in recital. But even among that company of antagonists in politics and principle, he won sympathy and interest, as well as full belief that the events disclosed had been exactly what he said of them. When he had finished, all the guests gathered around, thanking him for a vividly interesting chapter of history; Mrs. Stowe, in particular, expressing herself as profoundly impressed by what she had heard—a new light thrown upon things misunderstood before.

Of this story it must suffice for me to give here the leading incidents without detail or comment. After an intolerably slow journey by interrupted trains, Mr. Harrison succeeded in establishing Mrs. Davis and her party at Charlotte, where on Wednesday, the 4th of April, he received a telegram from President Davis, at Danville, merely announcing that he was there. This was their first news of the evacuation of Richmond on April 2d.

Directly after Mr. Harrison joined his chief at Danville, the president received announcement of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, immediately giving his secretary orders for the withdrawal of their party, the staff, cabinet officers, and others of the government then at Danville, into North Carolina. A train secured by Mr. Harrison and soon crowded by depressed officials, their families and hangers-on, was enlivened when *en route* by an explosion resulting from a young officer of the ordnance bureau seating himself rather hard on the flat top of a stove, the detonation caused by some torpedo appliance carried in his coat-tail pocket.

At Greensboro, N. C., there was a halt for consultation with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was there confronting Sherman. A conference was held including the president, General Johnston, General Breckenridge (secretary of war), General Beauregard, Mr. Benjamin (secretary of state), Mr. Mallory (secretary of the navy), Mr. Reagan (postmaster-general), and others in the temporary rooms of Col. John Taylor Wood, of the president's staff. On the next day the retiring government moved southward, the president, his staff, and some members of the cabinet riding their own horses. Mr. Benjamin declaring that he should not mount a horse until forced to do so, Gen. Samuel Cooper (adjutant-general and ranking officer of the whole army), no longer a young man, Mr. George Davis, the attorney-general, and Mr. Benjamin's brother-in-law, Mr. de Saint Martin, brought up the rear of the column in an ambulance. Once, riding back in search of this distinguished contingent, Mr. Harrison found the whole party stalled in a hopeless mud-hole in the darkness.

"I could see from afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned for their comfort verse after verse of Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'"

That Mr. Benjamin could ride as well as another, was afterward proved on this expedition, when he ultimately left the party and set out alone for the sea-coast, making his way to England via Bermuda. "So long as he remained with us, his cheery good humor and readiness to adapt himself to the requirements of all emergencies made him a most agreeable comrade." (At Yale College when a boy; at the bar in New Orleans; in the Senate of the United States from Louisiana; at first attorney-general, then secretary of war, and finally secretary of state of the Confederate States at Richmond, this gentleman became queen's counsel at the London bar and rose to high honors bestowed on him by the bench and bar of the United Kingdom.)

"During all this march," wrote Mr. Harrison, "Mr. Davis was singularly equable and cheerful. He seemed to have had a great load taken from his mind, to feel relieved of responsibilities, and his conversation was very bright and agreeable. He talked of men and of books, particularly of Walter Scott and Byron; of horses and dogs and sports; of the woods and the fields; of roads and how to make them; of the habits of birds and of a variety of other topics. His familiarity with and correct taste in the English literature of the last generation, his varied experiences in life, his habits of close observation and his extraordinary memory, made him a charming companion when disposed to talk. Indeed, like Mark Tapley we were all in good spirits under adverse circumstances, and I particularly remember the entertaining conversation of Mr. Mal-

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lory, the secretary of the navy" (which does not agree with the item I recently found in an old letter of Major Walton's to Mr. Harrison, in which that official is styled "Mr. Malheureux").

At Charlotte it was found that Mrs. Davis and her party had left the day before to go further South. As the presidential party entered a house with difficulty obtained for them (all the inhabitants fearing a threat made by Stoneman's troopers to burn every house giving refuge to Jefferson Davis), the president received by carrier from General Breckenridge, the news of President Lincoln's assassination, tidings universally regretted by the staff and following. "Everybody's comment," wrote Mr. Harrison, "was that in Lincoln the Southern States had lost their only refuge in their then emergency. There was no expression other than that of surprise and regret. As yet we knew none of the particulars of the crime."

During the speech made at this juncture by Mr. Davis to a column of Gen. Basil Duke's cavalry, Mr. Harrison stood close to the speaker and heard distinctly every word uttered by him. There was no reference whatever to the assassination, and no other speech was made. Mr. Davis's remark to Col. William Preston Johnston in Mr. Bates's house, later on, was that "Mr. Lincoln would have been much more useful to the Southern States than Andrew Johnson, his successor, was likely to be"; "I myself," said Mr. Harrison, "heard Mr. Davis express the same opinion at that period."

So much for the oft-quoted charge against Mr. Davis that he had on this occasion spoken approvingly of the horrible crime committed by Booth in the name of the conquered South! My husband often told me that of such a spirit, much less an expression, Mr. Davis could never have been guilty.

"No man ever participated," he went on to say, "in a great war of revolution with less of disturbance of the nicest sense of perfect rectitude in conduct or opinion; his every utterance, act, and sentiment was with the strictest regard for all the moralities, throughout that troubled time when the passions of many people made them reckless or defiant of the opinions of mankind. His cheerfulness continued in Charlotte and I remember his there saying to me, 'I cannot feel like a beaten man.'"

At Charlotte, Mr. Davis's anxiety about his wife and family led him to despatch his secretary to Abbeville, S. C., in search of them, using his own judgment as to what to do after he met them; the president himself proposing to go as rapidly as possible to the Trans-Mississippi department to join the army under Kirby Smith.

At Abbeville, Mr. Harrison found Mrs. Davis and her party comfortably installed as the guests of Colonel Burt. Mrs. Davis insisted upon at once seeking the sea-coast with a view to sailing for Europe. Had she remained where she was, yielding to the entreaties of all around her, the capture of Jefferson Davis might never have been a chapter of contemporaneous history.

Mr. Harrison's party, re-enforced by two gallant volunteers, artillerymen of the Southern army, Captain Moody and Maj. Victor Maurin, proceeded in wagons, toilsomely southward; the men watching at night while the women and children slept, to guard against the theft of their wagons and horses by roving freebooters, of whom the woods were full.

At midnight, several days later, Mr. Harrison, who with two teamsters (old soldiers) constituted the picket-guard, heard the soft tread of horses approaching their camp on the sandy road. Harrison challenged and, to his astonishment, was answered by the president's voice. Mr. Davis was attended by Col. William Preston Johnston, Col. John Taylor Wood, Col. Frank R. Lubbock, Mr. Reagan, Colonel Thorburn, and Robert, the president's negro servant.

This unexpected encounter kept the president with his family for some days, when, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of the staff, he consented to leave them and go on unhampered by a wagon train. At the village of Abbeville, S. C., he was overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, with torrents of rain; and fearing for the safety of his family camping out at night, again rode after them, to the discomfiture of the party, joining Mrs Davis in camp near the little hamlet of Irwinsville, in Georgia. Here, after promising his friends that he would leave them, finally, in the morning, Mr. Davis retired to rest in the tent occupied by his wife. Mr. Harrison, overcome by fever and dysentery

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contracted on the journey, threw himself on the ground not far away and fell into profound sleep, from which he was awakened at daybreak by Jones, Mrs. Davis's coachman, running to him saying the enemy was upon them.

"I sprang to my feet, and in an instant a rattling fire of musketry began on the north side of the creek. Almost at the same moment Colonel Pritchard and his regiment charged up the road from the south, upon us. . . . We were taken by surprise and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Colonel Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment, Colonel Pritchard rode directly to me, and pointing across the creek said: 'What does that mean? Have you any men with you?' Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I said, 'Of course we have. Don't you hear the firing?' He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order 'Charge,' and boldly led the way across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis's tent (afterward said to have been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard in passing), and by the few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping on the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. I saw her come out and say something to the soldier mentioned. Perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road and I walked beside his horse, the president emerged for the first time from the tent at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, at right angles from the road.

"Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head, and reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. This trooper was joined by perhaps two of his comrades. . . . They remained on horseback and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to 'Halt!' was called out by one of them to the president. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At least one of the men then threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the president. Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the president (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came rapidly back to his wife near the tent. As the president reproached the soldier who was using violent language to his wife, one of the others, recognizing him, called out: 'Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir!'

"While these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the other tent. . . . I have not found that there was any one, excepting Mrs. Davis, the single trooper by her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his own imagination for this story. . . .

"The business of plundering commenced immediately after the capture; we were soon left with only what we had on, and what we had in our pockets. . . . While this was going on, I emptied the contents of my haversack into a fire where some of the enemy were cooking breakfast, and there saw the papers burn. They were chiefly love-letters, with a photograph of my sweetheart."

The prisoners *en route* for Macon were allowed to ride their own horses (promptly seized by their captors when four days later they reached the railway station in that town), from whence they were taken by train to Augusta, on their way to Fortress Monroe.

What concerns Jefferson Davis in his subsequent imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, belongs to history.

The experience of Burton Harrison as a prisoner of war was detailed to me by him in 1904, to refresh my memory, during his last illness at our temporary home in Washington, where we had gone to pass the winter near our sons. While there was never any bitterness about it in his speech, or in his manly soul, I could not, even after that lapse of years, hear the recital without a pang of deep pain for what he had needlessly suffered.

Whilst between him and the friends he had left in Richmond, a black veil of silence and sickening uncertainty as to his ulti-

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mate fate had fallen, he had been confined at first in a room of the Old Capitol Prison. A few days later, he was taken by a detective from this place and conducted to a room in the same building, under pretext of being introduced to a Confederate "lady" he might "like to know." Feeling instinctively that mischief threatened, he had no difficulty in keeping himself in check when in the presence of an "old untidy woman with a shifty eye," afterward identified as a spy for both sides, who with every assurance of cordiality for the South, sought to lead him into conversation about Mr. Davis and Confederate matters in general. She did not name the young girl suffering from a bad headache, who, deadly-pale, with a white bandage around her brow, struck him as resembling some face on a Roman coin. In honeyed tones, the spy woman sought to induce both of them to join in her strictures against the government and expressions of sympathy for the conspirators. In a flash he divined the poor girl had been brought there for the same purpose as himself. It was designed that they should talk unguardedly in the presence of authority. It was not until the interview—futile as to results, —was over, that he chanced to hear the detective call the young woman "Miss Surratt." He came away from this hateful interview feeling he had escaped a trap. After the disgust of it, his prison with the rough jailers seemed a welcome haven.

Next day, all the rebel prisoners at the Old Capitol were allowed to crowd to the barred windows to witness Sherman's impeperial progress of return to Washington.

To eyes long used to faded gray and rusty accoutrements, the vast array of blazing sheen and color seemed oppressive. But all the same, he said, the Johnny Rebs enjoyed the show hugely, not begrudging professional praise to military details and *ensemble*.

Turning away from his window, he felt a touch upon his shoulder from a detective he had not before seen, who curtly told him he was to go to "another place." His prison comrades, surrounding him with handshakes and kind words, watched him depart sadly. The rumor had got abroad that Jefferson Davis's secretary and confidential friend was to be dealt with to the full rigor of the law.

A drive in an ambulance—in war time serving for all purposes of transfer—brought him to the United States Arsenal, situated upon a peninsula running out from the marshy borders of the eastern end of the Potomac, now the site of the War College of future ages. It then contained, close to the water's edge, a group of brick buildings amid level military plazas, banked with pyramids of shells and balls, surrounded by cannon, their carriages and caissons. Behind a high wall, towered conspicuously a sombre building with barred and grated windows. Old Washington knew this as a District Penitentiary. It was now transformed into a military and political prison, where in the inner cells were confined the prisoners implicated in the murder of President Lincoln. In the upper story was sitting a military commission whose proceedings filled the world with awesome interest.

On every one of these piping days of early summer the conspirators were brought in irons through a massive nail-studded door communicating with the cells and placed in a line punctuated with armed guards, to sit in the court-room facing their judges and a mixed audience till, at the end of the day's session, they were returned to their dungeons.

The ambulance containing the new prisoner and his guard was several times put out of line before the arsenal door by carriage-loads of fine people, the women dressed as for a race-day. One after the other of these gay parties passed in, laughing and chatting, under a grim wall atop of which patrols ten feet apart kept always on the lookout. It had become a modish thing for society to drop in for a peep at the conspirators' trial. Passes, limited to the capacity of the court-room, were in demand like opera tickets to a special performance.

The prisoner's last glimpse for many a day of the outer world was of a broad dusty avenue with shabby fringes of negro cabins, and booths leading up to the entrance-gate that looked like a county fair. Cattle with lolling tongues were there, disgruntled pigs, and mangy dogs getting in the way of marching soldiers and fashionable vehicles. To the left he saw a military encampment filling a sun-baked plain, where under shelter-tents soldiers off duty lounged, dozed, played cards, or tossed quoits. In the background of the prison, two gunboats kept unceasing watch upon the river-front.

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The prisoner was hurried through the door, marched up two flights of steps, and without warning ushered before the gaze of the crowded court-room, gaping for new sensations, there to stand awaiting the provost-marshal general to whom he was consigned.

Without moving, he faced the ordeal, his lips set, hot anger coursing through his veins. Spite of his sense of unnecessary degradation, he noted and remembered well the make-up of the scene—the judge, Advocate-General Holt, presiding, with his swart cold face, boding ill for a prisoner falling under his displeasure; his assistants, the judges of the military commission, unfortunately for themselves appointed to conduct this trial; the reporters of the commission; the large whispering, smiling audience, and the accused, seven men and one woman shackled together, almost inevitably doomed to death.

When relieved from his unpleasant position by the arrival of the functionary who was to take official possession of his body, he was again led out of the court-room, through a jostling, vulgar crowd, affecting to shrink away on either side of him as if from a monster ill secured. The general, having annexed a formidable key, led the way, the prisoner followed, the guard brought up the rear, a band of vagabond loungers shuffling after them until turned back at the entrance to a ponderous grated door.

Life stood still for him a long time thereafter, while he alternately lay or sat upon a blanket on the cemented floor of a felon's cell, four feet by eight, dark as night in daytime. During five long weeks he was forbidden speech with any one whomsoever. But in those days and nights, when he threw himself down upon the blanket, or else walked, or used gymnastic exercises to stretch his muscles and save his reason, he might have said what a virile poet wrote long afterward, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

He said what he minded most was the eye of a bayoneted soldier, perpetually looking through the grating in his door.

Of whatever his enemies might have accused him, it was not a failure in stoic endurance of his lot. One of his jailers at Fort Delaware told me afterward that of the many thousand they had held, no Confederate prisoner had borne himself with higher courage and cooler pluck. But that experience of the dark cell came near to permanent weakening of his strong physique. When they heard him singing and laughing to himself one day, the guards made haste to summon surgeon and provost-marshal, believing he had gone mad.

The surgeon finding his prisoner a wreck in physical strength, the matter was reported to the war department, after which he was given leave to take daily exercise in the prison yard below. From this glimpse of the world of the living, such as it was, the return to solitary darkness became more and more exhausting to nerve and body. His good doctor again reporting his condition, he was then transferred to a cell facing the Capitol, through which plentiful summer sunlight sifted in and he could see afar the glitter of the golden dome. A chair allowed him, his next demand was for a copy of Horace or Tennyson, for which the doctor substituted Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," with a promise of more literature to follow.

Under these changed conditions the prisoner's health improved daily. Although no one spoke to him of daily happenings, his intuition kept him actually abreast of the grim tragedy enacting under the roof that sheltered him. He said he felt like a savage trained to notice the dropping of a nut, or the crackle of a twig. Of the unhappy beings on trial he knew nothing, nor had he any sentimental desire that they should escape justice. Once, walking in the prison yard, he had seen at a window the wan face of the girl met in the spy's company at the Old Capitol—now the most crushed and sorrow-stricken creature that ever met his gaze.

In the yard also, he once picked up and secreted a bit of greasy newspaper blown from some sentry's lunch. From this he saw that the conspirators were hastening to their doom.

When one day the guards failed to come for him to walk, and from the yard below arose a great clamor of saws and hammering, he surmised what was to be. Every night before, he had heard coming up through the ventilating tube the melancholy whistling of an occupant of the cell beneath his, evidently absent in the day; for which sound he had learned to listen with an odd

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sense of companionship. That evening the whistle began—but was halted suddenly; and the listener thought the effort was beyond the power of a condemned man probably on the eve of execution.

That night also, he heard a new sound—a ship's bell striking the watches, close by.

"Some of them are to be transported, and that boat is here to take them off," flashed through his mind.

At dawn, he turned in his blanket, wakened by the noise of renewed hammering. From his window he could see many troops massing in the avenue, and amid them, riding alone, the Catholic priest—Father Walter, the intrepid soldier of Christ (who because of his belief in the innocence of one of the condemned, was forbidden to go with her to the scaffold)—coming to shrive departing souls.

The officer detailed as usual to watch him at his breakfast, generally so genial, to-day avoided meeting the prisoner's eye, as did the soldier always holding a musket before his door. He asked no questions, ate his food, and sat afterward for hours without stirring from his chair.

From thenceforward, every sound in the prison came unnaturally distinct. On all sides he heard the incessant tramp of gathering soldiers. On the roof facing the Arsenal he saw gazers assembled; and could not look at them.

Then he heard cell doors opening below, and their occupants led out into the corridor; heard the sobbing of anguished women whose feet kept hurried pace a little while with the others, then turned back heavily.

And lastly a hush, an awful calm, while the lives of a woman and three men were taken from them upon the scaffold.

. . . . . .

At his usual hour that evening, the guards came to lead him out for exercise. Stepping from the prison door upon the pavement of the court-yard, he saw the scaffold looming black, exactly across a path he had made in the weedy grass, called by the soldiers "Harrison's beat." And there, lying across the path, were four new-made graves . . . "like beads upon a string," he said, over and over to himself, "like beads upon a string."

The guards and by-standers watching curiously for evidence of his emotion were not gratified. Giving no sign, he began making for himself a new path parallel with the former one.

That night, he heard the sound of a faint, tremulous, dejected whistle coming up the ventilating tube, and actually laughed aloud, so glad he was to think the poor devil had not been hanged. When the ship's bells ceased to strike he was sure it had carried his whistling friend away.

. . . . . .

All these things were told to be written down by me, a short time before my husband's death in 1904—calmly, without resentment or animus of any kind. He also said that the officer from Michigan, who shortly after this transferred him to Fort Delaware, told him during the journey that he had been in personal charge of Mrs. Surratt in prison, had put the black cap over her head and the rope around her neck, launching her into eternity. He said Mrs. Surratt had nothing to do with the plot to kill Lincoln—that she was party to a scheme to capture him only, and that she died an innocent woman. (See General Butler's charge to Judge Bingham in the House of Representatives that he had hanged an innocent woman.)

The officer also told Mr. Harrison that before sentence of death was passed upon Mrs. Surratt, her daughter had tried continually, but in vain, to gain access to her cell. After she was condemned, the girl was allowed to meet her mother. The officer was present at the interview and said he never saw such an exhibition of character. As the girl came into the cell, she could not stand, but fell upon the floor, creeping over it, weeping, bitterly, till she reached her mother's feet and kissed them, with a thousand loving, imploring words of tenderness. The mother remaining cold as a stone, his heart filled with wrath against her hardness to her child, but when Miss Surratt finally went out of the cell, the woman broke down in such an awful passion of tears as he prayed he might never see again, melting him utterly into sympathy with her.

Burton Harrison was personally on good terms with his jailers. When one of them was conducting him, with two guards, to Fort Delaware, they were halted in the station at Philadelphia because of the failure

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of a carriage expected to take them to the boat wharf. In some perplexity the major said he would go himself and look for it. "And in the meantime, colonel," he added seriously, "will *you* have an eye upon these fellows of mine, and see that they don't leave you?"

With General Hartranft also, the provost-marshal who had locked him in the black cell at the arsenal and came every day with the surgeon to see if the prisoner kept his health and sanity, Mr. Harrison had kind relations.

In after years, when, as counsel for the Union Telegraph Company, my husband went to conduct some business for them at Harrisburg, Pa., he found the official he had to consult professionally was none other than this former jailer. When Mr. Harrison came downstairs in the morning at the Lochiel Hotel and saw Hartranft waiting for him in the hall, he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "My God, general, you are not after me again?"

They shook hands, and the general answered, "I tell you, Harrison, you haven't a better friend than I am in the world. Come to breakfast, and after we've finished business, we'll spend the day together."

Before ending this grim chapter, one of the horrible sequelæ of the Civil War, I will say that after hearing these stories told again in Washington in 1904, I desired to drive with my husband to the scene of his old ordeal, where the present "War College" buildings were then going up on the site of the old prison of the Arsenal.

Sitting in an open victoria, he directed the coachman as well as he could where to go, but became soon confused about localities in the altered aspect of the place. We pulled up, and I addressed the "boss" of a gang of workmen, asking if he could tell me where we were.

"Why, ma'am, don't you know?" he answered. "This is the place where the scaffold stood on which Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators were hanged."

My husband made no comment, nor did I, and silently we drove homeward.

(To be continued.)

"WHEN LAUGHTER IS SADDER THAN TEARS"

By Frances Theodora Parsons

THE marshes stretch to the dunes and the dunes sweep down to the sea,
And the sea is wooing the meadow which waits with an open door;
Then a melody sweet to the hearer floats up from the murmuring lea
Till the sea slips seaward again and the land is athirst as before.
And athirst is the heart whose worship is not the worship of yore,
Whose visions no magic can conjure, whose plenty is suddenly dearth;
And parched as the desert the soul whose tears no grief can restore,
Whose laughter is sadder than tears and whose grief is as barren as mirth.

The days are alive with music, the nights their pleasures decree;
The vision the morning fulfils is the dream that the evening wore,
And life is as sweet to the living as the flower is sweet to the bee,
As the breath of the woods is sweet to the mariner far from shore.
But singing and sweetness and laughter must vanish forevermore,
As the petals fall from the flower, as the waters recede from the firth,
When hopes no longer spring upward as larks in the morning soar,
Then laughter is sadder than tears and grief is as barren as mirth.

Friend, if shaken and shattered the shrine in the heart that is fain to adore,
Then forsake the false gods that have held you and lay your pale lips to the Earth,
That in her great arms she may take you and croon you her melodies o'er,
When laughter is sadder than tears and grief is as barren as mirth.

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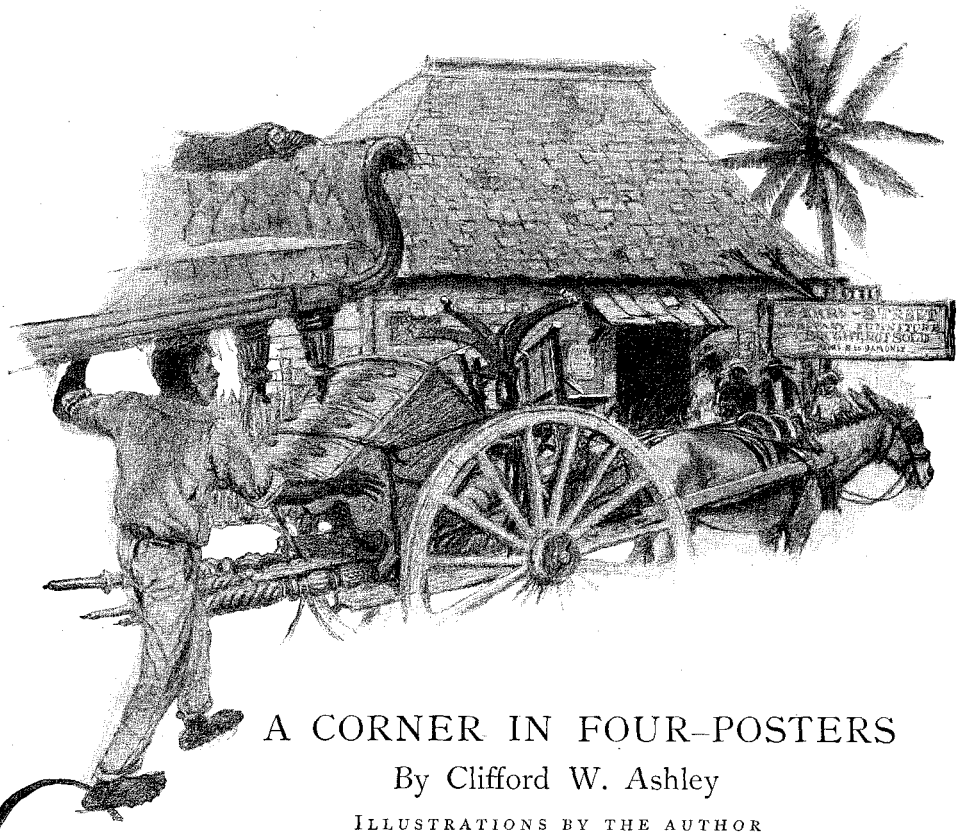

A CORNER IN FOUR-POSTERS

By Clifford W. Ashley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

COLLECTOR'S itch is a pretty serious ailment, especially when it is contracted late in life. It resembles in this respect measles and the mumps. During childhood its presence is usually evidenced by bug—cigarette-card—postage-stamp symptoms. Of these three the first and the last affected me not at all. Cigarette cards I had in mild form. But one day in my fourteenth year I drove into my father's yard with an acquisition on the carriage-seat beside me (it was a dilapidated mahogany table), and immediately I was put to bed. Since that day I have collected canes, ship models, whaling implements, scrim-shawn, costumes, open-hearth cooking utensils—but antique furniture has remained my particular hobby. At times I have attempted to exercise some restraint over the manifestations of my obsession; but I have found, after many a struggle, that the only certain way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.

And so it happened, two years ago, I yielded to the greatest temptation of my life and in a short while found myself possessed of some one thousand pieces of antique mahogany furniture; consisting in part of two hundred and fifty tables, as many chairs, and sufficient high-post bedsteads, had I elected to sleep one night in each, to have taken me four solid months to do the round. The climax of this extravagance was a three days' auction sale, when was sold all I did not reserve for myself. Now some people might have been cured by such an experience; but two days later I encountered, on a suburban trolley, a man with a chair. Its arms were not original, the legs had been sawed off and rockers added, but for the sake of its shield back I purchased the chair ere we passed the second mile-stone and carried it home under my arm.

It was one day in mid-June, 1908, I found myself on a car of the B. W. I. R. R.

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bound across the island of Jamaica to Kingston. All the seats except one were taken in the funny little coach which I entered, and this one held a suit-case, apparently for purposes of reservation. I moved it along and took the side next the window. As the train started a tall, spare young negro entered the car and with an apology removed the suit-case and took the seat beside me.

The country we were passing through immediately claimed my attention and I lost the beginning of an altercation between my neighbor and an irascible person, of Spanish mulatto characteristics, who stood over him in the aisle. Immediately it was evident to me that this was the man who owned the suit-case and had tried to reserve the seat. But he was so carried away by his emotion that he waxed incoherent and my neighbor being ignorant of what it was all about, soon became wearied; he permitted his gaze to wander and at last sank back into the seat with a comfortable sigh. The owner of the suit-case shouted, frothed, gesticulated, damned; the rest of the car was aquiver—but my neighbor fanned himself composedly with his ink-spot cap and gazed the while out the window. The stream of vituperation at last stopped, probably for want of inspiration. Then it was that I asked my travelling companion why he had not sought to check it.

He turned on me a smile the most radiant, the most seraphic, that I had ever beheld; it fairly rippled across his face, displaying two gleaming rows of ivory-tinted teeth, large as thumb-nails, regular as the pickets of a fence. "Oh, it is not dignified," he replied, "to look too pleased when people make you compliments—besides, the man has a flat mind."—I gasped! —Here at the very start of my adventures it struck me was the one man I needed to help me carry them to a successful conclusion. For a minute I was dumbfounded by my good fortune, then "Are you working and how much do you get?" I demanded. "Five bob a day." He answered the more important question first; and without further parley I hired him on the spot at twice the amount he asked.

My first move on reaching Kingston was to visit the second-hand furniture shops. I found the shops crowded with old stuff; stacked high with it. There were high-post beds, old chests in profusion, a grandfather's clock, tables without number; mahogany—black, aged, feathered, carved and inlaid; quaint old pieces, beautiful and unusual.

Jamaicans it seemed find mahogany too oppressive, too dark for tropical use; its surfaces show the dust too readily, it is heavy to move about, it is clumsy. I suppose the truth is that antique furniture is not yet the fashion there.

That night if I had slept at all I should have dreamed of furniture. Furniture I had seen, of a sort and in quantity, to exceed my fondest imaginings; waiting to be

One post of a four-poster used as a chopping block.

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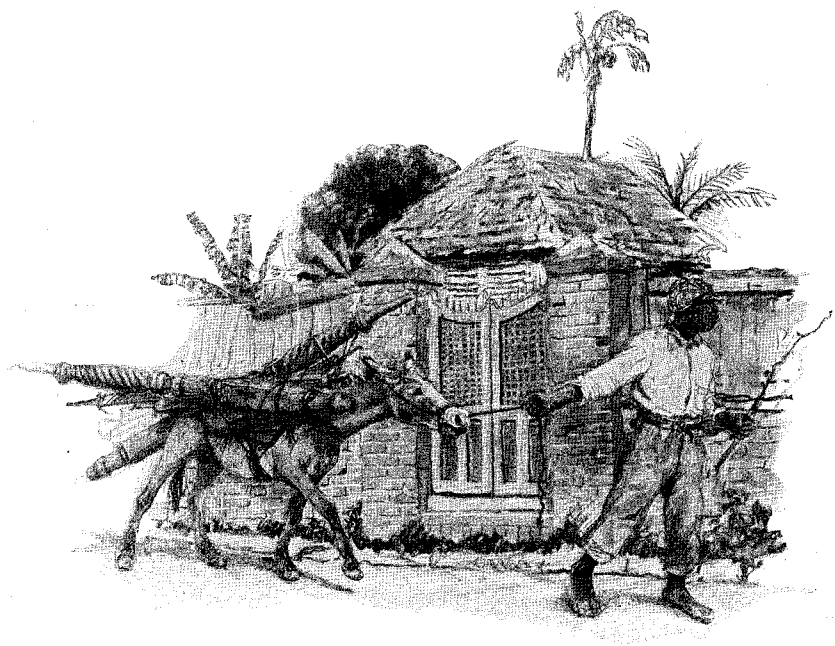
picked up, unvalued because so plentiful. However, I didn't sleep, and in my excited state of mind I scarcely even was conscious of the croaking lizard in the vine beneath my window nor of the mosquitoes singing under my netting.

Two feverish days were spent in searching for a place of storage. The earthquake's ravages were still everywhere evident and people even then were living in tents, in boxes, under awnings, and in stables. Meanwhile my acquaintance of the train, Harry Downer by name, had sallied forth equipped with a penny pencil and a tuppenny note-book in a house-to-house canvass for old furniture. "Jumping around," he called it. When I met him, shortly after hiring our first warehouse, his book already held three full pages of notes. The name of each discovery was given, its condition and price. The name and residence of the owner followed and even his description (always his complexion, for complexions in Jamaica are well worth studying).

The first place on Harry's list was productive of only a kitchen table and Harry was much crestfallen at my lack of enthusiasm. For our second visit he evidently chose what he considered the best thing he had in store. He led me quite to the other side of the town, although he described the distance as "not too far." (It was a week at least before he learned to speak in blocks.)

He rapped on a little gate which pierced a cactus fence beside a dilapidated hovel and shouted "Old woman! old woman! Call off your dog." A white-headed negress came out of the house slatting with a towel at a little black puppy which ran barking at her heels as she shambled to the gate. She led us to a shed in the rear of the house where stood a marvellous low-posted bedstead with pineapple carving. (It was six feet wide, seven feet long.) A high-post bedstead with acanthus carving, taken apart, stood in a corner; a flight of bed steps, a carved costumer, and a round dining-table with a carved pedestal were also visible.

Coming all at once these things nearly took my breath away. Harry looked at me, grinning from ear to ear. Strive as I would I could not conceal my elation. Here was the realization of my dreams, or at least the justification of them. But where had they come from and how came



He had travelled thirty-five miles from across the mountains . . . —Page 745.

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Unloaded it beside the road till he had enough there for a real load.—Page 747.

they here? Her husband, the woman said, had received them in payment for labor and he proposed to fix them up to sell. She called her husband from a little carpenter shop nearby. By this time I had regained my equanimity and we haggled a while over the price; for if there is any one joy which surpasses the joy a collector experiences in securing something he has long searched for, it is the joy of obtaining this same article at a bargain price. Both of these joys I experienced on that occasion.

Before our next purchasing expedition I hired a bus to take me about and a dray to collect our purchases. The driver of the bus was a curious little mulatto with coolie blood who, although he did not know the first thing about driving, did not abuse his horse. Whenever a tram approached he came to a full halt and waited until it had passed. He could not read even the numbers on the houses. But somehow he did very well. A donkey and a driver went with the dray, which was given over to Harry's charge. At the end of a week Harry discharged the outfit and got another in its stead. "This man," Harry explained, "is much better; that other man was so careless! He drop *me* from the load—from *so* high!" and Harry indignantly held his hand at a distance from the ground about level with his own woolly top. Harry proved to be more or less of an autocrat and on another occasion he discharged his own first cousin the same day he hired him, because he was "so slow."

If there is one piece of furniture that I have a fondness for beyond all others, it is the high-post bedstead. There was a man who brought in from the country a table to sell and I gave him some money and commissioned him to go back and purchase bedsteads. A long while afterward, when I had given up expecting ever to see him again, he came in with three beds lashed to the backs of donkeys. He had travelled thirty-five miles from across the mountains and had been two nights on the way, resting during the heat of the day. Two of the beds were without carving and one of the two had neither rails nor head-board; moreover one of its foot-posts was broken and the head-posts were square. The third bed consisted merely of two carved posts, but so beautifully were they carved that they fully compensated for the shabbiness of the rest.

The intense tropical glare I found was hurting my eyes. So I procured a pair of shade glasses, smoked, with a sort of goggled effect. Soon after, Harry appeared with a pair of the same. I overheard Walter, our drayman, as he hailed him: "Whaffor, Harry, you wear them specs?" "Oh, the sun, it hurt my eyes." "Whaffor she no hurt them before?"—Harry was beginning to blossom out! He already had acquired a new wide-brimmed "Jippi Jappa" hat, which he said his "lady" had given him. Almost immediately James's eyes began to be affected by the sun and he got him a pair of the same kind of goggles. It must have been rather impressive when

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the three of us had occasion to drive out together.

In the third week of our business association Harry turned out in a suit of resplendent "whites." Then he took to wearing a bunch of keys hanging from his belt on an enormous ring. He never aspired to white shoes or a helmet. An Ingersoll watch, four cents cheaper than the same thing can be bought in the States, and that inevitable pencil over his ear were the finishing touches. But Harry did not become inflated. He was genial and light-hearted as ever, and he kept the rest of the crew busy and good-natured.

Several times I was forced to pacify people who came to me with tales of how Harry had taken their furniture so soon after I had purchased it that they had not been able to prepare for its removal. On one occasion I was wholly at fault, for I had told a woman her bedstead should not be called for until the following day, as she had nothing else to sleep on that night. But when I gave Harry the address, I had forgotten my promise and Harry took away the bed in spite of the woman's husband and a band of sympathetic neighbors.

The next day the woman came around very properly indignant. She had been obliged to sleep on the floor and she demanded recompense. After some conversation we were mutually agreed that she had been inconvenienced to just the amount of sixpence, and she bowed herself away delighted with the transaction.

In another place Harry's zeal for quick hauling received a check. A certain wom-

To one of the remaining feet was tied a mournful, scraggy fowl.—Page 747.

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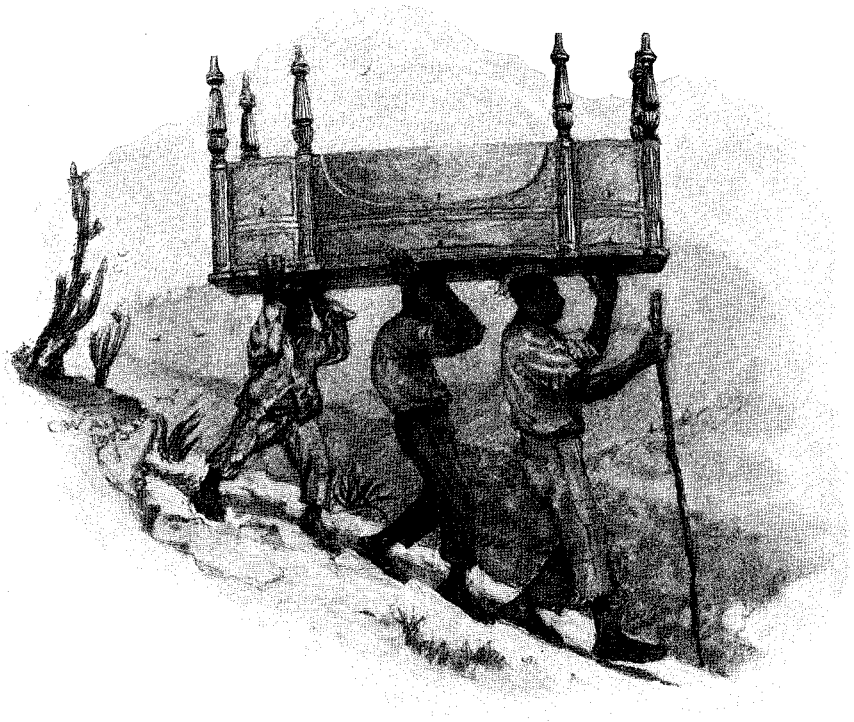

Many brought articles upon their heads from there-was-no-telling-what distances.—Page 748.

an who chanced to be a rabid S. P. C. A. allowed him to take only a small proportion of what he had called for and so necessitated several cartings. Harry accepted her dictum with good grace, carted each allotment about a block and unloaded it beside the road till he had enough there for a real load.

One day out in Brownstown in a yard under a cocoanut-palm I found a claw-foot table standing on three legs. The fourth leg was not in sight. The back was propped against the palm-tree in lieu of the absent leg and to one of the remaining feet was tied with a strip of twisted calico a mournful, scraggy fowl. I did my Christian duty and liberated the poor hen, but she took no advantage of her freedom. The other leg of the table was unearthed from beneath a rubbish heap. Just six pence the table cost me entire. A year later, when we started to restore it, two bees and some honey were found in the mortise of the unattached leg. It was a wonderful table with a shield-like device carved at the swell of each leg and a cornice-like rim supported the top.

I tried at one place a number of times to purchase a beautiful old cheval mirror. It had carved uprights, finished at the top with exquisite acorns. But the price demanded for it was absurd. One day I chanced a low offer for the piece without its glass and was immediately taken up, much to my astonishment. The glass proved to be all the man valued—a glass that was worthless to me, for it was stained and cracked at two corners.

Soon we opened a second repository at No. 111 Barry Street and hung out a shingle bearing the legend "Old mahogany furniture bought, not sold. Hours 8 to 9 A. M. only." (I always steered clear of the word "Antique," for its magic has penetrated even to the Caribs.) Then I advertised in the papers for furniture. Replies to the advertisements came in by the first mail and I had Harry make a letter-box to receive the matter. Unfortunately the postman would not use it and the neighbors misunderstood its purpose and used to post their letters in it. So Harry at last put it inside and cut a slot through the door.

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On some mornings when I arrived, there was a crowd before No. 111 Barry Street which overflowed the sidewalk, and even on occasions filled the street to the opposite side. Many brought articles upon their heads from there-was-no-telling-what distances. Others left their addresses that I might "give them a turn." A negro once arrived with a sofa upon his head which weighed all of one hundred pounds and would not even put it down until the price was decided on and the money turned over.

Harry.

There were many auctions held in Kingston subsequent to the earthquake. A great many people were frightened away or else gave up housekeeping. At almost all of these sales odd pieces of old furniture could be picked up.

One sale was that of the effects of a wealthy Jewish family which had lived in the same old mansion throughout six generations and most of the furniture it would seem had been in the house all this while. For there is a certain fitness about things which have existed together for many years that no collection can have.

At that sale I purchased a wonderful three-pedestaled dining-table which seats twenty people and is five feet ten inches broad. The top is of single boards twenty-four inches wide and the pedestals are massive and carved. The top was much bruised, for the brick side wall of the house had fallen upon it. I also secured there a kidney-shaped dressing-table of rosewood, a mahogany music cabinet, an old Spanish lounging-chair, a cellarette with the original bottles, a mahogany bench, and a great chest upon wheel casters.

There are a few people in Jamaica who collect, although I did not discover this immediately. A woman who lived several miles out of town wrote me that she had a table she very much would like to have me see. Unsuspectingly I went out. It was a beautiful drive and it was a beautiful table. But the woman meant literally what she said. She wanted me to see the table, nothing more. She found very few friends, I suppose, who would sympathize with her in her hobby.

Another woman had a sampler without date or name, merely with an alphabet and a few moth-holes. She had heard such things were very valuable in the States and would consider an offer for it in three figures!

Once I got what I thought was a library stool. It had a flat wooden top with an "F" hole in its centre to lug it about with. It was just the thing to stand upon to reach down a book. I was very much pleased with my find till some one suggested that it was very much like an undertaker's stool, formerly used at funerals to uphold an end of a coffin. I was in a cabinet shop one day where they made coffins, when an old colored woman came in and asked for a "two weeks coffin." When she had consummated her purchase she asked the proprietor if he had another of about the same size already on hand if she should require it; saying, "I doan' want one yet, but you know somehow twins never does very well." The proprietor had another.

A dressing-table was under discussion in a back yard where I had rescued it from the ruins of a house partially collapsed. A boy in the top of the only palm in the little circumscribed space which served for a yard, dislodged a cocoanut; it struck on the top of a small shed with a commotion like that of a steam riveter at work. The woman of the house, thinking another earthquake was upon her, promptly fainted. When her neighbors had finally brought her to and half of them were engaged trying to lure the youngster from his tree, she went off into a paroxysm of hysterics. It was surprising how much good furniture had found its way into the houses or huts of the poorer class of negroes. At

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least half of what I gathered came from such places.

Several times I made little expeditions into other parts of the island, but Kingston was by far the best hunting. I visited Spanish Town two days in succession and filled up a freight-car with plunder. James drove up with the bus overnight and Harry and I followed in the morning. One of the pieces I got was a queer clothes rack or horse, with claw feet and turned cross-bars. It had a flat, scroll-edged board at the bottom, for hold-

It struck on the top of a small shed with a commotion like that of a steam riveter at work.—Page 748.

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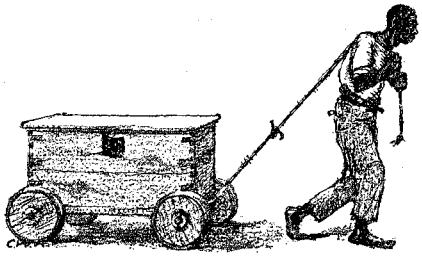
ing shoes, I believe. The bars served to hang garments over. I also found here an old Spanish jar of exactly the proper size and shape to have held one of Ali Baba's thieves. It was used to catch water under



a drip filter, and being porous, it sweated sufficiently to keep the water cool. There was one table, a library table of Chinese motif, with carved dragon's feet. I found it in an open shed. The family cooking was done upon it over a kerosene stove.

I had planned to charter a small schooner of about sixty-five tons to convey home my treasure and I engaged a shipping agent to look out for a vessel of this sort for me. Small schooners, however, are rather scarce in that part of the world and after a week or so had passed and none had shown up, I stopped at his office one day and ordered the next size larger. Our furniture collection was growing. Twice after that, it was necessary to change specifications. Then a one hundred and seventy-five ton vessel, the *E. M. Bertha*, was found at Sav-le-mar looking for charter. She was a new vessel, native-built, mahogany frame and finish. Everything about her, in fact, was of mahogany except her planking, spars, and deck.

It took the schooner a week to get around to Kingston. In the meanwhile several men were started crating the more fragile articles of furniture; it was not proposed to crate much. For lumber we used the slats of the beds, which had been saved for that purpose. A negro was found to supply hay for packing. I had expected to use cocoanut trash but found it too dusty. It was necessary to personally demonstrate how hay is made, for nothing except green fodder is used in Jamaica, as the grass grows the year around. Seven tons in all were cut with a sickle. For a pitchfork we used a sharpened stick. The sun was so hot that one day sufficed to make the hay.

There was one table in the Spanish Town car I wished very carefully handled and so I crated it myself. This was an ebony Buhl table with brass inlay. While I was hammering away at the crate, with James sawing off the boards in lengths, quite a sizable crowd collected. I failed to understand this interest till one of the onlookers espied a friend outside the freight-yard gate. "Eh you!" he yelled, "come over here; come see white man work like a nigger!"

These days furnished Harry with what were probably the supreme moments of his existence. He had entire charge of the teaming and so was overlord to a dozen men, to drive at his

pleasure. He had the consciousness of having in large part brought to a successful termination an enterprise of no mean magnitude—moreover he had arranged with the captain of our ship to take him

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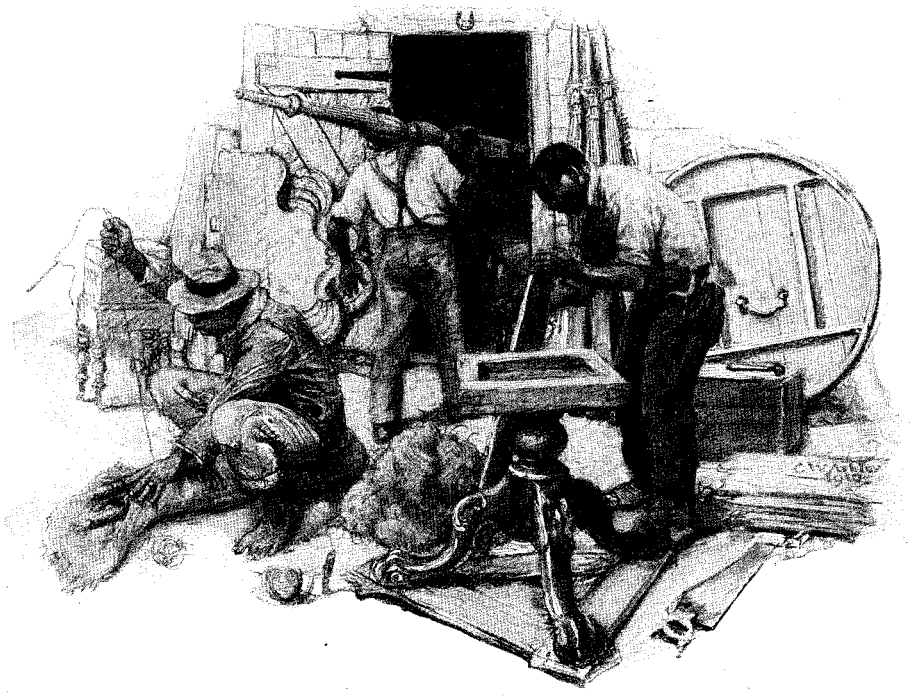

Several men were started crating the more fragile articles.—Page 750.

to America! Was it any wonder if at times his manner to those beneath him was almost arrogant?

I had to stow the cargo myself. At first I had trusted to the stevedores but I found that unless watched they simply scattered hay over the pieces without packing them at all. I built a fore and aft partition to divide the hold and prevent the cargo from shifting. Negro women passed the cargo aboard ship from the wharf; they handled the furniture more considerately than I could persuade men to do. The weight of the bedsteads alone settled the schooner over four feet in the water.

The atmosphere of the hold was stifling with the dust of the hay (some of it was mildewed) and the acrid odor of six perspiring blacks. The hatches above were small, the tropic sun beat down directly upon the unprotected decks.—For three days I worked, practically stowing every piece myself; the natives did little except pass it to me. The last thing to go aboard the schooner was a little thirteen-foot mahogany dugout canoe I bought of a fisherman at one of the wharves. I don't wonder he wanted to sell it, for I later discovered it had only three inches freeboard.

Harry came down to the wharf to see me off, for the steamship sailed several hours before the schooner cleared. He stood on the pier waving me a good-by, his hands full of cocobolo canes and other Jamaican curios he had bought to sell when he reached the States. His face was shining in joyous anticipation of the new life before him.

I secured, to hold the furniture collection, an old sugar refinery in Bristol, Rhode Island, which curiously enough, before the days of beet-sugar, had kept busy a fleet of packets from the same port of Jamaica that my load of furniture now was coming from.

A number of Italian fruit-pedlers and ragmen with push-carts conveyed the cargo up the wharf to the "Old Sugar House," for the wharf was too narrow to admit the use of wagons. The furniture was received at the Sugar House by Harry and the force

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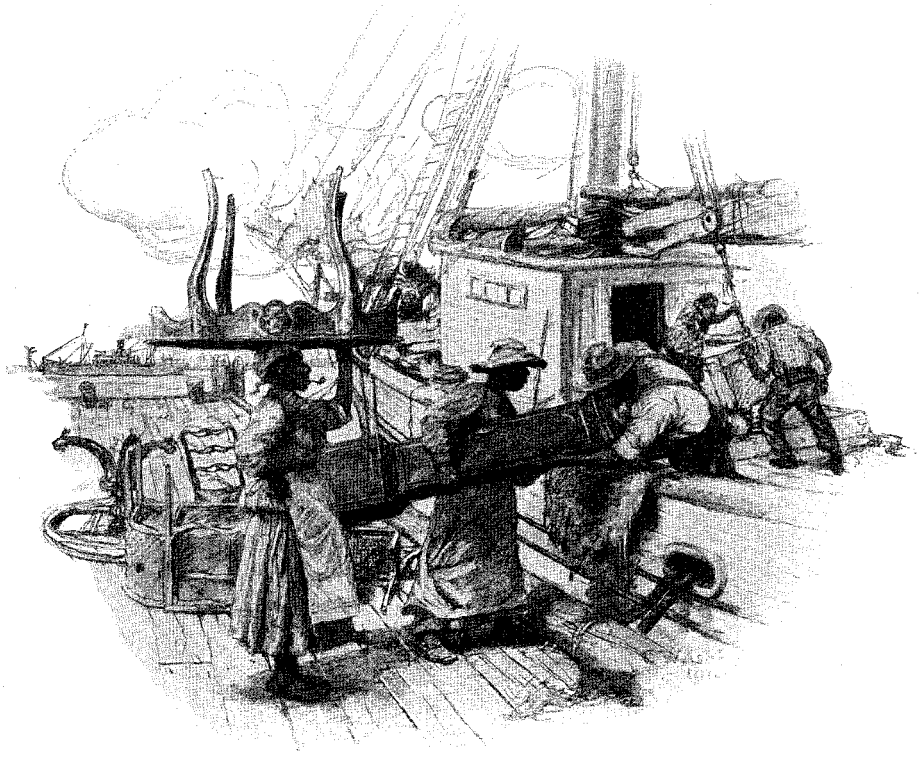

Negro women passed the cargo aboard ship . . . they handled the furniture more considerately than I could persuade men to do.—Page 751.

of cabinet-makers which I had gathered together to restore the pieces.

An account of the schooner's arrival with so unusual a cargo had been chronicled in the Providence papers, and people came from afar to view the activities.

Over the mirror frames and along the tables in the "Old Sugar House" Harry cunningly displayed his Jamaican knick-knacks; long ropes of "Job's tears," necklaces of red seeds, woven baskets (bought in Jamaica at thruppence, sold at Bristol, R. I., for seventy-five cents). Six new "Jippi Jappa" hats he disposed of, and then, fickle man, took from his head the hat presented to him by his lady in far Jamaica to sell it to a stranger for $7.00 and resumed again the little black cap he wore that day I first saw him on the train from Port Antonio. "The sun is not so hot here, I get along," said he. And he did, in more ways than mentioned. One simple string of "Job's tears" he sold for $2.50. It must have been his smile that did it.

Then one day when we had been in Bristol several weeks it appeared in the papers that the S. S. *Cherokee* had picked up in mid-sea the sternboard and part of the deckhouse of the British schooner *E. M. Bertha*. I wrote to Lloyd's and received a clipping from their weekly bulletin which left no room for doubt. The *Bertha* had sailed her last voyage. She had left Bristol practically without ballast—had encountered a hurricane somewhere off Hatteras. The schooner was owned and sailed by three brothers named Scott, of the Cayman Islands. They had cut her timbers in the forests, had laid the keel and built their vessel themselves; the eldest was but thirty-four years of age. On the back wall of the Sugar House they inscribed their names in white paint when they cleaned their brushes after repainting some of the cabin trimmings, and to-day when I look upon

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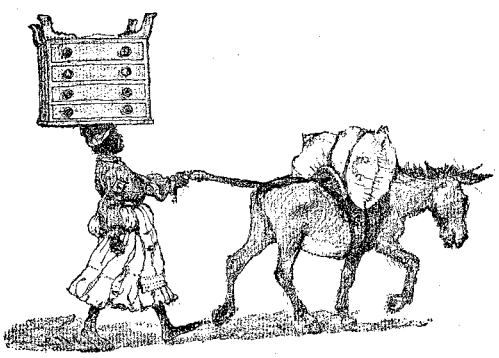
these careless daubs, the tragedy is as unreal to me as it was the day I chanced upon the meagre notice of it in the newspaper under the heading, "Lost at Sea."

For several weeks Harry was of great help sorting out the parts of "broken down" pieces of furniture. He even assisted on some of the rougher cabinet-work. When I had no further work for him, he had no difficulty in getting a position in a neighboring town. He did not enjoy the change. He had been somewhat of a public character in Bristol after the loss of the *Bertha;* in his new environment he was of no particular importance and he felt the difference keenly. Then one morning came the first premonitory frost of autumn and Harry for the first time in his life "saw his breath" and was frightened nearly out of his wits until he learned the phenomenon was not peculiar to himself. But the chill of approaching winter had penetrated to his very bones and he was afraid.

The last time I saw Harry he was standing in the gateway before his new home, overcoat collar turned up, hands in his pockets. The earflaps of his new cap were pulled down, although the thermometer could scarcely have been below fifty. He stood dejectedly at the driveway gate and gazed with wistful, yearning eyes down the street. From somewhere in the distance could be heard the faint throb of a brass band. Harry was stamping his feet to keep them warm and they seemed almost of their own volition to fall into time with the music. The band drew nearer, Harry's expression became animated. Then into full view, dressed in gorgeous uniform, came the local colored band; and into its rear guard fell Harry with martial stride, accent on the left step, head erect—at an impressive interval followed the hearse.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that he reappeared; and then, hungry and footsore, but in an exalted frame of mind, he returned from what he said had been "his happiest day since he leave Jamaica."

That night he decided to move along. "I want to die in London," he said, and that is the only inkling he gave of his plans. In the morning he departed leaving behind him nothing save the ineradicable impression of a smile and a "remembrance" for me in the shape of a battered and rusty glue-pot.



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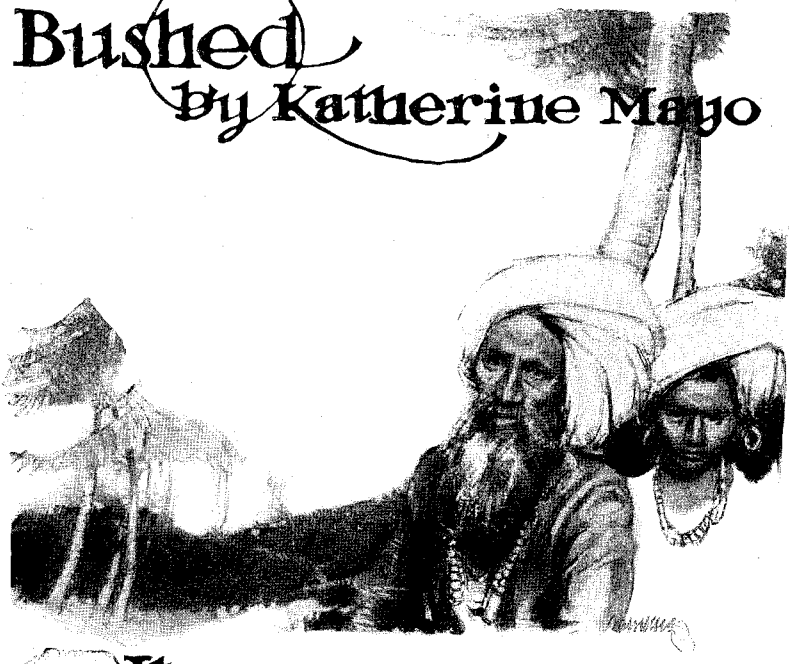
Bushed

By Katherine Mayo



It was the beginning of the cool of the day—half after four o'clock, before which hour, as the black folks say, "no one goes into the street but dogs and English." All politer Paramaribo had awakened from its siesta, assumed its afternoon array, taken its tea, and was now embarking on that gentle diurnal amble that counts as exercise. Some slowly proceeded to Gouvernments Plein, where the garrison band would work a perspiring course from the Dutch national anthem through "Washington Post March," "La Paloma," and "Smoky Mokes," back to the Dutch national anthem again, thus impartially recognizing some few of the odds and ends of peoples pacing and re-pacing the circle between Government House and the broad brown River Surinam. Others, having duly inquired by messenger earlier in the day of the convenience of their visit, stepped forth with deliberate tread toward the home of a friend, there to pay the ceremonious hour's devoirs that chiefly constitutes the social intercourse of the colony. His Excellency the governor, should he appear in public, would drive in a Dutch victoria, because he must sustain the dignity of his queen. The doctors, always current, drove in American buggies, because they must make haste. But all others kept to their two feet, as bid by the brief distances.

For Paramaribo, capital of Holland's South American colony of Surinam, is just a little snow-white Dutch village, encompassed by the illimitable jungle as sharply as an islet is encompassed by the sea. The pretty, rigid streets, with their stiff hedge of white houses each flush with the roadline, each close to its neighbor, each differing from each only in point of size, end abruptly at near and clear confines. Then comes a narrow, encircling fringe of transplanted Asia, whether of China, Java, or the British East, and then the unfathomed depth of the primeval bush.

Now, all these things I had known for years. The parti-hued parade around Gouvernments Plein could no longer stir an emotion. "Wie'n Neerlandsch Bloed," "Washington Post," and "La Paloma," when the inevitable turns of fever came, tattooed themselves on my brain in rhythm without tone, as a regular part of the ordeal. As for the streets, the little, white,

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close-docked streets, every inch of them was of old familiar. Moreover, and above all, a spirit of restlessness had seized me this day—a longing for some new thing to do; which thought, when occurring within six degrees of the equator, bears the special hall-mark of the devil, and demands direct intervention, or the faithful dealing of friends.

Turning aside from the great mahogany allée that led from our door, I crossed the town and in ten minutes' time stood in a little group of Calcutta men's huts outlying the margin of civilization. What next? Of hints there showed but one—a little, unknown foot-path plunging into low brush. That I followed, and presently saw it opening upon a wide, reedy swamp traversed by a long, narrow hillock making a sort of natural causeway. This causeway appeared to offer passage to the very edge of the jungle, where it rose directly from the marsh's farther verge in a dark and towering wall. Here, at least, was a new idea—a scrap of adventure to attempt.

The foothold held. The ridge continued unbroken. And at its finish, just where it touched the great Thus Far of the bush, a little lure lay peeping. All along, as far as the eye could reach, the face of the jungle loomed to its height of two hundred feet or more, solid and impenetrable as a front of barbed and steel-barred net—all along except at this one point, where a small but well-marked orifice suggested a travelled trail. The huts of the Javanese laborers employed in the Cultuur-tuin, the Government's Cultivation Garden, must, I reasoned, lie in just beyond. This head of bush must be a narrow point projecting from the main forest, this little opening the mouth of a short-cut of the Javans to town. It should afford a suggestion of the always thrilling heart of the jungle and, in a few minutes, should emerge upon plain, familiar ground.

I ventured in—into a low and twilight tunnel. Arms outstretched could more than touch each side, where the big tree-ferns stood webbed and woven together with vine and thorn and tangle that caught and draped overhead in a dense, low-swinging canopy. The ground was cushioned deep with damp dead leaves, upon which, here and there, crept a heavy, sparse-foliaged vine, bearing big, improbable blossoms such as occur in Oriental prints. The air, unstirred by any breath of wind, hung vapor-charged and thick, hot and hard to breathe, like the air of an orchid-house; but still the tunnel continued distinct, though veering somewhat oddly. "They followed the line of least resistance, those little Javans, when they cut this trail," I thought, persisting. "No doubt it would have meant hard work to make a straight one." Presently an ant-hill, three feet high or over, rose directly in the path—a sight of horror in this land of fiercely poisonous and carnivorous formicidæ. Yet, bent on the purpose, I risked the ants, tiptoeing around their castle without arousing its garrison. On, on, and on I pushed, not stopping even to look at the glorious, broad-winged moths flitting before, and sure that each next moment must reveal the palm-thatched huts of the Javans. And so, of a sudden, I stood in a tiny open circle—and the path forked!

I looked behind. Whence had I come? No tunnel mouth was visible. The great, deep bush loomed vague and Sphynx-like, its liana veil drawn full across its face. Not a leaf flickered, not an inequality showed, not a hint, not a sign suggested any entrance. Ten steps in any direction and one would be utterly engulfed from sight and seeing. The jungle light, always dim, was already near to waning. Even could I recover the way by which I came, no time remained to retrace it—and to pass that ant-hill in the dusk! Clearly the only thing was to go ahead, on to the Javanese hamlet. As to those leads beyond the little circle, were they real trails or only shallow and accidental irregularities? One could only try and see. Choosing that of the likelier general direction, I hurried forward. Some solitary bird began to toll a single, solemn, long-drawn note that echoed through the dim abysses deep and clear, like a funeral bell. The ground grew soft and wet. The tangle wove closer and lower, till it was no longer possible to stand erect. Then, at one step, my feet sank ankle-deep in bog, on the verge of a pool of water black and still, and the path ended. No human trail, then, this, but some big beast's burrow to its drinking-hole.

Turning, I hastened back, saw another possible trail-mouth tending to the right

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Just a little snow-white Dutch village. . . . The pretty, rigid streets, with their stiff hedge of white houses.—Page 754.

quarter, and plunged in. The lead proved, for a moment, clear as a drill-hole through an at once condensed and magnified bramble-patch, then persisted for a rod or so in vaguer shape, only to break short off, like the other, at a deep, steep pit, full of water black from sap and rot and seepage. Again and again the thing repeated. Invisible creatures jumped and rustled and slithered in the smother all around. At first I had watched the path for snakes; for the deadly fer-de-lance, the deadlier bushmaster, and more than one kin of the kind, haunt this bush. But one could not watch every branch and spray and foothold, and not a moment remained, besides, to take thought of anything but the fading light. It seemed, too, as if any respectable animal would hesitate to complicate circumstances already so embarrassing. So, calling out once for all, "Run, Bre'r Snake, I'm coming," I rushed ahead regardless.

All underfoot was rot and squash and writhing roots—lithe, looping roots that caught my toes and would a hundred times

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have thrown me but that some bight of swinging liana invariably stopped the fall, lassoing me by chin or waist or shoulder or across the eyes or mouth, swinging and holding me with a violent wrench and lurch, till I found my feet again. Thorns seized and ripped my thin attire. My pretty hat, new by the last ship from home, became an impossible burden. With enduring practicality I tore off and pocketed the pride of its trimming, before throwing it away. In the problematic event of my survival, there would be need of another pretty hat. But now the great steel-spiked ferns snatched at my unprotected hair till in a moment it all streamed loose, not one pin remaining. And so, like the breathing of a sigh, night came, and I knew myself at last as utterly lost as was ever any creature on this round earth.

Now, at least, there was time enough to think it out—to think, for example, of the fates of those few others who had strayed in the giant labyrinth. Some had merely disappeared, untraced forever. The rest, for the most part, when found by search-parties after two or three days' hunt, were crazed, and so had died soon after. Matching the alternatives to my own sense of likelihood, that I had already looked my last on mankind seemed more than probable; but that, barring the sting of some extra-venomous creature, I should in the process of starving, lose my mind, I did not believe—admitting the possession of a mind by a person capable of walking wilfully into this situation. As to expedients, much could be said in favor of sitting down on some fallen tree-trunk and waiting quietly there for dawn, in order to spend no strength on the wrong side of the chances, where all chances showed so passing slim. But the great tree-trunks were wet with dew, and slimy with who knew what. That they harbored scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and maybe snakes, there could be no doubt—nor that other hostile creepers and crawlers would gather there upon one who should settle for the night. Yet the most potent consideration was of another stripe: If I did not escape from this bush very soon, myself, the whole town would be aroused. Not a living soul knew whither I had gone. The jungle was the last of all places in which a reputedly sane being would be sought. For the past hour I had been calling, as I ran, at the top of my voice, hoping to reach the ears of the Javans—a perfectly useless exertion as far as any hope of answer was concerned. A woman's voice, coming from these uncanny quarters, could be to those wary Orientals only and surely the voice of an evil spirit, whose power would be fixed upon that foolish mortal who should reply. When, however, the general hunt began—when the Dutch garrison turned out with trumpets and cutlasses, some party would eventually question the Javans. Then these might speak of the spirit crying by night in the jungle, and their words would serve as a clue. But the thought brought shame anew. Having committed a colossal foolishness, to be found by searchers! To be unearthed by much toil, with trumpets and cutlasses! To drag some hundreds of weary and blameless men through mire and thorn, by night and day, to occasion how many snake-bites, how many attacks of fever—and then to be discovered in inert and imbecile placidity sitting on a log! No! Better find one's self, and that promptly, or else, not be found. Clearly then, although direction was no longer perceivable, the thing to do was to keep moving, on chance.

So, in the inky darkness, in the deepest smother, I felt out an aimless passage, very slowly, inch by inch. The enormous silence of the place seemed to breathe and threaten like a living presence. Only now and again a sudden whisper would steal and pass as though a breeze had stirred, where no breeze was. Once the cry of a jaguar came wailing through the dark. Once some unseen heavy creature, snuffing, treading ponderously, moved near at hand. But these rare sounds, like the little rustlings and glidings underfoot and in the foliage that brushed my face, only served to deepen a vast and hovering stillness. Often my forward step would sink in the sudden mire of an invisible water-hole's brink, and I would back away, blindly to try again. And then at last, bettering all reasonable hope, came a break in the thick darkness above and beyond, and the glimpse of a little patch of stars. Did it mean a clearing? But in that direction lay no thoroughfare. Feeling, pressing, pulling, I could find no place that yielded. A solid, thorny wall of tree-ferns, meshed

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in snarls of snake-like bush-rope and sharp-toothed growing things and stayed by columns of towering trees, seemed utterly to close the way. A man, with a good stout cutlass, given time and light, could hew a passage. What could be done with bare hands, in the dark, if one burrowed like a terrier, with a terrier's disregard of damages sustained in the act, remained to be proved. And the mere keeping of a relatively whole skin seemed poor compensation for the alternative. I burrowed. In an instant thorns had spiked me everywhere. As I twisted the hanging lianas away from my eyes and lifted them over my head, others, daubed with slimy things, snapped taut between my teeth or clutched my neck or shoulders. These worked away and those others eased that wound around my waist, I was free to take a forward step, over a fallen log. And now, in a flash, some curious local exhaustion set in, whereby by no effort could I any longer raise my feet. They would swing forward in an ordinary step with ease, but to lift them over the smallest obstacle, from this time on, meant to take the foremost knee and ankle in my hands and raise them thus laboriously to the point necessary.

Despite all rules and probabilities, the burrowing process succeeded, in part because it was done with single-minded terrier's devotion, but rather because this thicket proved to be the thin outer buttress before a break in the bush. As its last snarl gave, I stepped forward into a very little open space, before the most sinister vision that had yet beset the night. An empty, palm-roofed shelter of the rudest sort, might seem an innocent, even a friendly sight; but this, so placed, could scarce be else than the present or recent lodging of some French *déporté*—one of the many convicts continually trying the desperate risks of an escape through the jungle from the neighboring penal colony of Cayenne. With shivering thankfulness that the place was untenanted, I stole across to its far side. Here the growth seemed thin, and a breeze stirred through—a breeze that led to a wide, dim space broadly open to the sky. Enchanted, I hurried forward—the ground slipped and sank—I pitched head-foremost into a bog. My hands, by chance, clutched upon a tussock of coarse grass. By this precarious buoy I lay half floating. Thin, cold mud and colder marsh-water came oozing up through all my garments, soft, delicious. What an easy place to rest! Why trouble any more! With a sharp effort, I scrambled up on the tussock and looked about. Over on the left stretched a dark, straight front of trees, tending forward across the bog, which might betoken a solid bank and a foothold. From tussock to tussock, falling, scrambling, mud-caked, drenched, and exhausted, I labored toward it, and had all but reached the tree-line when again I fell, half into, half across a little stream. But the stream lapped the roots of the trees. By their aid I dragged myself to the firm ground about the trunks, and now, while slowly plodding along, began once more to call aloud.

Then the miracle happened. A voice came back in answer!—Unmistakably the voice of a British East Indian, who mocked in inarticulate hooting what he took for the cry of a bird; for the jungle creatures make strange sounds at night.

Painfully I worked along, still calling, toward the mocking voice. The coolie—a brave, adventurous fellow, surely, had stopped to await the event. At last he became visible, lank, bare-bodied, shadowy in the starlight, standing on the far bank of a stream. At the sight of me, no bird, but a seeming human shape, he succumbed to panic fright.

"Come over and help," I cried.

"Never!" quavered he, and clear it was that he believed himself forbidding a "water-spirit."

Now what in the world would a water-spirit be least likely to say? I racked my brains, recalled the methods of the Lorelei, and decided in haste against fair words.

"Don't be stupid," I rapped out. "I am an English lady, bushed. Come over at once and help me."

But the thing was too fantastically improbable. He would not stir. Yet the marvel remained that he did not take to his heels. All my wits I spent upon this heathen. A log spanned the stream, but I knew I could not walk it unaided. He *must* come over; so come at last he did. Bent against his will by the tone of authority, he stretched out a trembling hand. The human touch reassured him.

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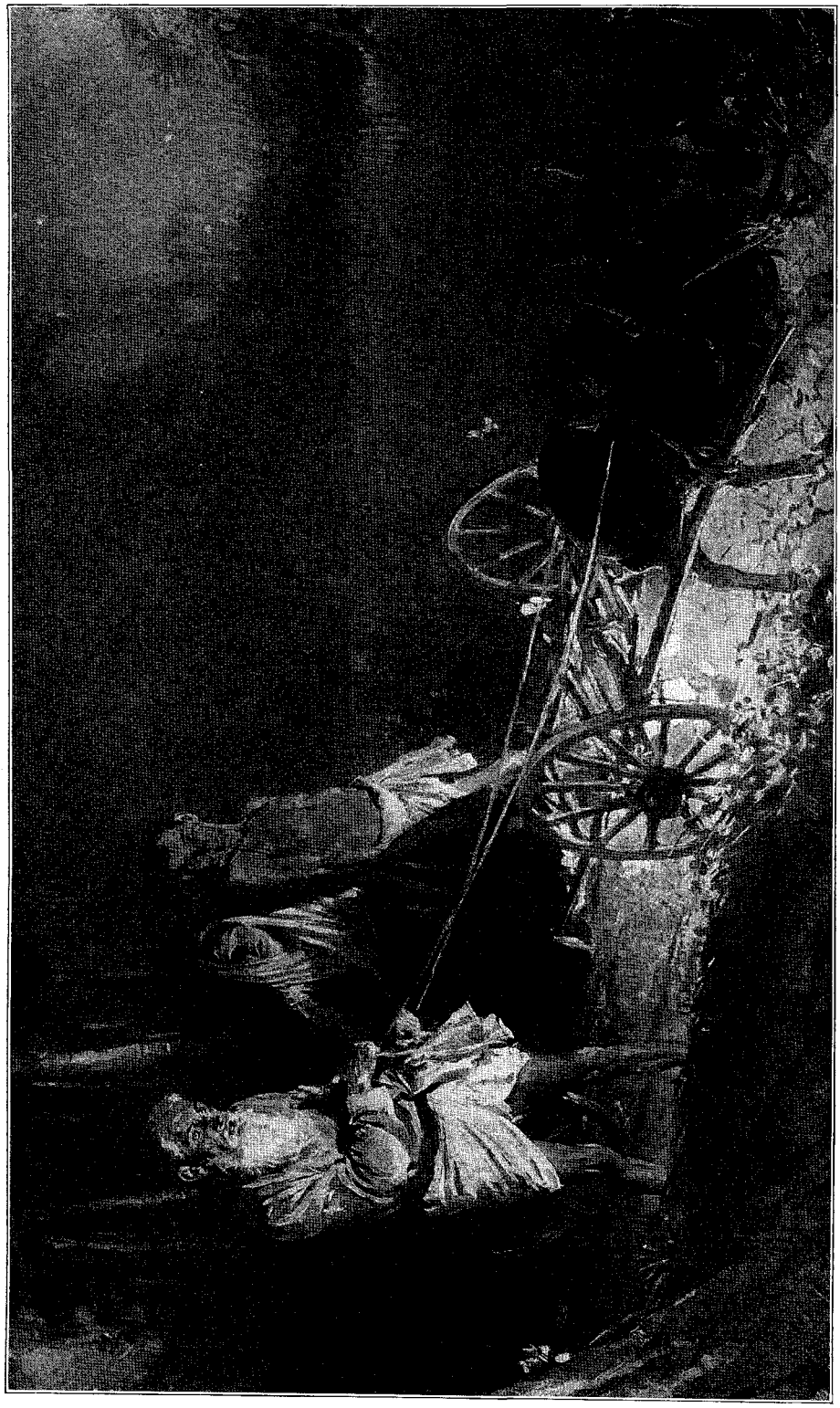

Drawn by Harry Townsend.

I sat upon the rungs, and so, with the two men stalking silent beside, the journey began.—Page 760.

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"Truly, an English lady!" he exclaimed, overwhelmed by the plain fact. "And all wet and torn!" He laid a finger-tip upon my streaming hair. "All wet! All loose! All uncovered! Oh, poor thing, poor thing!" And without more demur he carried me over the log to the far bank, then gave himself up, heart and soul, to amazement. Where had the mem-sahib come from, and why? Where was her hat? How long had she been bushed? What, when, how, and O, Heaven! A query as to this present whereabouts served only to set him off into fresh paroxysms, and minutes elapsed before he calmed sufficiently to explain that we stood far down a hunter's trail cutting the jungle toward the sea.

"Which way is town?" I asked. He pointed in a direction exactly opposite to that of my idea!

"Now, you must bring me to a coolie woman, and leave me in her hut, while you fetch a carriage to take me home."

"But there are no huts here," he gasped. "There are no coolie women. There are no carriages. The mem-sahib does not understand. Why, this is"—seizing in his eagerness at the only rag of English life had taught him—"this is *t' hell back-side way!*"

"Then I must walk?"

"The mem-sahib must walk."

"Then you come too, babu."

So walk we did, on and on, by the light of the low-hung stars, while the great white oeroekoekoe owls made their shivering moan, and the bats, with circling swoops, fanned our faces—walked till a sweet whiff of smoke in the air told the story of the beginning of the end. No simpler story could describe a human life—the story of one brass water-pot, one battered tin of rice, one skeleton cart, one little gray donkey, asleep, and one gaunt old sleeping man, all huddled together by a tiny fire on the bare earth, under the shelter of a few leaves of palm; the householder, his house, and all his worldly goods; his protection the will of God and the little smudge that warded off the mosquitoes, the vampires, and the beasts.

Uncoiling the shroud-like folds of his mantle, the sleeper rose and stood before us, a tableau of surprise. Then my protector's dramatic instinct awoke. This was his moment. His very soul sprang to the opportunity and he narrated my perils, his own dare-devil audacity, and the glories of the rescue with such excellence that his hearer, forgetting all else, fairly panted toward the flashing words. Time passed, but neither sympathy nor policy commended me to stay the flood. So I dropped on the ground by the smudge, and sat looking on while the one declaimed and the other, with long arms raised to heaven, gave praise to Allah.

At last the tale was told. A few words more, and my friend approached me with a whisper:

"This old man is a very greedy old man," said he. "I am ashamed. He says he and his donkey have worked hard all day and are weary. He will take the mem-sahib in his waggi to town; but, he asks *a whole gulden!*"

They brought the "waggi"—a ladder laid across two axle-trees, commonest vehicle of the country. I sat upon the rungs, and so, with the two men stalking silent beside, the journey began. The cold night wind, blowing down the open trail, struck chill to my very bones, and I shivered in my drenched rags. The old man unwound the cotton turban from his head and laid it over my shoulders. The faint light of a little lantern hung beneath the cart deepened the shadows of the thicket on either side or brought into strong relief some near outreaching fern or spray of blossoming alamander; or it caught alternately on the strange, long, fleshless legs of the men, or on the white linings of the poor tired donkey's thighs, as he plodded his patient, unthanked, weary way. Now a group of feathery palms, towering solitary, delicately etched their profile upon the radiance of the Milky Way. Again, that pale light was momentarily blotted out by the huge buttressed bulk of a "water-mother tree." The whole world seemed wrapped in the silence of sleep. Suddenly my first friend spoke.

"Men say," said he, "because some coolies have done murder in this place, that all coolies are bad. Will the mem-sahib say some are not bad?" Silence again, while a mile or more wore slowly away beneath the little donkey's tiny tired feet. Then again came the fruit of meditation:

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"What was *I* doing, up that bush-trail, *I, Ramsahai*, at *this* time of night? *I* had nothing to do *there!* *Nobody* goes *there!*"

And a third time, with exalted solemnity:

"There be yellow men and white men, brown men and black men, Calcutta men, and sahibs of much honor and many countries. And each has his own gods. But all gods are one God. One God for us all. And He only sent me down that trail to-night."

At intervals, now, we passed a coolie's hut, when the denizens must be aroused, unfailingly, to hear the marvel and to bear witness to its evidence. All listened thrilled with wonder, then commented with the thoughtful, sententious philosophy of their race. But it was near the mouth of the way—near the outskirts of the town—that Wisdom spoke plain verity. Here, beneath a mammoth mango-tree, in a little wooden cabin, lived a very aged high-caste man. Having heard the tale, he loomed above me, tall, white-headed, lean as a bamboo wand, and uttered judgment:

"All is well with the mem-sahib. By great mercy she will see her home again in safety. If she had remained in the bush this night she must have died, and horribly. *But, has she deserved safety?* Has not the queen of this country caused to be made good roads in plenty, that mem-sahibs, for no reason but idleness, folly, and selfishness, should thrust themselves into the trackless bush? If it were ended with the mem-sahib, that, too, were well, if so she chose. But, what was she thinking of her household at home, when she did this thing? What was she thinking of those to whom her duty is due? *What excuse dare she make this night when she faces her man?*"

THE POINT OF VIEW

WHETHER or not one may care, on the whole, for that somewhat unusual book, "Sur la Branche," it must be conceded that it contains some poignant passages; how poignant only those know who "sit solitary at the table formerly surrounded by dear faces, hear the furniture crack during the winter evenings, see visitors become rare, are no longer in touch with the world except through the newspapers." Yet there are worse things than solitude, even for a woman, who is much more thrown upon herself than a man, is less free to seek companionship, cannot go about by herself of an evening, suffers from nervous alarms in the watches of the night. For when I speak of living alone I mean really alone, whether "on the branch" in temporary quarters, with all your belongings contained in a few trunks, or in a city apartment with a maid who goes home at night—possibly with no maid at all—or yet in a little house on a village street, with a servant properly ensconced in her own quarters. I mean, in short, the aloneness of a woman in modest circumstances and without a family.

On Living Alone

People have a way of saying that it makes one queer to live by one's self, but really, if you are queer under one set of circumstances, ten to one you would be so in any case; and in raising the objection that one's peculiarities become accentuated by lack of attrition, people don't stop to think of the hardships of the family against whom the edges are rubbed down. Nobody knows to what extent families suffer from their queer members; for we are not all babblers of our domestic woes, and even those who do talk do not tell all. They simply cannot. And so, if living alone proves you to be queer, it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that you should continue in that state.

Certainly some persons live alone much more successfully than others, and, as a matter of course, they are just the persons who would make the most agreeable housemates. For to live alone successfully you must have a cheerful disposition, a resourceful mind, and more than average adaptability. First of all, you have to learn to adapt yourself to yourself—not always so easy—and then, if you would not be left quite out of the world, you must adapt yourself

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to all sorts of people, you who have no family to make allowance for your "ways," or to put up with them because there is no escape. You may become as fixed as you like in such trifling matters as the arrangement of your furniture and the ordering of your meals, but some pliability of mind you must cultivate and much self-control; for in your intercourse with the world you are simply obliged to put aside your prejudices and your ill-humors and make yourself agreeable, under penalty of being left wofully to yourself.

Some years ago my friend Allegra elected to live "on the branch" rather than to become a member of a kinsman's household, or to stay, year in, year out, in her own little house in a country town where she was the only one left of her family. The last person in the world, cried her friends, to go off by herself—she, so gay, so sociable, so friendly, and withal so domestic. They were sure she would be wretched. But, so far, she does not regret her choice.

"Of course," she says, "it stands to reason you cannot be happy all the time, either way, and there are moments when, like the heroine of 'Sur la Branche,' I 'shiver with cold at my own solitude.' But if you are left without a family of your own you must make the best of a bad job and, balancing one thing against another, choose what seems to you the lesser evil."

One has gone far toward learning how to live when one has learned to adjust those scales. Meantime Allegra makes friends with all the world and does not lament too much when the turn of the wheel replaces one charming acquaintance with another. Naturally she is much in demand as a guest and she makes a certain number of visits, but clings to her independence and even to her solitude. As she says: "The zest with which you meet your fellow-beings is only equalled by the satisfaction with which you part from them. Your brain has been enlivened and perhaps the cockles of your heart have been warmed, but the time comes when you need leisure and silence."

She adds, with a humorous twist of the lips, that it is doubtless exceedingly good for one to learn to adapt one's self to the rules and conventions of another person's house, even salutary, once in a while, to have all one's affairs arranged with kindly despotism: "But oh," she exclaims, "how good it is to possess yourself again!"

I myself remember my surprise years ago when, after a walk with a chance acquaintance through the streets of the foreign city in which we were sojourning, a walk which I fondly imagined she had enjoyed as much as I, she remarked, in a tone of fatigue, "I suppose it is because I have gone about so long by myself that it tires me to walk with another person."

I, who was in the habit of adapting my gait now to one and then to another member of my family, could neither understand nor sympathize with the outspoken lady. Now, I, too, have learned to walk alone, and know what fatigue there may be in hastening my steps to suit the requirements of the strenuous walker (who of us does not know the scornful intolerance of the physically fit?) or in retarding them out of consideration for the laggard. I, too, have experienced a sense of freedom when the train has pulled out of the station, bearing me away from the friends whom I love. What pleasure to walk at my own pace through the streets of the town where I have to wait for an hour or two; what joy to get a cup of tea at a perfectly unreasonable hour, or to make the extravagant little purchase which my prudent, well-wishing friends would thoroughly disapprove of! Dear friends! They are so good to me and I think of them with such affection, the while that, fleeing from them, I hug my freedom.

IN these days when country life is being so generally rediscovered, when every woman's table is littered with gardening manuals, and every man at dinner wants to talk about the crops instead of the theatres, the duty of a convinced metropolitan—if any such remain—is to bear testimony as to the pleasures of city life. By this I do not mean shops and concerts and restaurants; that is the countryman's idea of town. I mean those meditative, impersonal, leisurely joys that may be had to so exquisite a degree in any really large town.

"In town," some one said to me the other day, "you know when the sun sets only by the lighting of the street lamps." And a very good way, too, as any one will agree who has looked along the park at twilight, or seen one of the bridges leap into existence like an arch of stars.

Pleasures of the Metropolis

"You have no seasons," he went on. "There is a time when you take your furs out of storage and another when you put slip-covers on your chairs."

Could anything show grosser ignorance? He had evidently never waited for the awakening moment when all the shop-windows burst out into roses and summer silks and flowered mus-

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lins—and that often when the snow is still on the ground. He had no idea when the first awning may be counted on, when top-boots and breeches appear in the park; nor had he seen a whole block break out into window-boxes. He did not know the emotion of being wakened, no longer by the sound of snow-shovels, but to the gentle hiss of the watering-cart on asphalt and the smell of new-laid dust.

Perhaps he had never enjoyed that delightful hour, which *we* all know so well, when every one worthy the name of human being is going to school. The country-dweller has not the least idea of the variety of manners in which one may go to school. There is the boy's way and the girl's way, but this does not begin to exhaust the subject. There are little boys who walk along beside their fathers with a common air of being the toilers of the family, and a sort of indulgent swagger toward the mere wife and mother left snugly at home. And there are other less fortunate little boys who beguile a wearisome walk with their nurse by an absorbed attention to avoiding the cracks in the pavement, as if they inherited the instinct from days when their ancestors were snakes and the cracks scratched their stomachs. And there are very dangerous little boys who come whooping along on roller-skates, waving a dreadful weapon of school-books at the end of a long strap.

And then, oh, dear me! there are the little girls—demure little girls with flaxen braids and long ulsters—hurrying along with their maids. They make you feel quite sure they have studied all their lessons, and that tucked away in those satchels are nicely written little compositions on "A Picnic in Grantly Woods." And there are fat, bright-eyed little girls who don't give you at all the same feeling of confidence. They walk along giggling and gasping and staring in a way that makes the self-conscious passer-by excessively uncomfortable. You get to know them all; you are clocks to each other; you hurry or slacken your pace according to the block in which you meet. They have, you grow to realize, a name for you. You hope it is not too bad.

We pass over as uninteresting the hour somewhat later when the established capitalist begins to make his appearance. He carries his cane sticking out of his coat pocket, and walks—for exercise only—to the next nearest point at which he might get a conveyance. We pass over this, I say, to come to the middle of the day, when all the wide, sunny avenues are crowded with perambulators, three and four abreast. Even when you are already humbly walking on the curb-stone, a lateral sweep of the wheel will often send you into the gutter. But if you are in the true sense a lover of town you will not resent this, for you are a student of many phases and you will be interested in the spread of individualism as shown in babies' bonnets. In old times all babies wore the same kind of bonnet, and that not at all a becoming one. Nowadays we, or perhaps one should say they, have changed all that. Pale babies may go in for button roses and pink bows, and pink-faced babies for pale blue and forget-me-nots; and I have even seen lilies of the valley nodding from a perambulator with the most alarming coquetry.

And then there is that most exciting hour of all when the better part of town is wiped clear of any one except those who are going out to dine—a little late. The best place to see this is London in June, when broad daylight and open taxicabs let you stare your fill at some magnificent specimens of the race. But there is much to be said for Fifth Avenue on a fine winter's night, filled almost solid with pleasure-going traffic, so that you stand and wonder why all the uptown people are dining downtown, and all the downtown people dining up. You can study the difference in manner between the old order and the new, the family coachman and the chauffeur; or their combination in that most formidable of beings the family coachman turned into the chauffeur, retaining the oppressive dignity of the one and the surprising facility of the other.

Well, the subject is barely touched! A volume would be needed to do it justice, but perhaps some impression has been made on the countryman's self-esteem. No wonder he is elated at the strides he has suddenly made into popular favor. Times are mightily changed since King Charles wished the objectionable dog married and gone to live in the country. Nowadays every one is only too eager to follow the dog's example—at least in the latter particular. But moderation in all things. The country-dweller must remember that not only the green things out of the earth are nature. He must give up talking as if a crocus were a more natural production than a child.

HAVE you ridden in one of the new "steel sleepers"? "You will, Oscar." And when you do you will make your own reflections. Mine concerned themselves largely with yours, so to speak. What is the average American going to make of this upsetting of his

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habits of mind, this dislocation of his preconceived standards? It was remarked of the American sleeper after a specially grewsome "holocaust" that, as Dr. Johnson maintained that being in a ship was being in a jail with the chance of being drowned, so being in this was being in a jail with the chance of being burned to death. Now that is the precise peril which is evidently and ostentatiously averted from you in the new sleeper. Whatever happens to you in the night, it will not be combustion. That is assured by the sheets of smooth steel which surround you, garnished with nothing but a pustulation of rivets, and you feel through the floor covering, presumably of asbestos, other sheets of the same. But what strikes you next to this grateful sense of incombustibility is the violent break with all the traditions of the Pullman. The builders have not troubled themselves in the least to excogitate a system of appropriate, or inappropriate, decoration for the new construction. If to paint sheet-steel a dull maroon and to mark the borders of its panels with a thin black line be decoration, this is "decorative." If not, not; for there is nothing else to be seen, nothing but a sea-green silk curtain draping the portal of the dressing-room at each end, within your respective one of which, to be sure, your baser nature may still receive such solace as tobacco, and your æsthetic as the sheen of exposed and nickel-plated plumbing can supply. The plumber, it appears, unlike the steel-worker, refuses to be reduced to his simplest expression. But the plumber alone exceeds the irreducible minimum. Elsewhere the essential, the quintessential, is all. The passenger never before had it so borne in upon him that to the railroad a passenger is but a package, a canned and soldered package. The wayfarer innocent of French, for the first time understands why, in that ridiculous language, a "sleeping" is also a "wagon-bed."

The New Sleeping-Car

After the shock has subsided of finding yourself in a cell instead of a boudoir, you discover that you like it. Why should he who does not live in a palace travel in a palace, or, for that matter, he who does? If the new sleeper is as ascetic as a monastery or a jail, as grim as a battle-ship, it is also as clean as the warship or the jail. (The cleanliness of monasteries is said to vary.) The essential is at least all there. And you observe that the bare supply of the manifestly necessary cannot be vulgar or ridiculous, whereas the gorgeousness of the ancient sleeper was exposed to those adjectives. The gibe of one fashionable architect about the decoration of another, that he was not quite sure whether it was Early Pullman or Late North German Lloyd, falls harmless from the armor-plating of the latest Pullman. But what is to become of those æsthetic standards which were established by the evolution of luxury from the days of the Early Pullman, in the simple souls which took it for the last word in Carhold Art, when the Pullman in whom they put their æsthetic trust, the perfidious Pullman himself, or itself, prescribes this Spartan vehicle, and "scraps" what they adored?

Who is to pick from the scrap-heap those acres of mirror, those miles of Circassian or San Domingo veneers, those continents of gilding, in which repentant railroads must now suspect that they have been wasting the money of their stockholders, and the relics of which not all the bar-rooms and gambling-hells of the continent can absorb? Meanwhile the wayfarer may recall the joy with which Walter Bagehot, in Paris, encountered the stupidest of the London newspapers: "Here, at least, there was nothing to admire." And he may also be comforted that the manes of that bilious æsthetician, John Ruskin, are appeased by the "wagon-lit nouveau":

"There never was more flagrant and impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE GENIUS OF SPAIN IN NEW YORK

IN writing of the Hispanic Museum, one of the newest institutions dedicated to the public welfare in New York, I suppose that in the first place I ought gravely to affirm its value to pure scholarship. But I prefer to give precedence to its charm, its gracious appeal for those who love letters and the arts on their human side. Why is it that we always like to seek the things that lie off the beaten track and have a certain special, intimate character? It is, I dare say, because we instinctively rebel from time to time against the overwhelming bulk of the typical museum or gallery. There are moments in which the traveller in London gladly turns from the gigantic storehouses of books and pictures in that city, going with a delicious sense of freedom and repose to Dulwich or idling amongst the Hogarths at the Soane Museum. In Paris one joyfully neglects the Louvre on occasion for the sake of the Carnavalet, or strolls contentedly to that sequestered house in which the memory of the late Gustave Moreau is enshrined. All over Europe there are by-ways in which it is restful and amusing thus to stray. New York is too young to have developed them to any extent as yet, but it has at least one, in that corner of the city where the Hispanic Society has built its home. This is a good place to which to withdraw for disinterested traffic with the things of the mind.

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Portrait of a Little Girl, by Velasquez.

As such a retreat it took shape in the counsels of its "onlie begetter," Archer M. Huntington and the other enthusiasts with whom he organized the Hispanic Society of America, in May, 1904. They did not plan a museum in the strict sense of the term, but a shelter for books and for divers objects of interest to members and to students. The nature and scale of the edifice permits public exhibitions and the broad purpose of the Society invites them, but they are incidental to a large central idea. This is "advancement of the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, literature, and history, and advancement of the study of the countries wherein Spanish and Portuguese are, or have been, spoken languages." In all this the scholar has been most generously considered. Books and manuscripts are placed at his disposal in magnificent profusion. There are more than seventy-five thousand volumes in the library, and the shelves are constantly being enriched. The classics of Spanish literature and, of course, quantities of lesser works, may be consulted in their original editions and often these may be collated with later texts issued from modern presses with full critical paraphernalia. For example, there are three hundred editions of the works of Cervantes in the library, with nearly a hundred bibliographies and monographs concerning them.

The Society is far more than the custodian of its rich accumulations. It is not an inert body, but one that plays, on the contrary, an active part in the exploitation of its subject. It publishes the "Revue Hispanique," a quarterly edited by M. Foulche-Delbosc, in Paris, which is a kind of clearing house for Spanish learning in Europe and America. The numbers that lie before me as I write vividly show the range of the Society's influence, an influ-

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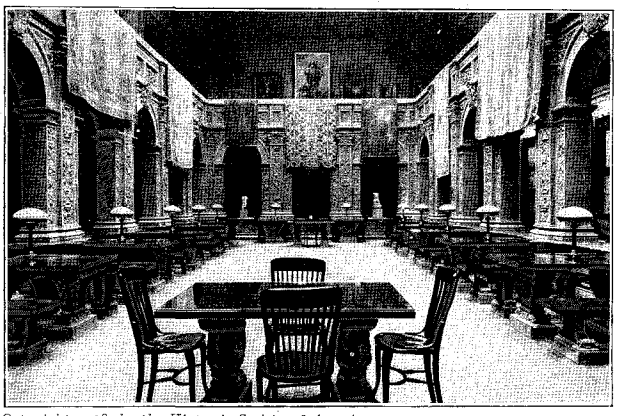
ence stimulating men of authority everywhere to the discussion of countless Spanish topics, salient and obscure. Historical, critical, and linguistic papers, reviews and so on, reflect the energy of a host of scholars, rare texts are reproduced, and the collector is not forgotten. Light is thrown on questions of bibliography;



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The Gallery.

title-pages and ancient documents are given in fac-simile; and in one number the connoisseur of art is gratified by a sheaf of hitherto unpublished drawings by Goya. Not content with these services, the Society has a rapidly growing series of publications reproducing in fac-simile many of the rarest of its treasures. It has thus reprinted in a critical edition the first and other early texts of "Don Quixote"; it has reproduced the "Chronicle of Cid," with a translation by Mr. Huntington, and the "Lusiad" of Camoens, and when it is not making old books accessible in this way, it is printing new ones. Mr. Bandelier's valuable work on "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati" bears the imprint of the Hispanic Society, as does Professor Rennert's recent welcome study on "The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega." But a succession of titles makes dry reading, and I need cite no more in order to expose the character of the Society's work. Especially as I wish also to lay stress upon its significance to the layman who will probably never want in all his life to consult an ancient Spanish text. He may be untrained in scholarship and still cherish an enthusiasm for Spain. To him the Hispanic Museum has much to say on the genius of a people.

It is a curious dual genius, that of the people of Spain, and one may realize this without delving into racial origins, for it is perceptible on the surface of things. The Spanish soul oscillates between two extremes. You think you know it—and you do know it fairly enough, when listening to careless laughter in the gardens of Seville or Granada—but conclusively to know it you must study it, too, in some saturnine shepherd of the plain, or standing beside a higher, more educated and more flexible type amid the cold shadows of the Escurial. The Spanish genius is at once dour and ecstatic. The swooning monks of Zurburan and the calculating courtiers of Velasquez are more than brothers; they are at bottom the self-same human creature, for each confesses to much the same domination. King and Pope have ruled the Spaniard, and both, subjecting him to an iron discipline, have understood him very well. His temporal master has fostered in him the finer elements of pride and honor, through the workings of a rigid system of caste, and for the satisfaction of his earthier instincts has given him the bull ring. The Church showed a similar intuition when it

EL INGENIOSO
HIDALGO DON QVI-
XOTE DE LA MANCHA,
Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes
Saauedra.
DIRIGIDO AL DVQVE DE BEIAR,
Marques de Gibraleon, Conde de Benalcaçar, y Banares, Vizconde de la Puebla de Alcozer, Señor de las villas de Capilla, Curiel, y Burguillos.

Año, 1605.

CON PRIVILEGIO.
EN MADRID, Por Iuan de la Cuesta.
Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles, librero del Rey nro señor.

Title-page of the first edition of Don Quixote.

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helped to mould the Spanish nature in the heyday of the Inquisition. With one hand she gave her children ghostly consolation, and with the other fed their lust of blood with the horrors of the *auto da fé*. Hence Spain is a country full of contradictions. Just as you may ride from a scene embowered in orange blossoms straight to one of brown bareness, just as you may make a transition from the glitter of the Alhambra to the bleak walls of Avila, so in the being of the Spaniard you may observe the strangest play of light and shadow, feminine softness and masculine hardness in one and the same type.

But there must be some steadying force, and this you find in the matter-of-factness of the Spanish mind. The owner of it is capable of high imaginative flights. One is reminded of this merely by looking at the old sea-charts in the Hispanic Museum and thinking, as they most urgently make you think, of the great mariner who invented us. There is much at the Museum, too, reviving memories of Spanish chivalry, of a long potential, though short-sighted, statecraft, and of the military prowess which once exerted so tremendous an influence upon the whole modern world. But to muse amongst these relics is to think not only of the romance of the past, but of its hard facts, and to feel, in the long run, that the Spaniard is indeed nothing if not a realist. His feet are firm fixed upon the solid earth.

At the Hispanic Museum you get a little way into his atmosphere, and I may remark in passing that the traveller contemplating a visit to Spain might well abandon his books for a day or two amongst the Society's pictures and kindred souvenirs. They enforce more tangibly than do most chapters of interpretation the points I have sought to indicate. Look, for example, at the collection of *ejecutorias*, the lavishly decorated patents of nobility which mutely tell us that your haughty grandee got upon his proud eminence with as zealous wire-pulling as any that we ever hear of to-day. The "climber" with cloak and sword, who moved heaven and earth and emptied a fat purse to procure one of those pompous documents, has his exact counterpart in the fashionable Madrileno who transforms the stately chambers in the home of his forefathers into a feeble imitation of a Parisian interior. But this is only one side of the medal. On the other you read the Spaniard's strength and simplicity, his directness, his truth. The collections at the Hispanic Museum bring home to us in a very effective way the spiritual and mental habit, the familiar walk and demeanor of the Spaniard of an earlier day—whose descendant has precisely the same traits. They are not very large—apart from the library—but they are beautifully representative. On the main floor, along the walls of the corridor, and enclosing the space set apart for readers, swinging frames exhibit copies of old paintings, prints, portraits, maps, ecclesiastical vestments and a hundred other miscellaneous items. At one end of the building, in a room by themselves, are some sculptured tombs, fragments of Gothic and Renaissance work. In cases running around the gallery upstairs there are picturesque carvings, ancient pottery, a glorious array of Hispano-Moresque platters and bits of decorative work in iron and silver. There are, finally, about

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Portrait of the Duke of Olivares, by Velasquez.

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two score paintings, and they include some masterpieces.

I like to call this museum a miniature Prado, for like the great gallery at Madrid, it makes a place of pilgrimage for the lovers of Velasquez. One of his most renowned portraits is here, the superb full-length of Olivares, King Philip's right-hand man and illimitably evil genius. Beside it hangs a brilliant portrait of a cardinal, from the same masterful hand, and with this an exquisite head of a child, pretty certainly Velasquez's own grandchild, the little daughter of Mazo. Goya, the greatest painter in Spain since the greatest of them all, is represented by no fewer than four canvases, and one of them is a bewitching full-length of that Duchess of Alba whose infatuation for him was, no doubt, indefensible, but whose lovely figure upon his canvas breathes of one of the most romantic chapters in the history of Spanish art. It is the essentially mundane side of the Spanish court that is commemorated in the group of paintings to which these portraits belong. The crafty Olivares; the sinister Duke of Alba, painted in the full panoply of war by Antonio Moro, in one of the most famous of his portraits; Goya's indiscreet but irresistibly engaging Duchess—they murmur to us of the darker Spanish passions. And at the other end of the gallery, in paintings by Valdes Leal and El Greco, by Morales and Murillo, we come subtly into contact with Spanish religiosity. As we do so it is interesting to observe the realism of these pictures, the truth to nature which the artists pursue, even while they express emotional rapture. A sympathy as strong for mankind as for the saints is characteristic of practically all of the pictures here, from the few specimens of the Primitives to the portraiture of Velasquez and Goya.

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Portrait of the Duchess of Alba, by Goya.

Glancing swiftly over the Hispanic Society's collection and detaching, from a multitude of impressions, the one most luminous and lasting, you find that it relates to that love of the realities of which I have spoken, to the Spaniard's calm sanity. He adheres to the facts of life. The mysticism of Valdes Leal or El Greco is based upon close observation of the visible world. A Spanish work of art is always like that; the Spanish artist has always cared for what he could feel and touch and handle.

He has been, on the whole, no subtle, sensuous weaver of consummate designs like his confrère of the Italian Renaissance, no blithe dealer in the graces like the French man of the eighteenth century. His æsthetic kinsfolk have been, rather, the masters of the Low Countries, the Van Eycks, with their fine austerities, or Rembrandt, with his simple, human drama. There is little that is esoteric about him. He and his comrades are candid, straightforward creatures. The soul of them shines through their work. That is why I assert that at the Hispanic Museum you may get a true initiation into the genius of Spain.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

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